

⌘ My beautiful caged songbird ⌘ (Hiatus for a while, sorry)

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Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sam Awesamdude (Video Blogging RPF) , Cara CaptainPuffy , Niki Nihachu , Clay Dream's Sister Drista (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity , Luke Punz , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Karl Jacobs , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Jack Manifold , Original Female Character(s) , Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF) , Grayson Purpled (Video Blogging RPF) , Corpse Husband (Video Blogging RPF)
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Summary

IMPORTANT: i do not ship the real IRL people, just their characters on Minecraft. This is purely a work of fiction meant to be read by us shippers. Enjoy :)

8 months had gone by, there was finally peace again. Dream thought things wouldn't change as long as he stayed where he belonged. Prison.

He was wrong.

Nightmare, the Dreamon within him, broke free.

After a sudden prison break in broad daylight, Dream disappeared. Two months had passed and there was still no sign of him. As the SMP members continue to look for the wanted fugitive, they slowly uncover his secrets—realizing too late that their old friend was not to blame.

—

“Dream?” George whispered, his eyes widening while everyone else had their jaws dropped.

“Who’s Dream?” The man questioned, which stunned them. Dream wasn’t dead. He’s still looked alive and bright, yet why did he not know his own identity?

“My name’s Emerald,” he said confidently.

Notes

Disclaimer!

In this fic, i may or may not get the facts of the Dream SMP right, especially the timeline. The story may stray from the Dream SMP story, eg, in this fic, Wilbur is brought back to life (I miss him), but Schlatt is still dead, and Technoblade is Phill’s son. Also, Techno is a pig hybrid with sharp teeth and point ears, but wears a pig mask and looks human. Fundy is a fox that has fox ears and tail, but also looks human. Same goes for Puffy. Tubbo is human, not a ram hybrid or something.

Antfrost and Bad are supposed to prison guards in the story (and in the canon), but i think I’m gonna make Sam the main guy who delivers food for Dream.

EDIT: I didn’t add the recent events of the Dream SMP, like the events and details related to the egg, and Tommy getting stuck in the cell with Dream. Especially the most recent one which involved him DYING!!! I did not think that Tommy would die. Now I’m sure this website would be filled with GhostTommyinnit fanfics. But in this fanfic , TOMMY IS ALIVE!

EDIT 2: TOMMY’S ALIVE!!!!!! God that was fast!

Finally, slavery sort of exists in this world, but is banned (or is it?).

I do not ship real people, just their personas in Minecraft. Instagram fanart drove me to write this fanfic.

Enjoy!

Dreamon

Chapter Notes

This is my first fan fiction. Thank you reading this.

I do not ship real people, just their fictional characters on Minecraft.

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Prologue, a few years ago, in a spacious shared room—

A 15 year old boy was sitting on his bed, singing a strange song as he strummed his guitar. He smiled and giggled to himself from his mistakes and off singing in some parts, but he was getting better.

There were 5 older girls as his audience, listening to his song, laughing with him as they listened. One of the girls sat behind him, brushing his long blonde hair, trying to make a ponytail with a cute red ribbon.

Once he finished singing, they clapped for him.

Before they could nag the younger boy to play another song, someone came into their room.

“Mom?” The boy said, frowning.

“Miss Raven?” One of the older girls said, getting up respectfully. The other girls followed her example. “Is something wrong?”

“No, nothing alarming. However, it seems we have a sudden increase in customers. So fun’s over, girls. Sorry.” The older woman said, and the other girls groaned and pouted in response. The boy put his instrument aside, about to get up. “Not you, Emerald. There’s... We need to talk.”

The boy frowned, but nodded without questions. The girls gave curious glances, but left them alone.

Once they were gone out of earshot, Raven sighed heavily. “Someone... a man wants you.”

Emerald stiffened as his green eyes widened. He touched the cool metal collar that was around his neck, and put a leg behind the other to hide the broken ankle handcuff. “Another person wants to own me? Is it one of the customers we kicked out?”

“No. It’s different this time. He doesn’t want you as a slave, he wants you as a son.” His eyes widened. “His wife caught a glimpse of you the other day, and she immediately wanted to.”

Emerald huffed. “Because I’m a slave? Or because she saw me as an irresistible pretty ‘girl’?” He splayed his hands to himself, then twirled his body. The oversized white shirt was loose enough to reveal the high waisted shorts he wore, and some of his fair skin above it. His blonde hair, that was now tied to a long ponytail, danced behind him as he twirled.

“Neither...,” Raven replied, shaking her head. “However, that man claimed you almost look like

his child.” Emerald frowned. “His son passed away 3 months ago in a freak accident. His wife was so heartbroken, she could hardly sleep, nor eat.”

“What? I’m not going to go and replace his son!”

“You’re not. That man promised he never had that intention.”

Emerald narrowed his eyes at the woman who raised him. “You already sold him to me, didn’t you?”

“Emerald, I didn’t sell you.” She corrected, her voice stern. “That man has been approaching me for nearly a month. We had a meeting last night, and after much discussions, I agreed to give you to him to be adopted into his family, not work as a slave.”

His vision slowly blurred, his tears fell. Was she getting rid of him? Did he do something wrong? “Weren’t we family...?” His voice broke.

Raven, his guardian and his foster mother, smiled sadly as she wiped his tears. “We are. It’s just that I can’t let you live and work in this place all your life. This place isn’t an ideal environment for you. It’s a big world out there, Emerald. There are amazing people you can meet, too. You’ll be free from your slave status, and live the way you want to live! Not be dressed and pretend to be something you’re not.”

“...Can he do that? I don’t have to wear this collar anymore?” The boy said with uncertainty, looking at the broken cuff down at his ankle. But there was a tinge of hope in his voice.

She smiled proudly. “After pulling a lot of strings and signing and tearing documents—yeah. You don’t have to cross-dress anymore. But, for precaution, send me letters just in case. If he’s a monster, fight your way out or I’ll have my girls come rescue you.”

Emerald laughed and hugged his mother. “I love you, mom.”

“Love you, too, my troublemaking fox.”

...

—Present day, Pandora’s vault—

Dream awoke with a jerk when his old memory faded away. As he sat up from his bed, he felt something warm flow down. Tears. He found his tears streaming from his face, then a broken sob escaped from his lips as a wave of his emotions washed over him.

Regret, guilt, pity, self-hatred, heartbroken...

He couldn’t stop himself from crying. He missed his old life—a life before he met Sapnap and George—even if he had the slave status, his family never treated him like a slave. He missed his foster mother and his sisters back at the hostess club. He missed the family that adopted him family—a couple who were kind enough to free him from his slave status and treated him like he was one of their own. He missed Drista...

...He did miss the old days with his friends. The man-hunts they used to do, building houses, exploring the Netherworld...

But now it was impossible to go back to those days. Because of all the wars, the backstabbing the

betrayals...

Did he deserve to be here?

Anyone who'd seen his vicious ugly side will agree it's his fault, but what they don't know is that this wasn't his doing.

He didn't want to attack Tommy or Tubbo, in fact he was against killing children. He didn't want to give Wilbur the TNT when it was clear the Brit's mental state was getting worse. He didn't want to leave Fundy at the altar during their wedding day, whether George was against him marrying the Fox man, it was too cruel to leave him without another word. And finally, he NEVER wanted to start any wars! He never wanted to pick sides and fight like a crazy person! Too many people got hurt, too many people died, too many people were an emotional wreck because of him.

He never wanted any of this. And yet, the actions taken lead to all this.

He, Dream, was not at fault.

The Dreamon possessing him was at fault.

Nightmare was the true villain...

Every time he possessed Dream's body and controlled him, his mind would go blank, and Dream would have no recollection of the Dreamon's actions for a while. The memory would usually hit back at him later during his sleep— mostly in the form of images that would forever haunt him.

Everything was f**ked up...

...

...

Upon hearing someone opening his cell, Dream quickly wiped his tears, grabbed his broken smiley mask, and covered a blanket over his head, showing his back to Sam as he came in.

"Breakfast," Sam said, holding a tray of food.

"Thanks," Dream whispered, not wanting Sam to hear his broken voice. Despite being cracked, he still slipped the broken mask over his face as he didn't want Sam to see his pathetic state. The mask was still strong enough to cover his face (though Dream had to be careful whenever he grabbed it).

"Dream?"

Dream flinched and turned to Sam. "Y-Yes?" He stuttered.

"I said Fundy is going to visit you later, so behave."

Dream stared.

Fundy? Why? True they were once very close as they had a hidden affair during the war between L'Manburg and Dream SMP, but during the wedding... well, the wedding was a total disaster. Not to mention, Dream left him at the altar without a word—which ultimately put their affair to an end, and the two of them drifted further away from each other.

So why did the fox man want to visit him?

Despite keeping their relationship a secret for a while, Dream didn't love Fundy. Sure he flirted with him, shared a bed with him once (to sleep, of course), remained faithful to him, and let Fundy kiss him on his hand, neck and ears that led him into a giggling mess... but he... he couldn't bring himself to reciprocate with his feelings.

This wasn't Fundy's fault, though, if anything Dream really liked the fox-hybrid. He was wonderful, and Dream cared for him very much. It's because of a past event that occurred when he was 14 that made Dream so wary to love anyone. Marriage was never on his mind, and accepting Fundy's proposal right after their first official date ended was what Nightmare made him do. He didn't know why the Dreamon made him do that, but he couldn't take his answer back given how happy Fundy was.

However, on their wedding day, the Dreamon freakin broke Fundy's heart by kissing George!

What the heck!?

Dream didn't have strong feelings for George, either! He was his best friend! However, Dream did have a vague feeling from the start that the Brit liked him, but the blonde turned a blind eye to it. He didn't think the Brit would actually resort to kissing him at his own wedding. George was still partly at fault for suddenly objecting and kissing him, but Dream blamed the entire thing on Nightmare. God that Dreamon within him took pleasure with messing with people's hearts.

Dream couldn't say sorry to Fundy because a couple of days after their wedding ended came the elections, the the wars.

...

But if he was coming here, then Dream should return the ring back. Fundy gave a unique diamond engagement ring that had the small diamond at the center, and smaller 'diamond vines' around it. The ring was called 'Solitaire with Diamond Vines', and Dream wasn't sure just how hard it was for Fundy to order that ring for him, or perhaps get it customized.

Dream didn't deserve it.

Despite losing control over his mind and body when the Dreamon took over him and ditched Fundy with everyone else, his mind and emotions were strong enough to prevent the Dreamon from throwing the ring away. That would be just too cruel.

Rather than his finger, as he's always fighting, he used a thread and hung the ring around his neck like an amulet. Ever since his failed wedding day, he never took it out. He was surprised the ring was still on him after he was forced to throw away his stuff before being locked up. The ring gave him comfort from time to time, oddly, but he had to give it back.

"Dream?" The blonde flinched again. Sam frowned at him. "Are you okay? You were in a trance again."

"Of course " Dream forced a cheery tone. "I was just thinking that it was so considerate for Fundy to visit me!" He lied. "I have been a little lonely, and don't have many visitors other than you, Bad and Tommy."

This caught Sam off guard. "What are you talking about?" Dream blinked. "Ramboo has visited you dozens of times. Sappnap just came yesterday to meet you, too."

Dream stared, wordless.

Sapnap came? Yesterday? No, he definitely was alone in this room, and no one visited him. He did his usual routine of washing his face and combing his now long dirty blonde hair before morning stretches. Then he wrote a couple things in one of the books, and was quietly singing to himself to pass time before his meal... Didn't his day go out like that?

And Ranboo... why did he visit? First of all, they weren't close buddies, and they hardly interacted with each other, too. So why did the kid visit Dream so many times when George or Sapnap didn't want to? And more importantly, why couldn't he remember their visits?

... No

No.

No.

No.

"Don't tell me Nightmare was..." he whispered to himself, his body trembling. Ever since the Dreamon got himself and Dream locked in here, Dream believed the stupid creature would finally behave and not do anything more rash things in this prison. Nearly 8 months had passed, and the Dreamon had stayed quiet. He never interacted with him, nor possessed him for a small moments, like trim his dirty blonde hair shorter as it was pretty long, like Technoblade.

But if the Dreamon took over his body for brief moments to talk to Ranboo and Sapnap without his knowledge, then... god what the hell was he planning?

Wait, then the reason Dream was blacking out for the past couple of weeks... wasn't because he was suffering from fainting spells?

Sam noticed Dream shaking. Even without looking at his face, because of the mask, he knew Dream was scared. "Dude, breathe," he gently touched his shoulder. The blonde didn't realize he was hyperventilating.

"Thanks," he said, touching his hand, squeezing it as his body still trembled.

The Warden pulled the blonde to an embrace to calm him down, and Dream gladly accepted it. Sam ran his fingers through his blonde locks as his thumb brushed his ear gently, Dream giggled in response from the feeling.

Dream needed this.

—later—

Fundy was coming in another 15 minutes, and Dream had been pacing back and forth in his room, wondering what to say to his ex-fiancé.

"Hey, Fundy! It's been a while! Now, before we talk, can i just say i am so sorry for ditching you during our wedding day!? I mean, it's my fault, yes. But at the same time, it wasn't..." Dream frowned to himself, after saying that. He made himself sound crazy, and a jerk. He tried again, "Hey, Fundy! I appreciate you coming all this way for a reason I don't know, but I feel like you should start seeing someone else. I mean, I was unfaithful and abandoned you the day we were gonna marry. So, here's your wedding ring back..."

Dream groaned, pressing both his palms over his eyes. "Gosh, why is it so hard!" He was

frustrated. “How the hell can i convey my words to him without bringing that stupid Dreamon up!”

My, is this what humans do when they meet with their old lover? Being pathetic and hilarious?

Dream raised his head. “Now you decided to speak to me?!”

I am hurt! How could I have spoken when an angel such as yourself did no bother to reach out to me first!

Dream scoffed, but shuddered when he called him ‘Angel’. For years, Dream contemplated and debated heavily whether a Dreamon’s personality was supposed to have a creepy form of affection to humans. The Dreamon within him had always considered Dream as a beautiful marionette, his own personal entertainment. He called him songbird just because Dream could sing. He’d even occasionally call him ‘innocent flower’, ‘dear’, ‘love’—but the Dreamon didn’t love him. The blonde refused to believe so despite the Dreamon saying otherwise. Dream was just his favorite toy to bother and use.

“Why the hell would I? It’s your fault we got thrown into jail in the first place!”

True, but you are mistaken. ‘You’ are the one in jail, caged like a bird in this obsidian box, not me. I am like a ghost who can leave through these walls anytime I want.

Dream frowned. “Then why didn’t you let me rot alone here? Why bother sticking around? It’s not like I was the one who wanted you to possess me to begin with.”

You are a perfect vessel. Every time I leave your body, I am not able to destroy anything or sow discord anywhere. I admit, i have grown too fond of using your body—there is no one else with a magnificent physique. Besides, I get lonely without your comforting presence.

Dream rolled his eyes. “Then what part of having a conversation with Ranboo and Sapnap needed you to take over my body without me knowing? They won’t let you out!”

Sapnap was just a messenger. But Ranboo’s another asset for me.

The blonde frowned. “Asset? What? So he’s like your special pawn working for you or something?”

Haha, yes and no. Ranboo has no clue he does my bidding from time to time.

...

He didn’t...

His mouth went dry when he understood what the Dreamon had done. “You possessed Ranboo these last couple of months while i was stuck here?”

OH! You are close, my caged songbird! Half of my soul resides within yours, while the other half controls Ranboo. He is like you! Unaware what he’s done when my soul controls him, only this time, he won’t have any recollection of what I’ve done since it’s only half my soul. At the moment, he is like someone who suffers from a split personality.

Dream shook his head, horrified. That monster did what with a Ranboo? He’s just a kid!

“SAM!” He yelled, as he looked at the lava. “SAM!”

It is too late, my dear. You can no longer warn any of your friends about Ranboo. He has completed his mission. By the time I get out, Ranboo disappears along with me.

“Get out?!” He forced a laugh. “You can leave anytime you want!”

Did you forget what I said? Your body is a perfect vessel for me! I am taking part of your body to create my own physical form.

“You’re insane! You can’t just take part of my body !”

I can, love. Why do you think I have been so quiet these past couple of months? I have been preparing for the right moment to get out of this wretched prison, and to separate our souls once and for all.

“SAM!!!!” Dream screamed again, not wanting to be scared by the lunatic within him. “PRISON BREAK! PUT EVERYTHING ON LOCKDOWN!!! SAM!!!”

I must thank you, though, Emerald. Every Dreamon’s wish is to obtain a physical form, and you will give me just that! Do not be scared. The process is not that painful, and you will not die. But you will forget everything as i do not wish for you to be in my hair for what I have planned . Do not be disheartened! I will never abandon you like your friends have done. No. I will find you again, and claim you mine once and for all.

There was sudden sound of explosions heard outside, and the floor shook so bad underneath his bare feet that Dream stumbled and fell on the stone ground. His body felt too heavy to move, and his consciousness was fading. The Dreamon’s presence within him was slowly disappearing, and Dream felt something else getting ripped out of him, but he didn’t know what.

Farewell for now, my foolish little songbird.

Everything went black....

Chapter End Notes

the ring that Fundy gave to Dream is actually on google images—‘Solitaire with Diamond Vines’—<https://honeyjewelry.com/blogs/jewelry/unique-engagement-rings>
The pic is number #8
:)

The start of change

Chapter Notes

Note: I don't know where exactly everyone lives, so in this story Tommy, Tubbo, Wilbur, and Philza live together in one house (as they are a family), while Technoblade (the lone brother) lives in the mountains (or some place where there's a lot of snow). Fundy formerly used to live with the big family, but he lived alone after Wilbur died, and refuses to come back.

Comments are much appreciated!:)

—Meanwhile, with Fundy and Sam, Fundy's perspective—

Sam eyed the fox hybrid as he signed the book, observing him with his arms crossed. Why? Fundy didn't know. He didn't need to be so cautious.

"Hello, Sam," Fundy greeted.

"Hello, Fundy. It's been a while." His tone and mannerisms clearly showed he was setting up a line between being a friend and being a Warden. Now he was not acting as a friend "How've you and the others been since Wilbur's back?"

"Pretty good, actually. Phill's keeping a watchful eye on him incase he tries to... repeat his actions."

"Which one? Blowing up your home, or getting himself killed?"

"Both." Fundy looked away. "Puffy is giving him therapy sessions. She has a knack for those kinds of things."

"I see..."

2 months back, out of the blue, Wilbur was brought back to life. He was found sleeping right outside Phill's house. No one knew exactly how he was brought back, nor did they know why he was at his father's doorstep. The once dead man didn't have a clue, either. Eret, the current king of the Dream SMP, and Punz, acting as leader, thought it would be best to investigate the cause.

The results?

Nada...

After a long security check, they were walking to Dream's prison cell. "Does he know you're here?" Sam Looked over his shoulder at him.

Fundy clicked his tongue, annoyed. "Am i still a child who needs his permission?"

"Touché..."

Silence.

“But seriously Fundy, you need to talk to him. Like actually talk to him. He won’t know what’s in your mind unless you convey your thoughts properly. And since the war is over, and Dream’s stuck here, do it—“

The Fox hybrid-man snapped, “Dude, i get it. Can you please stop acting like Phill, and not bother me about my own family affairs?”

A pause. “...Sorry,” the warden apologized. “I’m worried about you.”

“...Yeah. Thanks.”

“...What’s your purpose visiting Dream? It’s quite unexpected from you.”

Fundy halted, and Sam stopped moving to look back at him. “I... I just wanted to ask him something...”

Sam stared at him. “Why he left you at the altar during your wedding?”

He flinched at the blunt statement, but nodded. “At first, I thought he was having a secret affair with George before i proposed, but... during all the wars we fought, all the fighting and backstabbing made me question their relationship. George probably had a thing for Dream, but Dream never...”

“Never what?”

“He-he didn’t seem to like George that way... No, it’s more like he wasn’t interested in romantic relationships in the first place.” Sam continued to stare at him, probably frowning. “I want to know his reasons why he left me. That’s it. Then I’m not coming back.”

“...Okay.”

They continued walking.

Fundy whistled as he looked around the obsidian walls. “How’s Dream doing after being locked up here for 8 months?”

“He won’t attack you, if that’s what you’re saying.” Sam said.

He frowned. “Did you do something to make him behave?”

“I didn’t do anything. He isn’t giving me, nor the other guards too much trouble. He didn’t even attack Tommy when he visited. If he didn’t touch the kid, chances of tackling you to the ground are slimmer. So don’t worry.”

“Huh,” Fundy mused. “What made him like that?”

Before Sam could answer, they jumped when they heard screaming.

“SAM!” Dream’s voice echoed around the corridors. “SAM!!!”

“Dream?” Sam whipped his head to the direction of the voice, alarmed. He began to run.

Fundy, confused with Sam’s sudden change in demeanor, followed behind him.

“Why are you running?!” He yelled. “Doesn’t Dream always demand things from you every now and then?”

“He does want things,” Sam agreed. “But he never yelled to call for me! This is the first!”

“PRISON BREAK!” Dream screamed, his voice getting clearer and louder as they were coming closer. “PUT EVERYTHING ON LOCKDOWN!!! SAM!!!”

“What the—?” The fox’s ear went up as his tail rose.

Before Sam could pull the lever, the entire ground shook hard, making them fall to the ground. Then the sound of explosions were heard outside.

“The hell’s happening here?” Fundy demanded, groaning in pain from when he fell.

The alarms began to blare.

“Someone’s trying to break Dream out here!” Sam grunted.

“Someone?!” Fundy tried to get up, but the ground still shook hard that he failed. “You don’t think it’s Dream doing this?!”

“Pandora’s vault was made inescapable for a reason!” Sam said strongly. “The only way for a prisoner to get out here is if they get help from outside. Right now someone’s bombarding my prison with TNT’s!”

The ceiling collapsed...

—Hours later, evening, no one’s perspective, at a certain family house...—

“I am not a FREAKIN CHILD!!!”

“Yes, you are!”

“I’M A MAN!”

“TOMMY, DON’T MAKE ME GET PHILL!”

“WHAT’S THE HARM IN A SMALL SIP!?”

“The alcohol percentage in this is 40! A sip can knock you out!” Wilbur argued back. He shook the vodka bottle in his hand. “Plus, you’re legally not allowed to drink this!”

“Bitch, if Tubbo and I can defeat the almighty Dream, then nothing is impossible for me.”

“Didn’t we get help to defeat Dream?” Tubbo said, side eyeing the blonde, and Tommy turned to glare at him.

Before Wilbur and Tommy could go on bickering, there was a rapid hard knocking on the door.

“I’ll get it,” Tubbo said, placing his book down. As he opened the door, the younger boy was shocked to see BadBoyHalo and Antfrost carrying an injured and unconscious Fundy and Sam over their shoulders, their arms around their necks. “What happened!?”

“Pandora’s vault collapsed,” Ant replied, carrying Fundy inside. Wilbur and Tommy noticed them come in and gasped at the terrible state they were in.

“What the hell happened to my son!?” The British man demanded as they carefully placed Fundy and Sam on the couch. Tubbo quickly went to the kitchen.

“A visit to Dream’s prison got them like this.” Bad said, stretching his arms.

They flinched when he mentioned the villain’s name. Tommy looked wary, remembering the times Dream haunted him, while Wilbur nostrils flared.

“Dream?” Wilbur sucked his breath through his teeth. “Why would my son go visit that fiend?!”

No one said anything as they didn’t know the answer.

Fundy and Wilbur’s relationship was... complicated in a way. Joy was shown when news of Wilbur’s resurrection came about, but after meeting his father again, it got awkward for the both of them. Wilbur and Fundy loved each other as a father and son would, but the wars inadvertently pushed them to hate and be frustrated with each other at one point. Not to mention, Wilbur’s mental break worsened their relationship. Fundy missed his father deeply when he died, and Wilbur regretted his actions and wanted to start over with his son. But it was never easy. Especially since Fundy now lives in his own bunker—not living under the same roof as he did before with Wilbur and the rest of the family. Their conversations were often short and some distance was kept between them.

“Is Dream responsible for this!?” Wilbur demanded.

“Honestly ...We don’t know,” Ant said, his ears twitching. “Sam and Fundy were on their way to visit Dream, who was still in his inescapable cell, when the explosions started from the outside. He could not personally bomb the prison.”

“...I’m gonna go get my potions,” Wilbur said, trying to calm himself down as he stalked out of the room.

“...Wait, you said the prison collapsed?” Tubbo came back with a bag of ice in his hands. “What happened to Dream?”

Silence.

Tommy’s eyes widened. “No, no...” he shook his head with disbelief. “Don’t tell me...”

“By the the time the explosions stopped... Dream was gone.” Ant’s tone sounded frustrated and angry.

“...No, surely not...” Tubbo faltered, while Tommy’s face paled. Wilbur clenched his teeth as his face darkened.

This has gotta be a joke.

Some sick, f**king joke someone was playing with them.

—Meanwhile, in a town that was an hour walk away...—

In a nameless town far from the SMP, the citizens living there were at peace. Sure, conflicts would arise, but the young people there had never once experienced war, nor tyranny. This is all thanks to a certain woman who settled there 30 years ago.

Her name was Raven.

Despite being in her mid 50s, she was still considered beautiful by men—both young and old. She had long black hair, usually tied in a ponytail; a sharp ruby eye on the right side of her face while

the other was lost in a fight—now covered with a eyepatch. She usually wore a red sleeveless tunic underneath with a black long, oversized furry coat, and jeans at the bottom.

One of her sources of income comes from the town's one and only popular hostess club. She founded it a year after she arrived in town, and business was going well. Majority of the staff members were women, half of them were adopted by her and became her daughters.

She wasn't their leader, nor queen, but everyone did respect her highly as though she was one. She handled foreign affairs, eliminated corruption, and kept people in check. Some people didn't wish to displease her because they feared her. As a former war soldier, she's a very powerful fighter and a very clever schemer. The ignorant rich and corrupted fools who underestimated her had their lives ruined because of her. Some were banished from her lands, others had met their end from her blades.

The old woman came to a halt on her evening walk when she heard someone call for her. She turned. "Miss Raven!" Raven's daughter, Alicia, came running towards her.

"Alicia, dear, what happened?" She asked when the young girl stopped in front and panted heavily. "Have you finished your shift?"

"...Something happened." She looked at her mother, her face pale bone. "A few minutes ago, there was a big bright light and the lake exploded. Then someone found a girl floating on the town's lake."

"What?" She frowned. "Did they pull her out of the waters?" Alicia nodded. "Take me there."

Alicia did what her mother told. By the time they reached, half of the town's people had gathered in crowds, lightening the night with the torches in their hands.

"What is going on here?" Raven demanded as she passed through the crowd.

"Mom!" Eve, Raven's other daughter said as they got closer. The old woman could see her other daughters surrounding the body of someone lying on the grass. Their expressions looked confused and shocked.

"Have you identified her?" Raven asked Eve. She noticed the hesitant look on her face. "What is it, Eve?" She asked.

"...It's... not a 'she'." She whispered, and Alicia frowned. "And we know who he is..." she turned to look back at the unconscious body.

Raven followed her gaze, and her shoulders stiffed.

The damp hoodie that he wore was in a dark green colour, and looked so worn out that it could tear. His black pants were torn from the cuffs, and his shoes were nowhere to be seen. There was an odd object in his hands—a porcelain mask with just a smiley face drawn to it.

The boy's long dirty blond hair was wet from the water, but was splayed on the ground in an elegant manner. It was understandable why people thought this boy was a girl. His facial features were so beautiful and enchanting as his skin looked delicate, like a woman's. His body was also slender like a girl, but if looked closely, they could see the muscles in his arms and femurs.

But to Raven and her daughters, they could immediately tell this person was a male because they knew him. Raven raised him, her daughter's grew up with him. They were his family—but that was a long time ago.

“Emerald,” Raven said in a hushed voice as she crouched down to him. “What are you doing here?”

The old woman then noticed something when she touched his neck. There was something hard around it. As she peeled the black turtleneck sweater, her blood ran cold.

A collar...

There was a slave collar around his neck.

Raven looked to her legs again in panic.

There was a broken ankle handcuff clasped on his left leg, just like in the past.

Raven covered her mouth in shock as she shook her head.

Who did this to him?

Discussion

Chapter Notes

Don't forget to comment! :)

—Next morning, Community house, no one's perspective—

"Thank you everyone for gathering here today on such short notice," BadBoyHalo said loudly as the members of the SMP sat on their chairs. "I know it's sudden, but we need to have this talk before anyone starts criticizing us later."

"Criticize?" Punz frowned, crossing his arms as he stood behind Bad. "Is this related to the Egg?"

"Uh... no..." Bad swallowed hard, eyesing Ant from the corner of his eyes nervously. "...It's about Dream..."

"What did he do now?" Quackity groaned, clearly pissed. "Swim in lava again?" Some members who disliked Dream sighed exasperatedly. Meanwhile, the people who were aware of the news were dead quiet as dread was written all over their faces.

"He...may have escaped... somehow?" His eyes squinted as his body cringed.

The hall was dead silent as the people were dumbstruck by the news. Punz suddenly started laughing, causing them to flinch when he disturbed the tense air.

"That's funny, Bad," he said, clapping his shoulder. "A way to start a meeting. But seriously, can we get to the point already? Some of us aren't early risers and we had to drag our asses out of bed for this meeting. So—"

"It's NOT a joke!" Bad swatted the hand away. "DREAM'S REALLY GONE!"

"What?" Quackity stood. "What do you mean he's gone? What happened to the prison?!"

Antfrost stepped forward to answer this time. "Pandora's vault collapsed." He said, and everyone shifted uncomfortably. "The prison was bombed from the outside, so the ceiling broke down."

"When did this happen?" Sapnap questioned.

"Around late afternoon. Me, Bad, Tubbo and Tommy searched for Dream the entire area the whole night. He's gone!"

"What about Sam?" Punz questioned this time, his face paling. "Isn't the warden supposed to prevent a prisoner from escaping?"

Bad turned to him, chewing the insides of his mouth. "...He got injured, badly. He and Fundy. Fundy came to visit Dream, but they couldn't meet as the bombing happened. Right now Phill and Wilbur are tending them in their place. But we don't know when they'll wake up."

"Shit..."

People began muttering and murmuring to themselves. Scared, confused, enraged.

“That’s not all.” Bad said, getting their attention again. “Dream didn’t escape on his own. He had an accomplice. Somebody helped him from the outside. A massive load of TNTs were dropped on the roof of the prison.”

“Who are the suspects?” Quackity asked urgently, looking restless as his fists were clenched tightly.

“Uhh,” Ant pulled a piece of paper and read it out loud. “Sapnap, George, Puffy, Technoblade and Ranboo.”

“Hey!” George called out, offended. “Why are Sapnap and me considered as suspects?!”

Quackity rolled his eyes. “Because you two are his closest and oldest friends.” He pointed out.

“We *were*,” Sapnap corrected, gritting his teeth. “Did you forget that we betrayed him and helped you put that guy in prison?! His actions were getting out of hand.”

Ant raised his brows. “Why visit him, then? 2 days ago, you visited Dream. Your name is even written in the books!”

The raven haired man took a breath to calm himself down. “I just wanted to talk to him. That’s it. I didn’t conspire with him, nor had the thought of setting him free. Besides, he didn’t even talk to me. We were communicating through a book! I even threatened him that I’ll be the one to take his final life if he escaped.”

“What?” George stared at his best friend. So did everyone else.

It surprised everyone when Sapnap agreed to fight against Dream, especially since they were old friends. He must have a strong will to go that far to even threaten him.

Bad cleared his throat. “Sorry if we struck a nerve. You were one of the few people who visited Dream, so we were just being cautious, Sapnap.”

Sapnap glared at Bad and Ant for sometime, before sighing it off. “Okay. Why isn’t Tommy on the list?” Some looked at him incredulously. “I know how absurd it sounds that he set Dream free, but I’m pretty sure he was the first to visit Dream.”

“Oh, Tommy isn’t a suspect because he has an alibi. He was back home, arguing with Wilbur for nearly 2 hours about wanting to drink vodka.”

Tommy’s face flushed in embarrassment when people looked at him incredulously.

Punz said, “Tommy...you’re still underage. Wilbur, and any sensible adult, won’t let a child drink liquor.”

“I AM NOT —” Tommy shut his mouth abruptly as he growled to himself. “I’m letting it slide for now as now’s not the time for this.” He looked at Bad. “So why Puffy? Pretty sure she didn’t visit Dream.”

“It’s okay, Tommy. I’m not offended” Puffy stood as she from her chair. “It’s because I care for my Duckling, even... if he did bad things... I still care for him. But I promise you guys, I had nothing to do with his escape.”

“I believe Puffy,” Niki said strongly. There were some murmurs of agreement amongst the crowd.

“Okay, now that only leaves...” Ant looked at the list again. “Techno and Ranboo. Does anyone have any points or complaints against these two?”

“Well...” Eret said as he contemplated. “Techno does sound like the guy to bombard the prison with TNTs since he loves to make things explode. I mean, he even killed some of us with his rocket launcher.”

“Oh yeah...” Tubbo said as he recalled the Manberg Massacre. His face grimaced. “...That was a horrible way to die, especially upclose.”

“Yeah,” Tommy said, agreeing. “What’s more, he owes Dream a debt. He probably freed Dream so he could finally owe him nothing.”

“True,” Bad nodded. “But some of us haven't seen Technoblade for a long while now. We don’t know for sure if he knows where the prison is located.”

Punz clapped his hands together. “Well, for now, let’s make Techno our primary suspect. We’re going to need a group that has to interrogate that anarchist, another group to search for Dream, and a last group that investigates the prison. Is that okay with everyone?”

They nodded.

“Good.” Bad smiled. “Now, which one of you detectives are willing to go up those chili, freezing mountains to interrogate the Blade—without dying in the process from either a blizzard storm or facing the wrath of the Blood God?”

No one raised their hands, everyone stared at him with wide eyes.

Bad looked around, surprised. “No one? Really?”

“Dude,” Punz chided, “You shouldn't have said it like that!”

Tubbo looked around the crowd, and frowned when he noticed something off.

“What?” The demon raised his hands. “I was just being realistic.”

“Brutally!”

“Welp, i guess we just have to draw straws now.”

“Hey, guys?” The younger spoke up before they could bicker. They looked at the younger boy. “Where’s Ranboo?”

—later—

Some people had to stay behind the smp while the others went out with their groups...

Team A:

People who have to see the Blood God (and are likely to be sent to their early graves):

Quackity

Tubbo

Badboyhalo

Jack Manifold

Team B:

People who investigate the prison:

Punz

Antfrost

Puffy

George

Team C:

Looking for Ranboo (as he is a suspect for aiding Dream) :

Nikki

Tommy

Karl

Sapnap

“NOOOOO! I don’t want to die!” Badboyhalo wailed. “Tommy, switch with me! Go see your bloody brother!”

“No way, man.” Tommy said strongly. “We may be family, but the way we parted ways ended up going sour. Besides, it was your idea to draw straws!”

“Does anyone know what Ranboo does when he disappears?” Sapnap asked his group.

“Tubbo is close to him, let’s go ask him,” Nikki suggested.

“I’m a little nervous,” Puffy said, hugging herself. “To go to a place where my duckling spent 8 months of his life in imprisonment—Ant, his living conditions weren’t... that bad, were they?”

The siamese cat hesitated. “... i only guarded the outside of the prison. Bad and Sam stayed in. So I don’t know how Dream lived his life. I don’t even know what he’d been eating, either.”

After much bickering, discussing and packing their bags, they split up.

It was going to be a long day...

Team B

Chapter Notes

It's short, but hope you like it!
Don't forget to comment!
:)

—Pandora's prison—

Everything was a mess.

The once monstrous prison Sam put all his blood, sweat and tears into making for months... was destroyed in one day. It was a shame. Majority of the roof of the prison was gone, as though some God had blasted a hole from above. Walls had major cracks, and the flooring uneven. There were debris pieces that fell from the ceiling scattering all around the corridor as they walked to Dream's cell. No need for a security check since all the levers and mechanisms broke down from the blast. However, what was most astonishing for them was the lava.

The ocean of lava that was used as a boundary was utterly gone.

It had vanished, as though it had evaporated in the air like water. There wasn't a single trace of the red magma liquid around. Ant explained to them he nor Bad had no knowledge of how this happened, or where the lava went. Punz and George didn't like the fact that their intel with what happened here had little to go with, and how Dream had disappeared along with the god freakin lava.

Puffy hadn't said a word since they got here 10 minutes ago. She'd inspected the roof and halls of the prison, seeing if anything was off, but so far nothing.

They finally reached Dream's main cell

"You know, for a prisoner," Punz started to say as he looked around, his brows raising in question, "he sure had a lot of nice things." He touched the books that were stacked in the chest he opened, all neatly arranged from their heights. Didn't Dream only have blank books to write on? Because from what he was seeing, there were even thick varieties of story books and novels. He scratched the back of his head. "I sorta had the image that being alone for 8 months would make him go insane. So he'd tear down the walls, and litter the floor with paper or something. He seemed to have a pleasant stay here."

George found a couple of clean clothes neatly folded atop each other, and placed on the lectern. Clearly the clothes didn't belong to Dream as some of them were too big to fit him, and the colors were different from the other, but were neither green, nor black. What were they doing here? Did Sam give him these?

"I think you're right about that," Antfrost said as he went to look at Dream's bed. "Look at this. Seven fluffy pillows and warm blankets." He looked at the corner and gasped when he saw an instrument resting at the corner. "And a guitar? Did Dream demand Sam to give him all of these? I may be somewhat of a lousy outside guard, but I thought he was doing a better job as a warden."

“Um, I sent him those,” Puff confessed in a small voice, they all looked at her. “The pillows and blankets I mean, not the guitar.”

“I thought you said you didn’t visit Dream? Why are you sending him gifts?” Punz questioned.

“They’re not gifts, its just...” she sighed heavily, pinching the bridge of her nose. “Okay, I haven’t been completely honest with you guys. Although I didn’t visit my duckling these past 8 months, we have been in contact... Sam let us exchange letters with each other.”

Crash!

They jumped.

George dropped the clock he was inspecting. He looked at her incredulously before shaking his head. “He contacted you, but not me, nor Sappnap?” He questioned, sounding hurt.

Dream would talk to someone who hadn’t been with him for too long, rather than his oldest friends?

“Actually, I sent him the letter first.” She corrected, “Just a month after his imprisonment. I was surprised he replied back so quickly.”

Punz frowned. “So you sent him pillows and blankets because he wrote he’d been sleeping on the floors?” He guessed.

She shook her head. Puffy bit her lip, and they were confused by her reaction. “In all the letters he sent to me, Dream’s been refusing to tell me the state of his cell, probably didn’t want to worry me. But that’s not the reason why I sent those pillows and blankets to him...”

She hugged herself tightly, then walked to Dream’s bed and took a seat next to George.

“Something... happened 2 months ago.... He suddenly stopped writing to me for a while, and I got worried. When I asked Sam about him, he said Dream was sick.”

“Sick?” George’s eyes softened as his expression turned wary.

She nodded. “Really sick. Sam said his eyes were swollen, his voice sounded hoarse, and his skin was in a sickly pale state. He was hardly eating, and was bedridden for a week. He didn’t even know what caused Dream to get so weak, nor know why the potions and medicines weren’t nursing him back to health immediately. Sam had to personally keep in eye on Dream most of the time. I wanted to help my duckling in some way, so I sent those pillows and blankets hoping he could get better.”

No one said anything for sometime. Their gazes shifting between Puffy and Dream’s cell.

“Why?” George asked. The sheep hybrid was confused by his vague question. “Why didn’t Sam tell me, or Sappnap?”

“Dream... pleaded him not to. He didn’t want to burden anyone with the news. Initially, I wasn’t supposed to know, either. Other than us, only Bad was aware of it since he was the one who found Dream collapsed on the floor.

“Guys, I know this may sound crazy,” she went, her voice turning a bit nervous, “but i don’t believe my duckling wanted to escape.”

“Puffy, what are you talking about?”

“Yeah,” Ant agreed with George. “What makes you say that?”

“I... I know he’s done bad things, but I can’t help but feel that maybe my duckling didn’t want to escape. Someone else just wanted him out.”

“And why do you think that?”

She looked away. “I just feel that way.”

Punz narrowed his eyes at her. “You know something we don’t.”

“No! Of course not—“

“Puffy—“

“OKAY! FINE!” She yelled, raising her hands, clearly stressed from what she was going to say. “Right after his fever broke, he began suffering from fainting spells almost everyday!”

George went completely still, as the other two gasped with wide eyes. “What?”

“Again,” She sighed, “we don’t know why or how he got sick in the first place, but it probably gave him some aftereffects, or something. He loses his consciousness once or twice a day, and is out cold for nearly an hour. It bothered me just how frequently he kept passing out, that Sam finally complied with my request to meet Dream to see what’s wrong. I was supposed to meet him by the end of this week... but... given that he’s gone, I don’t know what to do...”

They were quiet for sometime. George was deeply conflicted with his feelings, while Punz contemplated deeply about Dream’s actions. Ant just slipped his hands underneath the mattress for no reason, but frowned when he his paws felt something. He pulled it out.

Papers.

Papers that were torn from a journal.

Ant’s fur rose from the chills he felt when he glanced at what was written on the papers. “Hey, guys,” he said, waving the papers. “You need to see this.”

The papers didn’t have much written on them as the entries were short, and it seemed like sentences were just scribbled untidily in a hurry. However upon reading what was written, it was disturbing...

Journal entry ...

~~***Tick, tick, tick***~~

Tick

Die, they need to die

Every single one of them

Die

Die Die

~~*Tick*~~

Annoying pests

~~*Tick*~~

My little songbird belongs only to me

My little bird, my love

:) :) :)

:)

~~*Tick, tick, tick, tick*~~

:)

~~**Tick tick**~~

This wretched prison! That menacing clock!

:)

~~**Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick,**~~

:)

Sam...

Have to kill

~~*Tick, tick, tick*~~

Touched my little angel

They have to DIE!

No one touches what's mine

:) :)

~~**TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK!**~~

Mine! Mine! Mine!

MY bird, oh, how I missed seeing you cry

Mine! Mine! Mine! Mine! Mine!

MINE!

:)

Team A and Team C

Chapter Notes

Oh my god, 20 comments in 1 chapter! (And most of it is everyone hating Nightmare)

I am so happy people are reading this story!!!!

:) :0 :)

God, i started this fanfic on march 6th, and a week hasn't even passed when it currently has over 6000 hits, and over 700 hundred kudos! WHAT THE HELLL! YDWQYTETIUTRYTMVNVGDYCXFLBHNBCGDATDTUCULGTXGYKCJ.

Guys, thank you so much!!!!

I'm crying.

Welp, back to the story!

Hope you leave your comments! Enjoy!

:)

—Meanwhile, on the path towards a mountain—

“By the way ,” Tommy said flatly to his group, “I’ve been wondering for a while since we started walking, but—“ He whirled and pointed at the A Team that were behind them, “Why the hell are you guys following us? Aren’t you supposed to go meet my brother?!”

“We are, MUFFINHEAD!” Badboyhalo raised his hands, “Did you forget that Technoblade and Ranboo live in the same area? They’re technically neighbors!”

“Oh,” was all the child said.

“Speaking of Ranboo,” Sapnap said, zipping his jacket as the temperature started to drop, “why did Ranboo decide to stay in the mountains?”

“Well, apparently Phill invited Ranboo up there one time, don’t know why, ” Tubbo said, ”so he built a temporary shack. But later that shack turned into a permanent house.”

“And Techno was okay with that?”

“Yeah,”

After another hour of walking up the snowy hill, accompanied by laughter, charades and pointless bickering, they finally reached the Tundra village.

“Well,” Nikki said at Team A sadly, waving her hands. “I send you my best wishes.”

“Ahhhhhh,” Bad wailed again, his hands in the air, “I’m serious! Can we switch, Tommy!”

“No,” Tommy said, sticking his tongue at him childishly.

“What about me!” Quackity pointed to himself, “Techno still holds a grudge against me after the, uhhh, Butcher Army fiasco. And the way he killed me was HORRIBLE! It still haunts me!”

“Me, too,” Jack Manifold agreed. “Even though Techno probably doesn’t remember, he killed me

multiple times during the DooomsDay War! I hate that guy!”

“Well, you gotta suck it up now,” Sapnap said, shrugging his shoulders casually, “We drew straws and it was Bad’s idea. Complain to him! Now. If y’all excuse us, we gotta go check Ranboo’s home.”

Quackilty sucked his teeth as they watched their figures disappear in the snow. “We’re so dead!”

—Ranboo’s home—

“Ranboo!” Sapnap yelled as they broke into his house, “uh, sorry for the sudden intrusion. Also, Tommy broke your door knob!”

“It was in an accident!”

“Ranboo?” Niki called, but the only response she got was her own echo from the cold empty house. There was no signs of life. “He’s not here, either?”

“Let’s take a look around,” Karl suggested. “See if there’s any clues. If you find a hot mug of tea somewhere, then we just missed him.”

They nodded and split up.

Nikki and Karl decided to check upstairs, while Tommy and Sapnap looked around the current floor.

—meanwhile, Techno’s house, outside his home—

“Guys, we’ve been hiding in this bush for 10 minutes!” Quackity yelled but in a form of a harsh whisper, “how long are we gonna freeze our asses off here?”

“Oh,” their devil friend scoffed. “I’m sorry, but if you’ve got a plan on how to approach that madhouse without getting shot at first sight, we’re all ears!”

“Sure!” Quackity piped, he pointed at the younger boy behind him, “send the kid!” They looked at him incredulously. “What? I don’t hear him complaining about Techno. Plus, he’s the Blood God’s brother. His chances of dying are slimmer compared to ours! What could go wrong?”

He had a point. So they shoved Tubbo out of the bush they were hiding in and ushered the boy to go on.

“Remember,” Jack whispered, “ask Techno very subtly whether he freed Dream or not. Make sure he answers honestly! Once you get his response, leave that hell house in a very calm manner, then we run and get our asses out of here! Got it!?”

Tubbo’s jaw dropped, looking between Techno’s house and the bush back and forth in a panicking way. “How am i supposed to pull that off!?” He harshly whispered back.

“You can!” Bad gave a thumbs up, “We believe in you!”

Tubbo looked at them nervously, then at the house. The boy took a breath and walked to the porch very stiffly.

Bad sniffed as he lowered his head back in the bush. “I bet 10 bucks Tubbo’s gonna suck at this.”

Quackity chuckled. "Another 10 bucks from me that he would piss in his pants."

"Dudes!" Jack reprimanded.

—Meanwhile, Ranboo's house—

"Did you mean it?"

Sapnap froze, and turned to look at Tommy, who was stealing cookies from a jar. "What?"

"Did you really mean it? Taking Dream's last life if he escaped prison?" He took a bite of the chocolate cookie. "He'd stay dead for good, you know."

Sapnap bit his lip, hesitating to speak. "...Yeah, I meant it. It's the right thing to do. It's not that I hate him entirely, it's just that George and I were hurt when he said your Discs mattered more than us. We were his oldest friends since we joined the server. yest, he..."

Tommy nodded. "Well, not that I mind, but are you really going to kill him now that he escaped?"

Silence hung in the air.

"I mean," Tommy went on as he opened random cabinets for snacks, "we originally kept him alive and imprisoned him because he claimed he knew how to bring back the dead. But now that Wilbur's mysterious back, Dream doesn't have any leverage... so, are you gonna kill him?"

Sapnap nodded. "Yeah. I have to. I warned him in prison, and it seems like he thought I was taking it too lightly. I have to prove that I wasn't. Friends or not, I have to do this."

"...Yeah, got it, mate." The younger boy frowned when he found a basement door. "Hey, we didn't check this room." The moment he opened, he was greeted with something he wasn't expecting.

A big blueprint of Pandora's vault hung on the wall.

"Wha..." Sapnap followed the younger's gaze, then looked around. The floor was littered with crushed papers and books here and there.

Tommy looked at the right corner of the room and found 6 chests sitting there. He curiously went and opened them, then gasped. "No, no, no," he murmured.

While 4 chests were completely empty, the other 2 chests were full of TNTs. It was enough to bomb a house.

"Guys!" Tommy called.

A few seconds passed, and Nikki and Karl came into the room.

"We didn't find anything weird upstairs." She said. "What di—oh..." she faltered when she looked around.

"No way..." Karl gasped. He noticed another door at the corner.

"Ranboo's the culprit," Sapnap whispered. "He got Dream out."

"That doesn't make sense!" Tommy said, "Ranboo hardly interacted with that psycho. Why would he get him out?!"

Karl went to the door and opened it. His eyes were blown wide.

“That’s something we need to question him.”

“Uh, that’s great and all. But let’s get out of here quick,” Karl laughed nervously, still looking at the room. “Ranboo may have been more of a Mr. Freaky than I thought.”

“Karl? What?” The raven haired man went and looked inside. Tommy and Niki followed.

Their mouths hung as their eyes widened in horror.

The room didn’t have any sort of items, or furniture. It was practically empty. But what shocked them was the walls.

It was horrifying.

Something red, maybe paint, ~~hopefully not blood,~~ was drawn on the walls.

The wall before them was a red painting. A faceless figure on its knees, maybe a woman because of the long hair and the dress she was wearing, hands clasped together as though she was pleading or praying. There was another figure behind the woman, something unidentifiable. It had its arms drawn, its hands firmly on the woman’s shoulder, but the rest of its body was hiding in what looked like a red fog. But the eyes and the smile it gave was visible as it was painted in white. In fact, it was a particular kind of smile and eyes that they all knew well.

:)

“Is that supposed to be Dream?” Niki whispered, her mouth being covered with her hands, looking at the figure behind the faceless woman.

Tommy and Sapnap looked at the other walls, away from the creepy drawing. The walls of the right and left just had untidy scribbles and writings in red here and there:

So beautiful, so angelic

They will die for keeping us locked up

~~Tick, tick, tick~~

My Songbird

:) :)

MINE!

~~Tick, tick tick, tick, tick,~~

Sing for me, my little bird

:) :) :)

Mine, mine, mine, mine, mine, mine

You belong to me, love. You were never theirs

Not George

Not Fundy

Not Sam

No one touches what is mine

They will die. They will die. THEY WILL DIE

~~Tick, tick~~

:)

~~TICK, TICK, TICK~~

It will not be long now, you and I shall be free

It will not be long

Wait for me, my beautiful caged Songbird

:)

Sapnap shook his head. “What the hell is going on here?” He breathed.

Their findings

—past, 8 months back, on the way to Pandora’s vault—

Dream was stopped.

There would finally be peace again on the server now that his reign of Tyranny was over. Almost everyone had come and stopped him in person to save Tommy and Tubbo. Dream was filled with joy when they came and stopped him, stopped Nightmare. Normally, Dream would have lost consciousness whenever Nightmare took control over his body. But for some reason, he saw the whole event fold before him. He was helpless when Nightmare threatened to kill Tubbo. He wanted to scream his lungs out, he wanted to cry the words he wanted to say, but his mouth and body refused to obey and let Nightmare do what he did.

Now the kids were safe from him.

His items and armor were taken from him, including his communicator. Currently, he was being escorted to Pandora’s vault. A prison designed and constructed by Sam under Dream’s (Nightmare’s) orders. It was an inescapable place, and Dream was going to spend the rest of his life there alone. Nightmare had gone quiet as though he was dead, and Dream was glad he shut up for now. Sapnap, Sam, Punz, Antfrost, Bad, Eret and Quackity (who was naked again, god) escorted him cautiously. Some of their faces clearly showed hatred towards him. Though, what pained his chest was to see Sapnap and Puffy’s disappointed and hurt expressions. Some people went to escort Tommy and Tubbo safely out of this place, while Niki took Puffy home, probably going to comfort her the whole night.

He couldn’t take it. He couldn’t. It was too much.

A small, but pained chuckle escaped his lips.

Quackity turned to look at him, his expression red and livid. His clothes and armor were on him again, though Dream didn’t know how as he didn’t see him put them on. “Is this a laughing matter to you, Dream?” He snarled. “You’re going to jail! You’ll live there for the rest of your life! There’s nothing funny about it.”

The broken porcelain smiley mask had a piece of the lower part missing, so they could partially see his cracked lips smiling sadly. “I agree with you, Quackity.” He said, trying not to make his tone sound cocky. “It’s just that this scenario reminded me of... a story I read a long time ago.”

Punz frowned, looking at him over his shoulder as they continued walking. “A story?”

“Yeah...” Dream smiled bitterly to himself. “W-Well, at least the ending of how the villain met his end.” He quickly said. “I’ll tell you.”

Ant scoffed. “There’s no need—“

“Once upon a time, there was a couple who were madly in love with each other,” Dream cut him off and began narrating the tale despite a few protests. “One day, the wife found out she was pregnant, and was overjoyed with the thought of starting a family with her beloved husband. But that night before she could tell him, she found him with another woman in their room, whispering and exchanging words that lovers would say. Shocked, enraged and heartbroken, she fled her home and never returned. Her heart was in such a weak state, darkness crept into her heart. Hatred towards her husband was all she felt, and the thought that she was carrying a part of him in her

womb enraged her even more. So to get back at him, she disowned her newborn son by changing his status to a slave. A class that was always treated as filth.

“She took her frustrations and hatred towards the child— humiliating him by denying his gender, taking away his rights, hitting and abusing him till he bled and scars were made. Until, finally, when he was 7, she sold him to the black markets. He eventually was sold again and had an owner. He was discriminated against, taken advantage of, and looked down by the other town’s people because of his status as a slave. But there was nothing the child could do about it.

“Then one day, when he turned 19, his naive heart was tricked by a bad spirit who possessed him from that day onwards. He became a villain and terrorized the lives of the innocent. A tyrant, a monster, a psychopath—is all what people saw in him. Eventually, he was finally stopped and thrown in jail—facing lifelong imprisonment. The bad spirit, who was the true culprit for his actions, left his body to rot in that cell... and that’s the end of the villain.”

“The f**k?!” Quackity face twisted into disgust and horror. “What kind of story is that!?”

“Well, that was just his background. Villains have a life, too, you know? They aren’t always nameless nobodies...” Dream smiled. “But he’s an antagonist, not a protagonist, so the story ended in a happily ever after situation for the heroes.”

“Anyway,” he went on, brushing off their questionable gazes, and asked them a question. “Do you think he deserved it? Having his life end like that? Even though he was a villain in the story?” Dream stopped walking and looked at some of them over his shoulder.

Quackity stopped and snorted, like the answer was so obvious. “Of course not. His life was f**ked from the start. He was the victim.”

“Yeah. No one deserves that sort of ending,” Punz agreed, folding his arms.

“Really?” Dream said, his eyes widening, as his heart pained. “Then... let’s say that rather than me, it was that ‘villain’ in my situation. What would you do?”

“Dream, don’t ask us questions that are so obvious to answer,” Ant snapped. “Clearly the guy didn’t deserve it, so if it were me, I would have tried to find a way to help him. Tubbo, Sapnap and Fundy know how to exorcise bad spirits, right?”

“We only know how to exorcise Dreamons,” Sapnap corrected. His gaze looking away from Dream.

“Yeah, so that’s that. Now shut up right now, we’re almost there,” Sam said coldly to the group behind him, glaring specifically at Dream.

“...Right,” Dream looked down, hugging himself tightly as he bit his lip.

...Yeah the answer was so obvious. It was so obvious that it seemed stupid to ask them in the first place. But a small voice within him almost made him ask them something dangerous...

~~If the answer was so obvious, why didn't you save me?~~

~~Why did you not see through me, my pain, and save me?~~

—Current timeline, Later—

They came out of the house, looking shaken and haunted.

The writings on the wall, and the drawings—to them, it was more horrifying to know that Ranboo wrote something disturbing like that, rather than be shocked about his betrayal.

“Tubbo might get upset about this,” Niki said.

Karl nodded. “...so, should we go?”

“It’s about DAMN time you guys came out!” They jumped and turned, finding a rather livid Quackity and Jack, their hands crossed. Both their winter attires looked burned and dirty as the ends of their hair were smoked, as though they came out of a ball of fire. “While you guys took your sweet time in that house, Techno tried to barbecue us, almost 4 times, ALIVE!”

They grimaced.

“Wow,” Sapnap looked around. “Where’s Tubbo and Bad?”

“Welp, Techno, for some reason, decided to be a *gracious* host and gave Tubbo hot chocolate, while he shot his rockets at us because we used his younger brother as a patsy. Didn’t think the guy would be so touchy when it came to family.”

“Yeah,” Jack agreed, “he killed Tubbo during the Manberg Massacre like it was nothing, yet now he starts caring? The hell is going on with him?”

Tommy’s face darkened, he looked away to the snow underneath his boots.

“Okay, then where’s Bad?” Karl asked.

“Techno decided to go a little ‘easy’ on Bad since he doesn’t have a terrible relationship with him compared to us. So he blindfolded the devil, tied him to a wild horse, and is likely still galloping in a snowy forest somewhere, screaming.”

They gaped at the pair incredulously. Far from a distance, they now could hear echoes of screams and wails that sounded familiar.

Jack sighed heavily. “Anyway, putting our misery aside, Techno is not our guy.”

“We know,” Tommy said, “he never even was. It was all Ranboo.”

“Ho~!” A new voice joined into their conversation. Both Quackity and Jack froze, sweating bullets now as Technoblade appeared behind them, his big hands clapped each side of the pair’s shoulder. “Ranboo, huh? To think that spineless guy was capable of a jailbreak.”

“T-Techno,” Tommy stuttered, taking a few steps backwards. He was afraid of seeing his big brother standing tall before him. It had been almost 8 or 9 months since he last saw the Blood God, and the last time they saw each other did not go well. Mainly because Tommy hurt his brother by betraying him.

“...Hello. Tommy,” the pig-hybrid greeted, adjusting his pig mask. Then looked away from his younger brother to the rest of the group. “I got the gist of what happened. What are you going to do now?”

Sapnap eyed at the blood God cautiously, one of his hands going behind his back to touch the axe that hung behind his hips, just in case. “For now, we’ll just report our findings to everyone back at

the community house.” He narrowed his eyes at Technoblade suspiciously. “Techno, I need you to be completely honest with me.”

“Isn’t Ranboo the guy who set Dream free?”

“That’s not what i was gonna ask. Were you, or were you not planning to break Dream out by that favor you owed him?”

“...No.” He crossed his arms. “He sent me a message. Right before you guys locked him up.”

Quackity laughed. “You mean that, “Techno, log in! I need that favor!” To which you replied. “Can’t I’m busy?””

“He sent me another message after that. It was in the form of a Whisper. “You owe me nothing. Don’t save me.”” They gaped at him. “I still have no idea why he said that, but that’s why I didn’t bother freeing him, much less visit him in jail.”

Before they could discuss what that message meant, they heard heavy heaving behind them. Bad finally arrived, but he was crawling in the snow. His attire was all torn and dirty. The devil glared daggers at the Blood god, who gave an insufferable grin at him. “You are despicable!” He gritted his teeth as his hands fisted on the snow.

“You look swell,” Techno chuckled. “I didn’t think you survived.”

”You psychotic MUFFINHEAD!”

—later, evening, Phill’s house—

Techno decided to join them, and a few others weren't too happy. He thought it would be nice to see his dad, and his now undead brother since it’s been a while.

“Aren’t we going to the community house to tell everyone?” Sapnap asked, as Tommy and Tubbo went to their house and the group followed for some reason.

“Give us a sec, guys,” Tubbo said. “We need to check on Fundy, and of course Sam to see if--”

“ ARE F**KING SHITTING WITH ME!?? What do you mean Dream had nothing to do with breaking out of jail?!”

They all flinched when they heard Wilbur’s voice in the form of a frightening yell coming from the house. They peaked through a window that was slightly open.

Wilbur looked furious

“It’s obvious Dream had someone help him get out of prison! You should know Dream well enough since you were with him almost 24/7, Sam!” Wilbur yelled. Phill tried to calm him down, patting his shoulder. Wilbur pointed at the door of the other room where Fundy was currently resting in. “If Dream wasn’t part of it, then who the f**k is responsible for making my son in that state? Huh?!”

“Sam?” Niki whispered.

The british man grabbed a fistfull of Sam’s shirt in anger . It seemed like Sam was conscious now, just had bandages wrapped around his forehead and arms. The creeper-hybrid looked at him calmly.

“Exactly,” Sam said calmly, “I know Dream well enough to know he didn’t want to get out of Prison. In fact, he even yelled at me to put everything on lockdown before the explosions took place. Fundy even heard him!”

“What?” Wilbur questioned.

“What?” Tommy whispered harshly, confused. “That psycho didn’t want to leave?”

Phill thought to himself contemplatively. “But how did Dream know someone was gonna get him out? It still seems suspicious in a way.”

Sam sighed. “Believe it or not, Dream’s been pretty obedient and quiet since his imprisonment. It’s like he was experiencing peace after a long time. He wasn’t giving me, nor Bad, nor Antfrost too much trouble. Will, i think he changed...” he said the last part sincerely, like he believed Dream was innocent.

Technoblade frowned underneath his mask, sensing a change in demeanor from the warden about Dream

Wilbur shook his head with disbelief. “Are you hearing yourself, Sam?” He tightened his fist, still clenching his shirt. “You and Punz are his second oldest friends, and have you learnt nothing from what he did to us? To Tommy?! To Tubbo?!?” He shook his head as he sucked his breath through his teeth. “He could have been LYING, SAM!” He yelled. “He could have tried to pretend he’d changed so you’d let him out! He lied about everything—“

“Can he lie about being *sick*, Wilbur?” Sam said with maddening calmness, slapping Wilbur’s hand away so he’d let him go. “He can’t fake something like that.”

Wilbur froze. “Being sick?”

Sapnap and Tommy’s eyes widened in shock.

Dream was sick?

“2 months back, Dream fell ill out of nowhere.” Sam explained. “He was bedridden for a week, and he hardly could eat. He couldn’t even speak for too long without coughing out blood! My potions weren’t curing him, and the medicines were less effective on him.”

Phill and Wilbur stared at him, shocked. So did the rest of the group watching from outside.

Sam went on, “Then, after his fever came down, he began suffering from fainting spells almost everyday. Dream tried to hide it, but it didn’t take long for me to figure out since he was always out cold for almost an hour, once or twice a day”

Badboyhalo flinched, and he grimaced when his memory hit him. “Right... I was the first one who found Dream on the floor that day.”

Sapnap turned to him shocked. “What?!!” He harshly whispered. “Why didn’t you tell me or George he was sick?!”

The devil shrank. “Um... because Dream didn’t want me to tell anyone?” They gaped at him. “Guys, he begged me not to. Literally—on his knees, hands clasped together, tears in his eyes—not to tell anyone about his condition. He said he didn’t want to burden anyone with his problems.”

Quackity and Jack, however, unlike the rest of the group, didn’t look convinced about Dream being

innocent—agreeing with Wilbur’s side of the argument.

“We all know him as the guy who doesn’t want to owe anyone favors, unless they owe him.” Sam said, and their attention went back to him. “Why would he want to try and escape in a condition like that? Wouldn’t it be better for Dream if he escaped once he got better?”

“... So for 2 months, Dream’s been suffering from fainting spells?” Wilbur breathed.

“Yeah,”

“And he still hasn’t recovered?”

“No. Sometimes his vision goes bad, he even struggles to walk.”

“...”

“...”

“...okay, we need to have this discussion back in the community house.” Sapnap finally said, his face darkening as he pulled out his communicator.

{Sapnap} Guys, gather at the community house. Now

{Sapnap} We found something

{Sapnap} And it’s not good

Second discussion

Chapter Notes

Enjoy!
Please leave comments!
:)

“Everyone sees who I appear to be, but only few know the real me. You can only see what I choose to show, there's so much more you just don't know.” — unknown.

—night, community house—

There was a collective gasp echoing in the hall after Sapnap announced that Ranboo was Dream's accomplice. People who were hearing this for the first time had their expressions turned into disbelief and shock. Tubbo was upset when he found out from Niki that they found evidence in his best friend's home. Ranboo was the last person they'd expect to go and free the tyrant. Sam and Wilbur decided to join this meeting while Phill looked after Fundy. The British man comforted his younger brother, holding him as he stroked his hair while Tubbo silently cried.

“Where is he?” Eret questioned as he scanned the crowd of people.

“We... don't know,” Punz admitted. “Sapnap said he wasn't in his house, and there was no sign of Dream being his place once. Starting from tomorrow, we're going to send different groups of individuals to look for Dream and Ranboo. Each group would take turns every alternate day until we find them. Techno is going to help us. Well... sort of. He says that if Dream comes up to him for that favor, Techno's gonna report to us the moment he spots him.”

Tommy raised his hand. “Uh, is my brother still planning to repay that favor even after sending us a message?”

Quackity sucked his teeth as he answered, “I... don't know. Maybe. The blood god just gave us vague answers, and that didn't help us clarify anything. And he is nothing but a REAL. PRICK. IN. MY. ASS!” He gritted the last part as he glared at Technoblade.

Techno gave an insufferable smile as he casually shrugged his shoulders.

Eret cleared his throat. “Okay, Team C? Find anything odd back at the prison that helped Dream escape?” He looked at Puffy, George, Antfrost and Punz.

“...Yeah,” George hesitated. “We found something... creepy... but no, we didn't find anything that helped Dream escape.”

“What do you mean you found something creepy?” Sapnap brows raised. “We saw something more disturbing back at Ranboo's place.”

“Did it have crazy/possessive writing?” Ant pulled torn papers and handed it over Niki and Karl. “There were a couple of these under the mattress of Dream's bed, and it took everything I had to not burn something this horrifying.”

“This is....” Niki’s eyes widened in shock, so did Karl. “The writings, this handwriting and scribbles, too... we saw the exact same message painted on the walls of Ranboo’s home!”

“What!?” Tommy snatched the paper from Karl. The blood on his face drained, he shook his head. “It’s the same...” he looked up to everyone as he shook his head. “IT’S THE SAME!!” He yelled.

People shifted uncomfortably, and started murmuring to each other as George distributed the papers that contained the same repetitive journal entries..

“You said the messages on Ranboo’s walls are the same as what’s written here?” Punz questioned the C team.

“Well, most of them.” Karl answered. “Uh, if i remember correctly, most of what’s written were, “They will die, they will die, they will die; mine, mine, mine; my Songbird,” then a bunch of smiley faces drawn here and there, along with ‘Tick, tick, tick’, which I’m guessing was the sound of some clock, but was scratched off many times.”

“It’s the same here,” Quackity said, reading it. He frowned. “Wait, did Dream write all this?”

“I think not,” Niki said contemplatively, all eyes were locked on her, “I mean, other then the messages and scribbles, the handwritings are identical. Dream may have had these papers in his cell, but i don’t think he wrote them. The painting and messages drawn on Ranboo’s walls were done a couple months back. I know this because there wasn’t any smell of fresh paint anywhere in the house.”

“And Dream was still in cell for the past couple of months,” Punz added up. “So there’s no way Dream went to Ranboo’s house and wrote that message if it wasn’t fresh.”

“...Must’ve been Ranboo, then,” Sam finally spoke. “He’s been visiting Dream dozens of times over the last couple of months.”

“That doesn’t seem right!” Tubbo protested, wiping a tear. “He-he’s not like that! He won’t write something so creepy! He doesn’t have a possessive behaviour.”

“Then again,” Sapnap said slowly, “if he has been visiting Dream, there’s a possibility he may have been giving Dream these messages. He could have even written those messages, and drawn that painting on the walls because it’s his house!”

Sam looked at Sapnap, frowning underneath his mask. “Painting? What painting?”

Sapnap stared at Sam, then at Team C. “Didn’t you guys find a creepy painting on the walls of the prison, as well?” He asked.

Puffy and Ant shared a look of confusion. “No. There was nothing on the walls. We just found the writings on the papers. That’s it.”

Silence...

“We found a painting drawn on the wall next to the messages,” Sapnap started.

“Yeah,” Tommy butted in. “It was FREAKY! It was a woman on her knees while wearing a dress, crying, and Dream stood behind her.”

“The woman wasn’t crying,” Niki corrected. “She didn’t even have a face.”

“It looked like she was! She had her hands together like she was begging for mercy or something.”

Wilbur frowned as he hugged Tubbo tighter. “Do we know this woman? What’s her hair colour?”

“Actually, I don’t think we even met her.” Sapnap said. “I-I don’t recognize her, and everything was painted in red. So...”

The blood god, who stood quietly while reading the torn journal paper and frowned at it. Something feels off, he thought. “This part...” Techno pointed at a sentence on the paper. ““My little song bird belongs to me”, “Touched my little angel”, just who is Ranboo talking about?”

No one said anything, they simply didn’t know who the writings were referring to...

—later, after the meeting, on the path towards a mountain—

They decided to call it a night and head back home given that it was getting late.

Techno went back to his house in the mountains, promising he would contact them if he sees Ranboo. Sam was going to follow Techno because he was curious about the writings and drawing in Ranboo’s house.

Somewhere around the end of the journey, Sam noticed someone following them.

“Wilbur?” Techno said, frowning underneath his mask when he followed Sam’s gaze behind them. “Weren’t you going back home with Tommy and Tubbo?”

“I was... but,” he British man touched his nape sheepishly because he got caught. “But i wanted to have a talk with Sam.”

“Me?”

“Yeah,”

The pig-hybrid nodded. “Well, you might as well talk while you walk, I don't want us to stand here and be sitting ducks for a blizzard to come by soon.”

“Yeah, got it,”

They began moving up again.

“Sam, I just want to apologize by the way that I reacted when you told me about Dream,” Wilbur said sincerely. “I’m sorry. I just... When I saw Fundy in such a terrible state, I lost all my composure. I was all stressed and mad and—and when you said Dream was sick, I just had a sudden flashback of the time when i was mentally unstable. I suppose I managed to come back to my right senses then... but still—“

“Yeah, I forgive you, Will,” Sam said as he grinned. “It’s fine. You were just acting like a father would.”

“Father?” Wilbur chuckled dryly. “I don’t know if i can really call myself that given my past actions. Not to mention, we haven’t communicated well over the past months since I came back.”

“Yeah, we can all tell.”

“Just give it some time, brother,” Techno said, as they finally reached Ranboo’s home. “And keep

trying. I'm sure you'll get somewhere with Fundy."

"Thanks, brother," the brunet smiled warmly.

Sam and Wilbur jumped when Techno kicked the door down with his feet.

BANG!

They stared at the broken door, now on the floor, then at Techno and gave him a look of disapproval. "What?" The Blood God shrugged. "Just say Tommy broke it." He walked in the empty house.

It didn't take long for the trio to find the room team C claimed had evidence of Ranboo's involvement with Dream's escape.

And then they found the room with the red paints on the wall...

Sam gasped while Wilbur covered his mouth in shock. Techno forced himself to keep his composure, but he still felt slightly disturbed by the messages and painting.

"Everyone doesn't believe Ranboo had this disturbing side in him," Sam said as he touched the wall. "If they came up here, some may have second thoughts."

"I can't judge the guy since I don't know him very well," Wilbur said as he took a closer look at the painting of the faceless woman. "But it's unsettling to know that one of my brother's best friends was this guy, and he didn't know about it." He looked at the Dream painting, then the faceless woman. "Yep, I don't know who this person is, nor why Dream is being all creepy behind her." Wilbur looked at his brother. "Can you?" Sam went to Wilbur's side and took a closer look at the painting.

"Not really," he sighed, shrugging. "He is either trying to protect her, or keep her to himself. But since she is either begging for help or praying to him, it's hard to say. Maybe if Ranboo drew her crying or something, then we'd know the true context. Anyhow, it does look like she was drawn fragile. "

Sam's eyes widened. He stood back. "Guys, we know this person."

"We do?" Wilbur scratched his head. "Then who is she?"

"This person isn't a woman," Sam looked at them seriously. "This is Dream."

"Huh? Wha—"

"I don't know why Ranboo drew him wearing some dress, but I'm certain this is him. During his imprisonment, Dream let his hair grow longer and maintained it well. And look here," Sam pointed at the figure's shoulder. Since the dress was designed as an off shoulder halter, the skin exposed also showed a symbol. A single rose with 2 leaves on each side, surrounded by a circle.

Techno tilted his head. "Is that a tattoo?"

Wilbur narrowed his eyes as looking at the symbol

"No," Sam shook his head, "when I first saw this, I could tell that this shape was burned into his skin. It's a permanent scarring. Though, i don't know what this symbol means, and Dream refused to tell me how he got it."

“...ah,” Wilbur said when finally realized what it meant. His hands began to shake as his eyes were blown wide. “No... no way... how is Dream...?”

“What? Wilbur?” They looked at him.

He swallowed hard as he still eyed the rose mark. “I... I read this in a history book when i was 14, and this practice was supposed to be banned 20 years ago by some god, but... that mark is a brand.”

“A brand?” Techno frowned. “I don’t think I know a company that has a rose as their brand. What do they sell?”

“No, that’s not what i meant! I mean HUMAN branding!”

They froze. Wilbur’s sudden shout echoed in the room.

“This is a-a mark of a.... slave...”

They looked at him for sometime all dumbstruck, unable to form any words. Then back at Dream—the real painting of Dream that was wearing a dress, and looked helpless on his knees as he either begged or prayed.

“If... if that’s supposed to be Dream...” Techno pointed at the figureless person in the red fog behind Dream. “Who’s the guy behind him?”

“ You think you know me, no you don’t. You only know how much I allow you to know me, but you still think you know a lot about me and that’s how I create an illusion by making you believe that you know a lot about me. But believe me you don’t know the real me until and unless I want you to know me.”—Rebel girl

The Angel's doll

Chapter Notes

So as much as I am so happy that people are reading my fanfic (over 12000 hits in just a week! What the—hwrbkbbewffqbfewb! I'm crying! ^_^) , i just hope that i didn't mislead you because of the genre of my story. After reading your comments in the last chapter, most of you mentioned 'creepy'. I know you didn't mean it in a negative way as you guys enjoy my story regardless and I am happy for that.

Anyway, this ISN'T HORROR! Just wanted to confirm it to you guys. I didn't realize my writing was being too eerie and creepy. I wanted to create an atmosphere of possessive behavior being displayed by Nightmare's writings, and show how insane and unstable he became after Dream got imprisoned. That's all. Otherwise the main genre of this story was a lot of Angst, feels, crack, friendship, and romance (but the romance part comes later in the form of a slow burn, won't be long now since this is chapter 8.)

Anyway, thank you again for reading my fan fiction.

DON'T FORGET TO LEAVE COMMENTS!

Enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“When you judge me without knowing me, you do not define me, you define yourself. You think you know me? Think again!” —unknown.

—Next morning, in a nameless town, Raven's perspective—

After being unconscious for the last couple of days, Emerald finally awoke.

However, to Raven, it was clear something was wrong with him. She could tell from the way he looked at them as though everything was normal. What's more, she could also tell the boy went through something. It was confusing as to why he kept his hair long like in the past, but Raven was sure he had some reason considering how well his hair was maintained. However, what bothered her was his appearance. When they found him that night, his skin looked sickly pale as the colour of his lips were fading. There were a questionable number of scars on his arms, like he'd been fighting constantly without a care for his body.

Her daughters treated the scars everyday with an effective ointment they made, healing the majority of the scar tissues. All except that damning slave mark on his shoulder...

That permanent scarring which will never leave even if the body died.

“Emerald, do you know how you ended up floating in the lake?” Alicia asked, holding his hand.

The long haired blonde tilted his head in confusion. “I was in the lake?” He questioned, blinking his eyes in an innocent manner.

Ah.

This felt nostalgic.

There were a lot of times when Emerald gave Bambi eyes that made him so endearing, many people just wanted to have him and spoil him rotten. Even now, Raven could tell her her daughters were controlling their urges to jump at him and hug him to death.

“I... no I don't remember anything,” he said, sitting up properly. “The last thing I remember was that we were in a hectic situation because we all had to help decorate and plan for sister Yuki's wedding, and—“

“Hold up,” Eve raised her hand to stop him. “Yuki's wedding? Emerald... that was 6 years ago.”

“Eh?” He froze. “6 years ago?”

Raven's breath hitched. “Emerald, do you know where you got that slave collar?”

“...My biological mother put it on me before selling me to the black market. I have had this on me since then.”

“...Emerald, how old are you?”

“15...?”

The old woman closed her eyes as she sighed heavily while her daughters stared at him with shock.

“It appears he lost his memory,” she said, turning her heel to walk to the door. “And some bastard made him a slave again.”

—later, Nikki and Puffy's flower shop, Techno's perspective—

What they uncovered last night was a secret only between Wilbur, Sam and Technoblade. For one thing, they were still doubtful if they were right about the painting because it didn't make sense that there was one Dream, on his knees and wearing a dress, while there was another Dream behind him, being all freaky. Besides, the painting on Ranboo's walls didn't help them one bit as to where Dream and Ranboo had gone. So they decided to keep this info, if it is helpful info at all, to themselves.

It was still unbelievable for Technoblade for the fact that Dream was a slave. Slaves aren't common anymore, and the business of selling slaves was banned by a god 2 decades ago. What's more, he always considered them to be a weak class, not because they had no assets and they lacked wealth, but because they couldn't defend themselves and were dependent on their masters to protect them. If they were so weak willed, then they inevitably become helpless themselves.

That's why it was such a shock to learn that Dream was a slave. The bravest ruthless and fiercest warrior and the admin of the server was formerly a slave...

Techno once heard that there many slaves had to play different roles depending on what slave crest was burned on their skin, such as one had a role to cook meals for their masters, while another had to build buildings for their masters when ordered to. He didn't know what the Rose slave crest meant, and he couldn't help but be curious just what role his rival used to have. It probably had to do with hunting, or fighting. Dream had a lot of fighting experience, and was a fast runner that matched with Techno's.

Right now, he was on his way to Nikki's place.

He heard that she was quite a book reader, with Puffy coming second. She probably would know if there were any books related to slaves.

The moment he arrived at the flower shop Nikki and Puffy owned, Wilbur had already beaten him to her.

“—Will, what got you so interested in history?” Niki asked as she watered the plants. “Weren't you supposed to look after Fundy?”

“I have... I just... I thought reading a book to him every night would help us get closer together.”

She looked at him incredulously. “So you're gonna read a history book with your unconscious son like it's some kind of bedtime story?”

He cringed. “Well, if you put it like that...” he made a face. “Yes?”

Techno shook his head, what kinda bullshit excuse—“hey Niki!” They finally noticed him approaching. “Yeah, random question but do you have any kind of books that relates to past slaves and slavery?”

She blinked while Wilbur's jaw dropped.

“Wha—brother!”

“Umm... why?” She asked.

“I got a interested in slavery,” he said bluntly in his usual monotone voice. Wilbur facepalmed himself, wanting to chide his brother for not being discrete.

Puffy came out of the shop and smiled when she saw the company arend Nikki. “Morning, guys!” She chirped. “What brings you in front of our shop?”

“Well, Wilbur came here to ask for a history book so he could read it to his unconscious son—”

“What?”

“—and Techno wanted to know if I had books related to slavery.”

“S—” Puffy snapped her eyes at Techno and Wilbur, her face darkening. “Slavery...?” Has There was silence for a few seconds as she continued to stare at them. “Uh, Nikki, can you go shop our groceries?” She turned to her, painting that smile on her face again . “I'll give Will and Techno the books they're looking for.”

She knows something!

One of the voices in his head whispered. Techno flinched. It's been a while since he last he last heard of them.

“Okay...” she shrugged, gave a peck on the cheek and went off.

Once her figure was gone, Puffy whirled to them. “ ***What the hell are you planning?***” They jumped when her face darkened again as she asked them in an aggressive tone.

“Uh—wha—n-nothing!” Wilbur stammered, raising his hands. “I just wanted a book!”

“I wanted to know about slaves,” Techno said bluntly again, and Wilbur punched his shoulder.

She huffed at their responses. “What are you going to do with that sort of information!? Tell everyone Dream used to be a slave?”

They blinked.

“You know?” Techno frowned. “Did Sam tell you?”

Her eyes widened. “Sam knows, too?!” She groaned, hiding her face behind her hands.

“Okay, we screwed,” Techno whispered.

“You think?” His brother harshly whispered back. He looked back at the sheep-hybrid. “How do you know?”

“The same way you did,” she lowered her hands. “His slave crest. Months before he was imprisoned, he came over here to have a talk, and Niki accidentally spilled tea on his hoodie. When I came to his room to drop off some spare clothes, I saw the mark on his shoulder while he was changing his top. I immediately recognized it as a slave crest.”

Wilbur frowned at her when a thought hit him. “Is that why you decided to mother him most of the time? Out of pity?”

She bit her lip. “...I suppose...”

“... So George and Sapnap don’t know?” The pig-hybrid asked. “Despite being his oldest friends? Even though slavery is banned?”

“Do you think he can tell them? It’s not that simple. Having a slave status, or formerly being a slave, still carries a stigma in your life. You can’t just go on and tell your close friends about it!

“And... Slavery isn’t banned.” She went on, crossing her arms as she looked away. “Well, not completely. The god who made the decree wasn’t very careful with his words. The law claims all sorts of slavery business would be abolished and people aren’t allowed to enslave more human beings ever again. That’s it. The law didn’t free the old slaves from their shackles and owners.”

“But Dream’s not a slave anymore, right?” Techno questioned.

...

Puffy looked at them seriously. “I promised Dream I wouldn’t tell anyone about it, and no, Wilbur,” she pointed her finger at him when he opened his mouth, “I didn’t ask about his past ‘cause I respect my duckling’s privacy, and I know how sensitive that topic is to him. So you two better not go tell anyone about Dream’s former life, got it?!”

They nodded.

“Good,”

“Another question,” Techno said, and felt himself sweating from the way Puffy was glaring at him. “I know that slaves played different roles depending on what slave mark was burned on their skin. Do you at least know what his crest means? The rose on Dream’s shoulder?”

Puffy looked at him for some time with an unreadable expression, something the Blood God was not familiar with, “... Techno, if I tell you, how are you going to react to Dream when you see him

again?”

“...Is there something wrong with the way I always treated him?” He questioned her.

“...No, but when you see him... pretend you don’t know anything about him.” She bit her lip nervously. “That crest... is known as the Angel’s Doll. Not many people have that crest, and it’s rarer for a male to play the role forced to them.”

“What do you mean?” Wilbur asked. “Were slave roles usually influenced by their sex?”

“... Having the rose crest means your life and body belong solely to your owner. You are forced to give up on your life and forget about marriage and having kids. Your only purpose is to protect your master, entertain his or her friends or customers. You’re not allowed to have either pride, nor dignity. Your will is your master’s will until you die.”

...

...

...

None of them ever mentioned Dream's old life since that day...

2 months had passed since Dream and Ranboo disappeared.

Everyone searched and searched, and no one could find a trace of them. Eventually, some have gave up because at this rate they were gonna have to search the entire continent. It surprised many people that Dream still hadn’t come back for revenge with an army of... something.

Fundy had fully recovered, and Willbur and him were slowly getting closer after countless of amendments and apologies made to each other.

Anyhow, even if Dream escaped prison, life on the server had still remained peaceful like before.

Well, sort of.

It was a slow process, but people were starting to notice that the server was dying.

Trees were slowly losing their leave, and flowers started wilting. A great deal of fishes were floating dead in the lakes, and the animals were slowly disappearing from the forests, too. The mountains where Techno lived were now experiencing the harshest blizzard storms in years. It started out of the blue a month back, and hasn’t stopped since. The Blood God couldn’t keep coming up and down the mountain without going in and out storms. So Phill let Techno stay at their place until the situation got better. Tommy was wary with the idea, but he had to agree. Techno was still his brother.

Many believed that Dream had something to do with this unnatural phenomenon since he was admin and all. Many members weren’t too happy with the situation, some even had plans of migrating to where more food and resources were available.

Not many people wanted their friends to leave the server.

“Punz!” Quackity ran to the Smp (acting) leader, who was discussing something with Eret in the community house.

“Quackity,” Eret said, frowning, seeing the man taking deep breaths. “What happened? Did you find Dream?”

“Uh, no,” He straightened his back. “Our search is still nada. But i may have found answers to our problems.”

“Really?” The blonde beamed.

“Okay, so, i was just having a long chat with Schlatt, or rather Ghlatt—“

They made a face when the villain’s name was mention.

“—and he says that we might be able to fix our problems. See, because he’s a ghost, he’s been traveling around place to place. He claimed that there was a town located an hour away from here that has a hostess club!”

Punz gave an obnoxious expression. “And just how is this hostess club establishment supposed to help us?”

Quackity made a face. “Wait, I made a wrong impression.” He cleared his throat. “I don’t mean we should go there and have fun, even though that’s what the place is meant for. What I’m saying is that the establishment isn’t a regular hostess club, many people there go there to get information. People’s secrets, or what they’ve seen recently. If you want specific intel, the staff working there can also be your informant as long as you pay them the right amount. They won’t give you groundless rumors or a neighbor’s gossip. It’s legit stuff!”

“So, we might know a way to stop the server from dying?” Eret questioned, folding his arms.

“Even better! We might finally have a lead on that F**king Dream’s whereabouts, and catch him!”

Punz tapped his chin as he contemplated. “Well, I guess we’ll give it a shot since we have nothing right now.”

“GREAT!” He punched the air excitedly. “Me, Jack and Ant are heading out right now!” He dashed out of the community house, a cloud of dust was seen as he sped off.

“Did he know we would say yes to this?” Eret shook his head incredulously.

“Something tells me he already packed his things.” Punz agreed.

—later, Tommy’s hotel, lobby—

Tubbo and Tommy, and the rest of the family just decided to hang here after eating Fundy’s homemade bland food for lunch (which Tommy claimed caused his palate to fall asleep). Wilbur insisted that they’d have a family lunch together since it’s been a while, and they didn’t know why they let Fundy be the one in the kitchen. Wilbur made a mental note to himself to either teach his son how to cookfood soon , or not have him in the kitchen at all. Tubbo ordered a takeout from McPuffy’s since some of them were still hungry.

Sapnap, George and Sam decided to join them since they all had nothing to do, while Techno, Karl, Nikki and Puffy decided to continue their search for Dream and Ranboo. Things were still peaceful, and everyday was becoming more like a lazy Sunday. It still bothered George and Sapnap just where Deram had disappeared off too as they confirmed Techno’s and Tommy’s suspicions that he was indeed homeless. Dream usually slept in the community house, but since he

wasn't living here anymore... They couldn't help but get worried. Dream wasn't exactly a sharer with his secrets.

A knock on the grand hotel doors was heard.

"Oh, that'll be the takeout for us!" Tubbo piped.

"Finally!" Tommy cried, throwing the half eaten potato back into his inventory. "I can get rid of the bland taste of the 'food' Fundy made!"

"Hey!" The Fox- hybrid said, offended. "I told you i wasn't a professional!"

Wilbur rolled his eyes as left to answer the door. "Tommy, don't be mean!" He opened the grand doors. "Hello- "

Wilbur's sentence was abruptly stopped when the explosions took off.

KABBBBOOOOMMMM!!!!

The British was immediately thrown back, and hit his head to the reception table. "What the f**k?" He swore as he immediately took the golden apple out of his inventory to nurse himself back to health.

"NOOOOOOO!" Tommy cried in anguish. "MY HOTEL LOBBY!"

"OH MY GOD!" Fundy ran to his father's side, helping him up. "Dad, are you okay?!"

Wilbur only grunted in response. "Tubbo, what EXACTLY did you order?!" Wilbur yelled at his brother as he coughed from the dust.

The explosions may have destroyed the front entrance, but it still hadn't destroyed the main base and framework on the ground floor as it kept the building standing.

"Who the hell?" Sapnap and George raised their shields and lifted their swords, getting ready to attack their unknown assailant. The silhouette of the figure was surprisingly small, but they weren't taking their chances letting their guard down . Phill and Fundy helped Wilbur up, as Sam went to Tommy and Tubbo to shield them.

Once the dust cleared, and the figure emerged from the shadows and halted in front of them...

Their eyes widened.

Long blonde hair danced in the air before settling down.

Green hoodie with a black turtleneck underneath it, black pants and sneakers, fingerless gloves. A smiley porcelain mask...

"Dream?" Tommy gasped while he and Tubbo hid behind Sam.

"...No," Sam shook his head.

It should have been a smiley porcelain mask, but instead was a black angry mask—it's smile flipped upside down.

"*Where is he?!*" A higher pitch voice caught them off guard,

“D-Drista?!” Sappnap said in shock, lowering his sword from the sight of Dream’s sister.

Drista hissed at them viciously, making them flinch. She pointed her long sharp axe at Tommy as she snarled.

“WHAT DID YOU FREAKIN DOUCHEBAGS DO TO MY BROTHER!?”

“When it comes to my family I never quite know how protective I should be, or what I should or shouldn’t say.” —Sophie Ellis Baxton

Chapter End Notes

It’s going down...

(I’M YELLING TIIIIIMMMBBBBEEERRR!!!!!!)
;)

Dream's journal—part 1

Chapter Summary

Drista is hella mad!
Also a lot of truth bombs would be dropped.

Chapter Notes

Consider this long chapter a makeup for the other days.
It was a busy week.
Also, Drista's personality really strays from the canon (if she does have a significant character in the SMP to begin with, lol)
Anyway, don't forget to leave comments and kudos.
Enjoy!
:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Happiness is... having the best and craziest sister in the world!” —unknown.

—Literally 7 minutes later after the explosions, community house, no one's perspective—

“Is it true? Dream's sister actually—?”

“Used TNTs in front of Tommy's lobby to bulldoze her way in? Yeah.”

“Talk about being reckless. Those two really are alike.”

“Well, they are family after all.”

They immediately shut up when Drista spoke.

“Where is he?” Drista said in a dark tone, still snarling at them. The eyes of her now black unsmiley mask was glowing red. This startled several people. **“It's a simple question. Or are you too chicken to answer me?”**

“Whoa, Whoa, Drista, calm down,” Tommy swallowed hard as he was still hiding behind Sam. She still held onto that double-bladed diamond axe since they left the lobby. He had never seen her this mad, and it was scary. And why was the mask black?

“Silence, you child. My talk is with the ‘responsible adults’ here. So stay quiet.”

Although Tommy would usually get outraged when people called him that, this time he was totally left speechless. Either because he was flabbergasted, or terrified of her.

Wilbur spoke this time, but more cautiously. “Drista, first tell us, why did you have to destroy

Tommy's lobby when the doors were already open? You haven't seen him in a long time, and this is our first time meeting for the rest of us. Shouldn't a friendly greeting be the move before you start bombing our residence?"

She glared at Wilbur for sometime before lifting her mask up, just enough for them to see her twisted smile. The British man felt a chill run down his spine from her response. "Initially, that was the plan." She crooned. "However, after I looked around the SMP for a bit, I couldn't help but be curious about this collapsed building i came across."

Shit. The prison. Many held their breaths.

No one on the server even considered Drista, even for one second, as a threat to them. Mainly because she didn't have much involvement during the wars. But now people were considering it, given that she'd just bombed her way in an unlocked hotel not too long ago, and pointed her blades at their faces. Threatening them.

And she was no older than Tommy or Tubbo.

"So I did my own exploring, then realized that the collapsed building was formerly a prison that held one prisoner, since I came across a single cell. Then," she opened her inventory and pulled out a book and waved it high in the air for everyone to see, it's cover looked burnt and dirty, "I came across this particular journal and after *thoroughly* reading the contents, I realized that it was my *brother* who was kept prisoner, and it was his 'friends' that imprisoned him." She turned her head to George and Sapnap, baring her teeth as she gritted, "*For months, and months, and months.*"

"You found Dream's journal!?" Punz exclaimed. "We searched that entire prison many times! How-?"

Drista walked to the nearby wooden wall. "You all know that my brother is the admin of the server. So am i." She bit her thumb harsh enough to draw blood, then she drew a foreign symbol on the wooden wall before snapping her fingers. "And we love to keep secrets right under people's noses."

The symbol drawn glowed. The wood began folding itself, then opened like a safe box. She grinned over her shoulder at the people with wide eyes. "When you're the admin of the server, there are a couple of tricks only you can learn, and conditions you can negotiate with a god. So I can understand if you couldn't find my brother's journal hidden in the walls. If you forcefully tried to break the brick, then the item hidden in it is also lost." She turned to face them fully as she waved the book in her hand. "However, that doesn't mean I forgive you for what you've done to him. My brother has been secretly writing and sending me letters during the 8 months since you locked him up. And no, he hadn't told me he was in prison as he knows I'd come and bust him out. But when there was no response for 2 months... I find all of this...So I ask you again, *where is he?*"

"...we don't know," George admitted it as he bit his lip, looking down.

She froze. "What?" She tossed the journal back into her inventory.

"WE DON'T KNOW!" He said louder, sounding bitterly frustrated. "He escaped 2 months back and we don't know where he is. We've looked everywhere, and even now, some of our friends are looking for him."

"...No," the smaller blonde girl whispered to herself, lowering her head as she contemplated. "He didn't escape...He took him." She clenched her mouth. "Nightmare took him." Drista looked up

and observed him for sometime, then looked at everyone else in the room before huffing. “Which one of you is Sam?” It wasn’t a question. No. It sounded more like a demand.

No one pointed fingers, nor said a word, but they did inadvertently give her a clue when their heads snapped at the creeper-hybrid.

She smiled at him in a way that felt unsettling. “We’re gonna have to talk in private.”

“H-hold on,” Punz stopped her. “Why do you need to talk to Sam alone? If it’s about Dream, we all have to listen to it.”

“Why?” She questioned flatly, annoyed.

“Because some of us were his oldest friends!” Punz tried to reason.

She stared at him before laughing, shaking her head with disbelief. The way she laughed wasn’t out of joy or excitement, not in the way Tommy last remembered. This laugh sounded hysterical and sarcastic. “That’s funny...” she said, her voice now sounded weaker and broken. “‘Friends’ you say. Is that what you still call yourselves? What kind of lousy group of friends put their friend in prison for months?! Huh!? Is that what people do on this server!?”

“Look, Drista, some of us hated Dream! Okay?! He was a monster!” Tommy finally spoke after finding his courage again. “Do you know what he’s done to us here?! He manipulated most of us! He tried to kill Tubbo multiple times, he exiled me so he could control me, he blew this community house—he was getting out of hand like a tyrant! We had no choice but to imprison him.”

Drista snarled at him and screamed, “***If that’s all you saw in him, you are blind! You don’t know anything about him! The life he used to live! None of you do! For one thing, Clay hated the idea of killing kids!***”

She pointed at Tommy. “***You spent some quality time with my brother during exile, I thought you would have noticed by now the strange frequent shift in his personality!***”

She turned and pointed at George and Sapnap, “***You two were his oldest friends since you joined the server! How is it that my brother’s ‘best friends’ put him in jail and hardly pay visits?! Let alone, see him when he was SICK?!’***”

She pointed at Fundy. “***And you! If you truly cared for Clay when you made him your fiancé, you should have paid more attention to him as he was always suffering! I thought my brother was still married until I read his journal. You see him as some sort of cheating bastard, but Clay would never do that! Not after what his father did to his mother!***”

Drista was so fueled with her rage, that she ended up having a slip of a tongue at the last part. She quickly covered her mouth, swearing silently to herself.

Everyone looked at the blonde girl with shocked expressions.

“What do you mean ‘after what his father did to his mother’?” Wilbur frowned. “Don’t you two have the same parents?”

Drista didn’t respond. She calmed down a bit, and her black unsmiley mask changed into a white smiley one. “...In paper? Yeah. But blood related? No. Clay, coincidentally, looked similar to me like a twin, and resembled my parents. But we were never related by blood. My parents adopted him a few months after my original brother died in a freak accident. That’s how he and I inherited

the title of being the admin of the server 3 years back after our parents..." she trailed off.

She smiled sadly, shaking her head. "You know what? Since all of you don't have the faintest idea of what hell my brother went through, mostly because you weren't so bothered before, I'll tell you. Since i can guarantee that I'm never letting you see my brother ever again once i find him. "

She sauntered around the community house. "Once upon a time, there was a couple who were madly in love with each other," Drista began narrating, and the way she started sounded familiar to a few. "One day, the wife found out she was pregnant, and was overjoyed with the thought of starting a family with her beloved husband. But that night before she could tell him, she found him with another woman in their room, whispering and exchanging words that lovers would say. Shocked, enraged and heartbroken, she fled her home and never returned. Her heart was in such a weak state, darkness crept into her heart. Hatred towards her husband was all she felt, and the thought that she was carrying a part of him in her womb enraged her even more. So to get back at him, she disowned her newborn son by changing his status to a slave. A class that was always treated as filth."

It was then that Punz, Eret, Bad, Sam and Sapnap realized where they heard this story before. It was either life that was taunting them, but the way Drista was narrating the story was in the exact same way Dream did.

"She gave his slave name as Emerald. She took her frustrations and hatred towards the child—humiliating him by denying his gender, taking away his rights, hitting and abusing him till he bled and scars were made. Until, finally, when Emerald was 7, she sold him to the black markets. He eventually was sold again and had an owner, named Raven. And although she became his foster mother, and his step-sisters didn't ill-treat him, he was still discriminated against, taken advantage of, and looked down on by the other town's people because of his status as a slave. But there was nothing the Emerald could do about it.

"Then one day, a man wanted Emerald as his own son. And after much persistence, Miss Raven finally complied with his request a month later. Emerald was freed from his slave status and had his name legally change to Clay when he was 15.

"However," Drista started crying now. Tears could be seen rolling down, and falling from her chin. Her body trembled a bit as her voice broke, but she still went on, "3 years later, tragedy struck again. His new loving parents died in an accident, and the heavy responsibility of being the new admin weighed on Clay's shoulders. He not only had to take care of the server he just inherited, but he had to look after and raise his naive, ignorant 11 year old sister alone.

"He tried his best, and it worked out for a year..." the blond girl hugged herself tightly as she continued to shake. "But when he turned 19, his naive heart was tricked by a Dreamon, who threatened to hurt his sister if he didn't give himself to the Dreamon." Hearing this, Tubbo, Fundy and Sapnap's faces started to look pale. "Clay reluctantly obliged, and did just that to save that foolish little girl. To protect his beloved sister from the Dreamon, he sent her to another continent to a village he knew would look after her, and love her. It was from that day onwards that Clay lived his life as 'Dream', and had the Dreamon possessing him from time to time.

"Dream hardly saw his sister, and only exchanged letters with her once in every 2 weeks. Dream wrote to her, claiming that he was fine, and wasn't alone as he now made friends, and the Dreamon wasn't too much of a bother," she hiccuped as her voice broke, "But after he stopped writing for 2 months, I came to check... Only to find out it was all a lie... that he'd been suffering, and he was thrown in jail by his so-called 'friends', and now Nightmare has taken him to god knows where!" She forced a laugh again. ***"Congratulations. You all successfully screwed his life ."***

Her knees buckled forward, she dropped to the floor and broke down crying.

No one said a word, or rather they didn't know what to say or react.

To the few people who were aware of Dream's version of the story, they couldn't help but start to feel guilt pouring in. Especially Sapnap, who felt it weighed more heavily than George. Dream lied, but also mixed some truth in his words moments before they imprisoned him. Why didn't he just tell them? Then again, they were all pretty furious with Dream during that time, they probably wouldn't have taken anything he said seriously. Then what about the time Sapnap visited Dream? Why was he all quiet, and why didn't he utter a word about the truth to him?

And who is Nightmare?

Punz chewed his mouth from the inside, now regretting sending Quackity, Jack and Ant earlier today. Quackity and Jack hated Dream to the core, so if they were to hear the truth from their mouths rather than Drista, they may not feel too remorseful and be highly suspicious.

Wilbur didn't know what to think. If Puffy was here, there was no doubt that she'd side with Drista, and cry with her for not taking more care for her 'Duckling'. Puffy wasn't too hard on Dream after finding out he was a slave, but if she sided with him completely without giving her friends an explanation, she may be forced to reveal that Dream was a slave. And Dream didn't want them to know. So it's likely that Drista would understand Puffy's situation. But now that the younger sibling revealed the truth to all of them...

What happens next?

Drista seemed to have had enough time to recover from her breakdown as she stood and walked to Sam's direction. "Sam and I are gonna have a little chat," she said strongly, wiping her tears under her chin with her sleeve.

"M-me?" Sam stuttered, surprised.

"What!?" Punz protested. "You just dropped a bomb about Dream, and now you want to have a secret talk with Sam? Drista, if this is about Dream, then we need to know the entire picture."

"Sorry, Mr. Leader, but you're not in control here. Nor is Eret. *I am.*" She beckoned her head to the creeper-hybrid. "And he doesn't have a choice in this, either." She snapped her fingers.

The floor he was standing on moments ago suddenly broke, Sam yelped when he dropped down and fell into what looked like a black void.

"SAM!" Tommy yelled in panic. The people who stood near Sam were startled when his figure went down, and they gaped at the void.

"While i talk to him, meanwhile, read this," Drista pulled the journal out of her inventory again and tossed it to Punz. The young blond girl went closer to the hole Sam fell into. "Some of its entries are missing, and some sentences are hard to read due to the damage from when the prison collapsed. But you guys should be able to understand the content more or less. Let me know what you think before i comeback and murder you lot." She jumped.

Seconds after she disappeared into the black void, the flooring magically repaired itself.

"What!?" Tommy rushed over near Punz and immediately began digging with an axe he pulled out from his inventory. As soon as the wooden flooring block broke, all he came face with was the dirty and muddy ground. "The f**k!?" He shouted. "Is she some sort of magician?"

“It’s probably another trick she is capable of because she’s the admin.” Fundy said, fixing the flooring Tommy just ruined.

“So...what now?” Tubbo asked.

“Hey guys,” Karls energetic voice made them jump. They turned. “You won’t believe what Techno just—” he stopped midway when he noticed the heavy air. “Did something happen?” Techno, Nikki and Puffy came in soon after him.

“... a lot actually.” Phill finally spoke. “It’s been a long afternoon. We-we’ll explain it in detail later, so you guys might want to sit down. Punz?” He turned to the blonde man. “...I think we should hear this before Drista comes back with Sam.”

“Drista?” Techno frowned.

Punz grimaced, but nodded. He opened the journal. “Journal entry 1,” he said aloud for everyone to hear, reading from the book. “I am known as Dream...”

Journal entry # 1

I am known as Dream, and I am living the rest of my life in prison. I’m writing these entries down because i am bored and have nothing else to do. So, I might as well keep my hand busy before I lose my mind.

Did I deserve to be locked up here? Honestly, yes.

I lose control frequently, and i can’t remember what I’ve been doing, or what I’ve done for a while. What I do know is that it's the Dreamon's doing because most of the memories of the actions taken while he possesses me comes flooding in my sleep later. Not to mention, my friends are looking at me more differently, now. Some wary, some angry, some questioning me. But I know I can't tell them the truth, even if our friendship depended on it as Nightmare might do something to them. My sister could get caught up in my mess, too.

Nightmare was getting out of control more and more frequently over the last couple of months—to the extent where everyone agreed to lock me up here. I’m glad they did, though. Sure, prison sucks as my mobility is restricted, but it’s helping me. A week has passed since the lockup, and the crazy bastard hadn’t even possessed me since then.

He’s been strangely quiet.

Perhaps he finally realized that even for him, he can’t escape. I hope it stays that way. I guess my mind can finally embrace peace. This is a great start for my mental recovery.

--Present--

“What the hell!?” Punz exclaimed when he finished reading the first entry. It was just the beginning, but there were a lot of vital details given.

“Dreamon?” Tubbo stood alarmed, his head shaking. “No, no, that can’t be true. Fundy and I exorcist that creature out of Dream! We did the ritual and did necessary measures! Dream was free!

He was normal after that.”

Technoblade’s eyes narrowed underneath his mask. “Well according to this, it seems like you failed.” The Blood god said bluntly.

Punz frowned to himself, contemplating. “Tubbo, when did you do this ritual?”

“Before the L’manburg elections...oh...” Tubbo said, then went still. Dream... had definitely started acting differently during that time and after. The change was slow, but he was becoming more ruthless.

“I... don’t think he was normal when the elections started,” Punz said.

Sapnap and George were very quiet, not sure how to react.

Fundy’s face looked pale and haunted. “Tubbo,” he said, swallowing. “Call me crazy, but do you think that Dream still had control over himself until after we did the ritual? D-Do you think the ritual not only failed, but... we ended up empowering that Dreamon?”

Tubbo didn’t say a word as he didn’t know the answer.

Wilbur cleared his throat. “Let’s just hear the next entry.” He declared, looking at Punz. “Punz?”

Punz nodded and began reading the second entry. “Journal entry 2. Sam asked me...”

Journal entry #2

Sam asked me why I have been stretching and exercising a lot, I think he’s suspecting that I’m trying to escape by fleeing fast. He’s wrong. I need to get into shape otherwise I’d feel lethargic. My mother always chided me to do just that when I was young—it became a good habit for me. I can’t blame the warden to suspect that I would pull up some trick. Nightmare strained my relationship with my friends so badly—I’m pretty sure they hate me to the core. Especially Tommy, George and Sapnap. Quackity and Jack never liked me from the start, so they don’t count.

A thought has been going around my mind. The people close to always get hurt in some way because of the Dreamon. Fundy ended up getting left at the altar during our wedding because that son of bitch thought it would be fun to break his heart by making me kiss George, and leave it like that. I didn’t want to, yet my body moved and did so because of Nightmare.

I wanted to apologize to Fundy since that day, but there was always conflict arising, and fights breaking out here and there —that I couldn’t have a single moment where I wanted to talk to him alone. Oh, how I wish I could just reverse time and punch that Dreamon.

I need to return the ring back. I have to. Fundy deserves better.

I hope my friends are okay without me. I pray that I wasn't the core to their happiness or something.

—Present—

“WHAT!?” Fundy yelled, his appearance went feral that his fangs began to show. “I WAS LEFT

AT THE ALTAR BECAUSE THAT F**KING DREAMON WAS CONTROLLING MY FIANCE!!???"

"Fundy, calm," Wilbur said, placing his hands on his son's shoulder.

"HOW CAN I CALM DOWN? ALL THIS TIME I BELIEVED DREAM WAS JUST SOME SICK PERSON EVER SINCE THE WEDDING FAILED!" Fundy grabbed a fistful of the front of Wilbur's sweater, his teeth clenching, his eyes burning. "Now... just... it was wrong of me to assume that. I wanted to know his reasons—which is why i tried to visit him the day he disappeared..." the fox- hybrid man shook his head regrettably. "If only I visited him sooner and not wait for eight f**king months..." his head lowered to the ground as he broke down, Wilbur hugged him.

There were confused murmurs about what Dream wrote, especially the part where Dream was concerned about his friends. One noted that in the first entry Dream was glad he'd been locked up, and he never planned to escape as he believed he deserved it. Another stated it seemed that, according to the journal and the tone it was written in, he was protecting his friends from Nightmare—which is why he never told them about the Dreamon controlling him.

Tommy couldn't help but have mixed feelings. He noticed Sapnap and George looking at each other, whispering something as, what looks like, guilt were shadowing their faces.

Wilbur told Punz to go on with the next entry.

Journal entry #3

A month had passed, and Tommy visited me out of the blue.

His sudden visit caught me off guard me, and i sorta had a mild panic attack as I didn't know if stupid Nightmare was going to behave or not. Surprisingly, he did.

Tommy looked healthier. He still behaved as the same brat as I always remembered, but I'm glad he's okay now. Nightmare really messed his mind and emotions up after exiling him from the server. I suppose he couldn't resist.

Dreamon's are considered to be as dangerous as demons because of their soul possessing ability and poisoned words. Despite not having a physical form, they love torturing humans emotionally and mentally as they feed on their negative emotions and nightmares.

I tried to help Tommy out when he felt depressed, keeping him company and introducing my sister to him so they could have a good time. I thought I was helping him, but I think I ended up hurting him instead.

Pitying Tommy and helping him was something Nightmare knew I would do. He wanted the child to trust 'me'. I was helping him as a friend, but Nightmare wanted to use our friendship to control and manipulate the poor boy. It was a relief when he realized Nightmare's true intentions and shunned him after that. Even if it meant turning his back on the real me, I forgive him. I'm glad he broke out of the Dreamon's poisoning influence.

Just wish I could have said sorry to him that day...

I can't now.

Even if Tommy did visit me today, I couldn't bring myself to look him in the eye and apologize

without him suspecting me. Our trust and friendship is broken because of Nightmare.

Tommy said everyone hated me and he was pretty blunt about it. It hurt, but the thought that I was keeping them far from Nightmare's reach made me hopeful.

I didn't let Tommy know that I am content with the way I am living right now. Nightmare's been quiet as a dead rat for the past month-- my mind's so clear and relaxed now. I really needed some space and me time ever since the elections.

I was a little shaken when the child asked me who I missed the most. Although it should obviously be my friends, particularly George, Sapnap and Punz (they were the oldest team i had), the first image that came into my mind was my old family and Drista.

—Present—

Punz closed the book after he'd finished reading the entry, taking a deep breath, processing what he'd just learned. By then, everyone was looking at Tommy.

Tommy didn't know what to feel. His mind was blank as his eyes were wide, he hugged himself tightly as he took in a shuddering breath.

...Dream cared about him. Dream CARED!!

It was the Dreamon, Nightmare, that was manipulating him. It was Nightmare that was screwing up their lives. It was NEVER Dream!

Even if it meant turning his back on the real me, I forgive him. I'm glad he broke out of the Dreamon's poisoning influence.

Those words kept echoing his mind.

Dream forgave him. He never hated Tommy. He—he cared—He tried to protect him and his friends from Nightmare—

Phill embraced Tommy when the man noticed he was shaking. Tubbo and Wilbur decided to join in to comfort the young boy as he started to cry.

“Wilbur, he-he cared!” Tommy sobbed. “Phill, Tubbo, h-he cared, and I called him all sorts of things.”

“Shhh, it's okay,” Phill said in a hush voice, rubbing circles at his back. “You didn't know. It's not your fault.”

Drista read this before they did, and Tommy just called her brother a monster. A MONSTER! Shit.

Shit.

Shit.

SHIT!

After calming down Tommy, they went on with the next entry. Only this time, they decided to listen to the entire thing without any interruptions.

Journal entry #4

My cell isn't that small and cramped. But i do believe i need to decorate this place more in some way to make it less gloomy. It'd be nice if I grew some flowers, and have bees pollinating here and there. I'm sure Tubbo would like it since the boy loves bees (should i be worried he loves something that could hurt him?). But, given my current environment, it would be impossible.

I'm also starting to wonder whether the Dreamon within me died in my soul, or decided to take a long eternal nap. 2 months had passed, and he'd been too silent, and I was getting wary. This never happened before.

It would be nice if he decided to ditch my body and leave me alone, but that's too good to be true. Nightmare's too prideful, he won't just let me go so easily. I am his plaything, he even calls me 'his songbird' (creepy, i know), though I don't recall singing any of his favorite songs. In fact, he never asked me to. I guess he just listens quietly.

Well, whatever.

Journal entry #5

I was late to notice this, but I think I've been getting lonely. The last thing Tommy asked me had bothered me for quite a while. Rather than friends, I keep seeing my family in my sleep. My foster mother, Raven, my older sisters, and Drista.

I think I've also been unconsciously craving for warmth and comfort from someone, too. Just today when Sam came into my cell to drop off my meal, I asked him if he could just pat my head. Although I couldn't see his expression because of the mask he always wore, I could tell he was looking at me like I finally lost it. Like being in jail for so long made me lose my mind. No, pretty sure I'm still sane, just lonely.

Well, whatever reason he had, Sam was kind enough to do what I asked. Even though the petting didn't last for more than a few seconds, it felt good. It was nice to finally feel some human contact.

Nightmare is a pain in the ass, but there used to be times where he comforted me by hugging me, and running his hand through my hair. I often find myself leaning to his touch for more. Dreamon's can't have physical contact with a human, but if they possess a human for more than a year, they are capable of doing so with only that human.

This particular Dreamon has been with me long before I met Sapnap and George, so I'm bound to him as long as he wants. Nightmare likes the idea that he can be the only Dreamon to comfort and touch me, as well as be the only one to hurt me (more emotionally and mentally, though).

Oh, right! Before I forget, Puffy has been sending me letters! I was so happy she contacted me again. Sam isn't letting her visit me, but that's okay. We don't need to start talking face to face again. As long as i can write back to her, it's fine! I did try writing letters to Puffy, Sapnap and George but the fear of them not replying, or worse, not even reading my letters kept bothering me. I

had to burn those letters in the lava and rewrite it again and again and again. Though, none of them were ever sent.

I'm glad Puffy didn't reject me!

Journal entry #6

Time passes rather quickly now, likely because I'm keeping myself busy with the homework Tommy gave me.

...

By now, Nightmare would have possessed me and cut my hair shorter whenever he took control. He claimed the hair just made 'me' look good, but to him, it was just an extra thing that was not needed, especially when he fought the wars using my body.

...

I also asked Sam if it would be too much of a trouble to get an instrument for me. I might be pushing my luck, but this place was getting too quiet for my liking. Plus, my fingers were itching to pull a string and hear a tune.

Journal entry #8

Another month past, still no visitors.

Not that I'm sad or anything, but Tommy said he was going to visit me as much as he could. It was a good thing I didn't have high hopes from an empty promise. I understand if he's still mad.

For now, I wish it stays like this for a while.

Last night, I felt Nightmare stir within my consciousness. I nearly fell off my bed and freaked out when I felt him. I'm... starting to feel scared again. The Dreamon hadn't said a word to me yet, but i don't know if he'll stay mute for all my life. I guess I was a fool believing he would leave me alone.

It's frustrating that I can't read his mind, but he can read my soul and control it. I'm helpless against him. It's frustrating and upsetting that I'm defenseless. I cried hard that night...

...

Later, when I was alone in my room, i... ran straight into the lava to clear my head and calm my anxiety.

It took a couple more tries and respawn to finally get it down.

Journal entry #9

I haven't written anything in this journal for a few weeks as I needed to pull myself together, and get my thoughts straight. My emotions were a complete mess due to a certain person. He's one of the many people whom I thought would never see me— mainly because he lost his memories.

Wilbur, or rather Ghostbur, came to visit me out of the blue in the middle of the night. He claimed he followed Tommy secretly and saw the child enter the prison. He'd been curious just who'd been held captive here for a few months, and decided to sneak out to find out.

I broke down when I saw him... I couldn't stop the tears from falling. It was pretty pathetic, trying to apologize, beg for forgiveness from someone who doesn't remember me.

Nightmare pushed Wilbur to the edge, gave him TNT's to carry a suicide mission and blow up L'manburg, then Wilbur died. It was upsetting that I couldn't stop Nightmare, and it was my fault for not being able to help Wilbur. The moment's where Nightmare wasn't controlling me, I could tell Wilbur's mental health was off. He was getting more insane and unstable, and I couldn't help him, or tell Phill about this sooner...

It's my fault. It's my fault. It's my fault he's like this now.

But despite telling him not to see me anymore, he didn't stop. Every night after Sam went to bed, Ghostbur comes to see me. He talks to me so innocently like a child, gives me blue (i don't know what that stuff is, but it does help take my sadness out a bit). He's been keeping me up late at night, but his company didn't make me feel lonely anymore.

However... every time I look at him... I keep getting reminded of my mistakes. It's been haunting me. It's killing me...

Tonight, I've made up my mind. Since I took someone precious from everyone due to my carelessness and Nightmare's actions, it's about time I returned him back. I thought deeply about it, and was pretty nervous, but I think it would be my only option of atonement since I'm stuck here.

Normally, it's impossible to bring someone back from the dead unless you know the proper spells, or rituals—Schlatt's resurrection book is one way. To be honest, I don't know if the book exists or not as Nightmare is capable of hiding memories he doesn't want me to see. But I don't need it as I know another way. Since I'm the admin of the server, there can be exceptions—though, it would cost me...

It's fine. I'm spending the rest of my life in prison, so it wouldn't matter what happened to me.

Tomorrow, I'm going to resurrect Wilbur—bring him back to the living world.

Journal entry #10

Lately I've been unable to sleep well, nor eat well—inadvertently making myself sick. Bad found me collapsed on the floor when he came to check on me this morning. i had a bad fever.

I think the resurrection spell I cast to bring Wilbur back had side effects. I can't tell whether my attempt was successful or not since it was my first time doing it, but it sure drained the hell out of me. Also, Ghostbur stopped coming here.

....

But I can't help but feel anxious that Nightmare would just possess me again. The thought of Nightmare plotting something has haunted me for the past week.

Journal entry #11

...

Ever since the night I felt Nightmare's presence, I'd been feeling paranoid...

...

So for precaution, I'd tied my wrists with one of the spare guitar strings and hid my hands under a pillow on my lap whenever Sam came by to drop my meals.

...

I guess binding myself too harshly three times a day wasn't an ideal plan. Still, it wasn't like I was clawing my skin, let alone cutting myself with a sharp object.

...

And I think there are invisible rats, or paper eating insects around here. A couple of blank pages in this journal were torn out and are missing.

Journal entry #12

I think I'm sick again.

Well, my body says so despite me not feeling it.

A few weeks back, right after my fever broke, I developed fainting spells. For the past 2 weeks, I'd been blacking out without a warning, then waking up on the floor, confused. It was not frequent, like passing out every hour, but it was happening at least once almost everyday.

I didn't tell the guards, nor the warden about my condition since they can't get a doctor for me (I don't have that luxury as I'm a psycho villain in their eyes), I... still think it's a temporary sickness. Eventually it'll go away, (it has to) and I'll be fine.

Lately, my clock keeps disappearing from my wall. Every time Sam replaces it with a new one, the clock's gone the next morning. I don't understand what's going on. It must be those invisible rats again. I need to find a way to stop them from stealing papers from this journal and my clock.

Journal entry #14

I'm constantly getting flashbacks of my old life, and I am so tired of tears and getting emotional everytime i wake up. I mean, do I have to?

I was wrong, but the way. The fainting spells haven't even been cured yet, and 2 months has passed. It became an inevitable situation when Sam found out, and now it seems Puffy has, too, as she sent me a large package this morning. It was nice of her.

I just hope I get better soon before anyone else decides to visit me.

“Sometimes people think they know you. They know a few facts about you, and they piece you together in a way that makes sense to them. And if you don't yourself very well, you might even believe that they are right. But the truth is, that isn't you. That isn't you at all.” —Leila Sales

Chapter End Notes

I don't know if you noticed. But this chapter officially made Phill's dialogue debut, and it wasn't even long, HA! XD

Oooff! Done with part 1.

Now, part 2, which is the missing entries of the journal...

:)

Dream's Journal—part 2

Chapter Notes

Don't forget to comment and give kudos!
:)

"I may regret the way we ended, but I will never regret what we had."—Unknown.

—past (when Dream was still imprisoned) , pandora's vault, Sam's perspective—

"Do you like roses?"

"...Huh?" Dream looked at Sam, his emerald eyes glowing in surprise, his hand halted in the air as he stopped writing in his journal.

Sam then realized just how weird that came out. It was like asking someone if they liked flowers if they were interested in them romantically. "I-I mean, there's that rose back in the community house you always asked me to water and take care of. So, I just wondered..."

Dream stared at him for some time, closing the book and left it on the bed as he got up. "No," he said, chuckling to himself bitterly. "I hate roses."

Sam's eyes widened from his response.

"How is that flower, by the way? Is it still a bud?"

"No. It blossomed quite beautifully a while back,"

"I see," Dream gave him lidded eyes and a warm smile. "That's good. Thank you, Sam." He turned away and moved to the chest, crouching down to pull his broken smiley mask from the box.

"...I don't understand." Sam said, Dream looked over his shoulder. "You clearly seem to care for that rose, yet...Why do you say you hate it? I've seen you taking care of those other roses before your imprisonment."

"...Hmmm," he hummed, looking down at the mask between his hands. "I don't have any particular reason, really. I just simply hate it. But I take care of those plants because seeing it helps me not to lose myself."

"Lose yourself?" The hybrid-creeper frowned.

Dream stilled for a few seconds, a sad smile formed on his face before he quickly put the mask on. But Sam had already seen it. Sam had always been observing Dream's movements and his facial expressions ever since the younger showed his face to him. Although that mask was now unnecessary, Dream still wore it at times when he didn't want to show his face to Sam. Usually at times when he was upset, or had cried earlier. Sam didn't ask his reason as he believed he shouldn't cross that line since he was the warden of this prison, and Dream was the prisoner. But still, there were several times when he felt tempted to.

“You know, there were... days when I acted strange? Chaotic and... maybe psychopathic back when i was a free man?”

“...Yeah,”

“Well, seeing that rose, even just once, usually brought me back to my senses. Makes me think deeply about my actions before the guilt starts flooding in. Though, if I’d known I’d corner Tommy and Tubbo during my last moments as a free person i would have planted rose bushes all over the SMP.”

“Is there something special about roses to you?”

“Hmmm, personally, no. But roses were my mother’s favorite.” Sam noticed that there was a sentimental change of tone in his voice. “I guess it’s because of her that I get reminded of what I should be doing right.”

“... Then what kind of flowers do you like?” Sam changed the subject.

Dream stilled again. “I don’t have favorites, but I guess cornflowers? And maybe lily of the valley? They both aren’t flammable plants, and they don’t die too easily, either.”

“I see...” Sam turned to leave, but halted when Dream called him. “Yes?”

“...Thank you, again... and sorry,”

His brows furrowed. “For what?”

“For a lot of things... *you* might understand one day.”

...

—present, in an unknown place—

“Get up, warden!” Drista smacked his head. “Don’t make me fork you!”

Sam regained consciousness immediately.

Sam groaned from the pain in the head, but managed to stand as his vision came back. He looked around. All Sam could see was a black void across the sky, and end stone blocks underneath his feet. That was it. “Are we at The End?”

“Not exactly,” she said. “But I took a piece of that world to create my own dimension that mirrors it. Just that you won’t find Endermans and the Enderdragon bothering you here. I usually come here when I want to blow things up, or try a risky experiment. ”

“You took a **PIECE** of The End?” Sam looked back and forth. “This is a piece!? How did you—!?”

“Like i said, when you’re the admin of the server, you get to learn a lot of tricks and can negotiate with God. Only I got this piece of The End from winning a bet against a god.”

“Betting with a god!?” His jaw dropped. Was she really a 14 yer old?

“Back to the main topic,” she said abruptly. “Whatever we spoke here is only between us and Puffy. No one else is supposed to know, got it? The only reason I dragged you here is because I can’t trust Clay’s other ‘friends’. You and Puffy are the only people I can talk freely about my

brother' situation.” Drista opened her inventory and pulled out an item. A journal. It's cover wasn't burnt nor looked damaged compared to the previous one.

“Isn't that—?”

“Yep. My brother's prison journal. The original copy. Right now, the others are reading a fake replica of this journal which I edited.”

The creeper-hybrid narrowed his eyes, confused. “You gave a fake copy to them? Why?”

“Because, stupid,” she tossed the book to him, “i want them to be remorseful and focus on the current problems we're facing. Not be distracted by the issue that the Warden fell for his Prisoner!”

Sam completely froze. Even with the mask on, he could feel his face get heated , and a red flush crawling up to his neck to his ears. “Uh, I don't—that's not—“

She clicked her tongue, and rolled her eyes underneath her mask. “Save it. My brother may be a complete naive idiot for not noticing, but I'm not! According to what Clay wrote in his journal, your behaviour towards him over the last couple of months clearly shows that you're smitten by him.”

Sam bit his lip nervously as he looked down. Shit. He really wanted to get buried alive right now. This was embarrassing.

“Now if the others found out about this,” Drista went on, she started counting fingers as she turned and sauntered around the area, “like a certain fox-hybrid, and a colourblind man, this might become an unnecessary competition.” She paused. “Does Puffy know about this?”

“...yeah. She... noticed for a while now, but wasn't against me liking Dream.”

Drista nodded, then sighed heavily. “The thing is... I don't approve of this.” She shook her head to him. “I don't approve of you being a perfect match for my brother, and I won't let you have him that easily. For one thing, I don't know you that well, and you could be one of those people who simply *desires* my brother, then toss him away once you get bored.”

Sam looked at her again.

“I've seen a lot of love-struck fools approaching Clay, and leaving because *I always get rid of them*. “ she muttered bitterly at the last part.

Sam flinched. “What?”

She cleared her throat. “Even that Dreamon, Nightmare, has this sick obsession with my brother. I don't know why, but something about Clay makes him so alluring to other people. I can't... stop people from getting infatuated from his charms.” She halted, and looked over her shoulder to him. “Before I strike a deal with you, answer me this. Sam, were you or were you not planning to pursue and have a serious relationship with my brother?”

“...Yes,” the warden with honesty. “But I was always held back because of my duties as a warden...and the idea of Dream rejecting me.”

It started off as an accidental crush a couple of weeks after Dream asked him to pet his head. The way Dream melted to his touch was something Sam found adorable. God, he was even *purring*. But when Dream first showed his face to him... then his feelings were getting stronger, and his

duty as a warden and all senses of rationality started to blur. Whenever it came to Dream, he couldn't tell whether his actions were the right thing objectively without his emotions influencing his decisions.

Gosh, how many times was he tempted to break the prison rules and kiss him properly as a lover would? Whenever Dream wanted to hug or cuddle, Sam was always the one holding him longer, his fingers getting entangled with his long blond locks, while his face pressed on his shoulder.

Drista was right. Something about Dream made him so alluring, endearing even. He supposed that's why Fundy made a rash decision to propose to Dream right after their first date.

The younger blonde girl studied him for sometime. "It's not a lie," she noted. "Good. You can keep that journal." She pointed at the book Sam still had in his hand. "Make sure you hide it, otherwise you're inviting trouble for yourself. Now..." she said, the air around her becoming more serious than before.

"Clay's dying."

Sam's eyes widened in shock.

"The only reason this server is dying is because he's dying. The process is pretty slow, but I bet my money he only has another month or two to live..."

"WHAT?! HOW!? HOW IS HE DYING?!" Drista flinched when the creeper hybrid was in front of her and grabbed her shoulders.

"...You'll get more details from the journal once you read it...but the cause of it is because of the spell he cast to bring Wilbur back."

Sam stilled again, Dream really couldn't see his face because of the mask, but she could make out a bit of his expression from his eyes. "Dream... was the one who resurrected Wilbur?" He questioned with disbelief.

"Yeah. But rather than using Schatt's resurrection book, since he didn't have it with him, he used another method."

"Is that even possible?"

She bit her lip as she said bitterly. "When you are the admin of the server? Yeah, there is another method. But it'll cost you." She took a sharp breath. "Do you know why he was sick for a week? Why the medicines and potions weren't curing him back to health? It's because the resurrection spell Clay used gave negative effects to his body as he gave most of his life force to bring Wilbur back."

The warden's breath hitched. His hands loosened its hold on Drista's shoulder before he lowered them to his sides.

"I don't know for a 100% whether the fainting spells was the aftereffect from his sickness, or whether it was Nightmare possessing my brother again, could be both. And I bet Clay didn't think much about his life being significant. It's... always like that for him." She took in a shuddered breath, then looked up at him. "But the important thing is that this server isn't completely dead—meaning he's still alive, and we have time. And there is a way to extend his lifespan again."

"Sam, if you truly want to be in a relationship with my brother with my approval, then prove your worth to me." She stepped back. "You're going to have to brew an elixir. And it won't be easy."

—while all of that was happening in the SMP, meanwhile, evening, at a nameless town—

“WHOOHOOO!!!!” Quackity cried, raising his hands in the air. “We finally made it!”

“Damn right,” Jack grinned. “Looking at the hostess club.”

“You two do realize we’re here for a reason right?” Antfrost reminded in an unamused tone. “The Server and Dream intel comes first, then you can have fun.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Quackity brushed him off. “Sure, only you can say that easily when we nearly got our asses fried by a certain Blood God two months back. Come on, Ant. Loosen up a bit.”

The cat rolled his eyes as he folded his arms. “Just so you know, Quackity, this place isn’t somewhere you can just get naked. It’s not a strip club.” The man turned to him, blinking in confusion. “You... you know the difference between a strip club and a hostess club, right?” He questioned. “Right?”

“Uhh... is there a difference? This obviously isn’t some place kids are allowed in. And Glatt said there was a bar, dance music, karaoke, and rad service as pretty flirty ladies keep you company— “

“Who aren’t naked, and you can’t do any sorts of hanky panky business with them.”

“WHAT!?”

“Wait, wait,” Jack said, his eyes widening, “I think I remember my cousin telling me this once. Hold on, let me get the recording he sent me,” he did so, and pressed the play button on the device. An unfamiliar voice started speaking from the recording.

“Hostess clubs have a strict "no touching" policy and patrons will be removed for trying to initiate private or sexual conversation topics. Normal hostess clubs are classified as a food and entertainment establishment. Normal hostess clubs also need a permit to allow dancing.”

Jack stopped playing. “Yeah. That sounds about right. Other than touching their hands, other forms of skinship are pretty limited.”

Quackity groaned, so did Jack. Antfrost wondered just why he came along with them in the first place.

—The next day, Fundy’s perspective—

Drista didn’t come back last night to murder them all.

Sam returned, unharmed, but before anyone could question him, he disappeared immediately—claiming he had work to do.

The SMP members were all pretty shaken with what they learned about Dream. Each one of them, all least the ones who either had beef with Dream or were close friends with him, had their own thoughts or guilt. Most of them wanted to be alone, gathering their own thoughts and contemplated

heavily about their life and Dream.

Fundy had his own thoughts and worries swirling around his mind last night—he couldn't sleep a wink. Mainly because Drista's words to him kept echoing in his head, and his guilt was getting heavier in his chest.

And you! If you truly cared for Clay when you made him your fiancé, you should have paid more attention to him as he was always suffering! I thought my brother was still married until I read his journal. You see him as some sort of cheating bastard, but Clay would never do that! Not after what his father did to his mother!"

Fundy shook the haunting voices away.

Dream... kept the ring he gave. He still had it even when he was in prison. Fundy couldn't help but feel touched knowing that.

Dream, the cute little shy, yet bold person who Fundy adored. His fluffy blonde hair, his wheezes and giggles, the way Dream called his name when they were alone—Fundy loved them all. The man he fell instantly in love with, and wanted to get married with, was not an illusion after all. It was all real. It was him.

God...

Fundy laughed to himself.

The more Fundy thought about Dream, the more he swears he might be falling in love again.

But Nightmare didn't want Fundy to have Dream. Nightmare was the one who wanted to mess with Fundy, not Dream. It was never Dream.

All of Fundy's unanswered questions were answered from Dream's journal last night. Dream was the 'songbird' Nightmare was obsessed with. Thanks to Dream's journal, they now have knowledge that the Dreamon has a possessing ability—which likely explains why they found those writings in Ranboo's home. The Dreamon has Ranboo.

Tubbo was completely relieved to know Ranboo wasn't some sicko, but at the same time, he was completely worried about his best friend.

Fundy opened the door to Sam's home.

"Sam!" He yelled. "You home?"

Sam wasn't answering his texts from the communicator, so Fundy had to come here. Since Sam was with Dream for the past 8 months in Pandora's vault, he needed to know everything of what had happened to his ex-fiancé during his false imprisonment. He needed to know every detail—even when he was sick and was struggling. Fundy had to know.

Then, when he sees Dream again, he wants to make things right. Forget the past, and turn over a new leaf. Asking to be in a relationship again might be a little too early, and Fundy does not want to make rash decisions again. The fox-hybrid would never forget the way he treated Dream with spite after the wedding failed and the wars came in. He wanted to personally tell Dream he forgives

him as it wasn't his fault.

“Sam!?” Fundy called as he moved around the house. He looked incredulously at the 3 filled baskets of golden apples that were on the kitchen counter. Where in the hell did Sam get them?

Fundy moved out of the kitchen and went to the living room.

“Where the hell did he—“ Fundy's eyes looked at the coffee table. “What the-?”

The fox-hybrid narrowed his eyes at the torn paper that was just sitting there atop some book.

It was, yet again, another note Nightmare wrote in his untidy handwriting... only this time, its content was a little different. The sentences weren't thrown here and there, it wasn't just scribbles either...

This was never shown in the community house...

Journal entry...

Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick...

...

I am tired of hearing that damn clock constantly making the same cacophony. I always throw that wretched thing in the lava, but the warden keeps bringing a new one every single time. How do humans tolerate it? Or does my songbird have high endurance and patience to deal with this?

Staying quiet has certainly been my toughest challenge.

I have waited long enough now. My moment will come soon.

For all the time I spent mute, it was infuriating to see that warden trying to charm my naive doll.

Perhaps he should be the first to taste my wrath, then Tommy, then Wilbur, then George and Sapnap, then Fundy, then the rest of those pathetic SMP citizens.

Technoblade is questionable, but given that the blood god equals my strength, he is a threat. But he does owe me a debt...

Chaos shall reign the world once more.

:)

:)

Fundy frowned.

Why did Sam have this?

Fundy picked up the paper. He knew that the Dreamon was very possessive over Dream, but what did Nightmare mean, 'that warden trying to charm my naive doll'? Was he just jealous or—

His breath hitch when a thought hit him. "Now that i come to think of it," Fundy muttered under his breath. "Didn't the writing on the wall also mention 'not Sam's'?" He thought more about it, and then remembered that in the previous papers written by Nightmare, Sam's name was also mentioned.

...

...

Fundy forced a laugh.

No. There was no way. There was no—

A familiar book that was on the table caught his eye. He stared at it. It looked similar to the burned cover of Dream's journal, that was sitting on the table at the community house.

With shaking hands, Fundy grabbed the book and opened it.

He couldn't contain his shocked expression as his tail went up.

It was exactly the same. The entries were exactly the same as the other journal. As he quickly turned the pages after quick readings, his hands stopped at the 6th entry.

It was the same...yet it was different.

Fundy noticed later as he went through, that this book also held the missing entries...

This is the original, he realized,

Journal entry #6

Time passes rather quickly now, likely because I'm keeping myself busy with the homework Tommy gave me.

Ever since the day I asked Sam to pet my head, our relationship had improved steadily. His hostility towards me has gone down as he now talks to me more, and ruffles my hair. There may be a small chance that the trust between us is slowly building up—as he asked me if I wanted to get my hair trimmed looking at how long its grown. I declined as I didn't mind keeping it that way.

By now, Nightmare would have possessed me and cut my hair shorter whenever he took control. He claimed the hair just made 'me' look good, but to him, it was just an extra thing that was not needed, especially when he fought the wars using my body.

I asked Sam if he could get me a hair brush and some ribbons instead. The thought of Tommy's

reaction during his next visit made me laugh. Bet he'd be shocked to see a pretty 'woman' in this cell, rather than his enemy. I have a perfect face and behavior for that since i used to crossdress when I lived my life as another person.

I also asked Sam if it would be too much of a trouble to get an instrument for me. I might be pushing my luck, but this place was getting too quiet for my liking. Plus, my fingers were itching to pull a string and hear a tune.

Journal entry #7

I never understood the Dreamon's true intentions why he wanted me to wear this smiley mask almost 24/7. Was it because he didn't want people to flirt with me? (It happened a lot in the past) Or did he want to be the only one to see my face all the time? I don't know. But because of this mask, not even my closest friends know what I actually look like. Which is kinda sad. George only saw the lower half of my face when he kissed me during the wedding, but I doubt that counts. Well, screw his wishes now.

Sam is officially the first friend to see my face. When he came to drop off breakfast yesterday, he nearly dropped the potatoes in the lava as he gawked at me. The reaction was priceless, I couldn't stop laughing, I curled and hugged my stomach as I laughed so hard, I was crying. It was such a good and nostalgic feeling, sorta reminded of the days Sap and George hung out with me...

...Well, that's in the past now.

Sam says I should show my face more often. Could have sworn I saw his ears go red, but that could be the lava affecting him.

Journal entry #8

Another month past, still no visitors.

Not that I'm sad or anything, but Tommy said he was going to visit me as much as he could. It was a good thing I didn't have high hopes from an empty promise. I understand if he's still mad.

For now, I wish it stays like this for a while.

Last night, I felt Nightmare stir within my consciousness. I nearly fell off my bed and freaked out when I felt him. I'm... starting to feel scared again. The Dreamon hadn't said a word to me yet, but i don't know if he'll stay mute for all my life. I guess I was a fool believing he would leave me alone.

It's frustrating that I can't read his mind, but he can read my soul and control it. I'm helpless against him. It's frustrating and upsetting that I'm defenseless. I cried hard that night...

Sam seemed to noticed my demeanor this morning. He didn't ask what's wrong, but instead asked if i liked roses. Which i got confused about. Still, while we talked, I ended up putting on that mask to hide my weak face from him. I didn't want him to worry, nor want him to know what's wrong with me. He didn't question me, but i think he noticed I was upset.

Later, when I was alone in my room, i... ran straight into the lava to clear my head and calm my anxiety.

It took a couple more tries and respawn to finally get it down.

Journal entry #10

Lately I've been unable to sleep well, nor eat well—inadvertently making myself sick. Bad found me collapsed on the floor when he came to check on me this morning. i had a bad fever.

I think the resurrection spell I cast to bring Wilbur back had side effects. I can't tell whether my attempt was successful or not since it was my first time doing it, but it sure drained the hell out of me. Also, Ghostbur stopped coming here.

Sam took care of me for a few days, even though he didn't have to. I'm a prisoner! I didn't want to burden him with more work. But... I guess it's confirmed we're sorta friends now, and the thought warmed my heart.

He even brought flowers. Lily of the Valley and Cornflowers.

Sam thought the cause of me getting sick was because of wearing the same clothing (I've washed of course, but my hoodie is starting to get worn), and sleeping on the same old bedsheets. It was nice of him to give me new clothes. Some were too big to fit me right, and i think they were Sam's old ones.

But I can't help but feel anxious that Nightmare would just possess me again. The thought of Nightmare plotting something has haunted me for the past week.

Journal entry #11

Sam found out I was binding myself, and was upset with the marks I had around my wrists. It wasn't such a big deal! Honest!

Ever since that night I felt Nightmare's presence, I'd been feeling paranoid *with the thought he would possess me and attack Sam. I've been rebuilding our friendship, I can't let him break it down again!*

So for precaution, I'd tied my wrists with one of the spare guitar strings and hid my hands under a

pillow on my lap whenever Sam came by to drop my meals.

Sam didn't notice at first, but as a week went by, the red marks were starting to get visible.

I guess binding myself too harshly three times a day wasn't an ideal plan. Still, it wasn't like I was clawing my skin, let alone cutting myself with a sharp object.

The warden wasn't too happy about it, anyway. Sam treated and patched my wounds, but took my spare guitar strings with him.

I couldn't help but sulk for a few hours.

And I think there are invisible rats, or paper eating insects around here. A couple of blank pages in this journal were torn out and are missing.

Journal entry #13

Sam ended up finding out about the fainting spells...I fainted right in front of him this afternoon.

I didn't want to trouble him anymore, but I couldn't help feel happy that he stayed by my side while I was unconscious. Especially the comfort and warmth he gave me after I woke up. I never thought he liked cuddling as much as I did. It was surprising he didn't question why I collapsed. Instead, while braiding my hair (which he was horrible at), we ended up talking for hours about other things—Tommy, the hotel, the egg. Sort of got the gist of what's happening out there. Even more surprised to hear that Wilbur's alive! Yes! My attempt was successful! Now Nightmare doesn't have any leverage to use. It was my fault Will got himself killed, after all. I'm happy they were all being able to get back at their normal lives.

Before Sam left for bed, he asked me something strange.

"Don't you ever wish to leave this place?"

He said, and Sam's question caught me off guard. I mean, technically, I can't leave this prison even if I wanted to as the others wouldn't let that happen. And, frankly, I didn't want to leave this place anyway. I can't risk letting Nightmare control me and hurting everyone again.

I told him it would be better if I stayed here, and I was sincere about it.

I... was confused why he gave me a sad look. What was more confusing was when he suddenly kissed me on my cheek and just left without another word.

I could have sworn I heard some faint strange noise of someone who sounded embarrassed minutes later.

Well. See you tomorrow then.

The journal ended there...

He held his breath as he dropped the book.

"Fundy?"

The fox-hybrid slowly turned behind to face Sam, who stood frozen at the doorway carrying a basket of golden apples. Tubbo stood behind the creeper hybrid, also carrying a basket of golden apples.

Red.

Red. That was all Fundy saw in his vision as rage slowly rose from within him.

“Sam,” he said with maddening calmness, taking long and quick strides towards the warden and taking a fistfull of his shirt. “ ***What the f**k was going on between you and Dream?***”

“I am not open to many people. I’m usually quiet and I don’t really like attention. So if i like you enough to show you the real me, you must be very special.”—unknown

Thoughts...

Chapter Notes

Don't forget to leave comments and kudos!
:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“People always ask, ‘Do you still love him?’ Honestly, i don’t really know. But I do know that there’s something about him I can’t let go.”—unknown (but found it on PinQuotes. Actually a lot of them were from PinQuotes. ;))

—Sam’s house, Fundy’s perspective—

It made sense.

Oh, it made f**king sense now.

Sam’s strange demeanor back in the prison, Sam defending Dream in every argument he had with Quackity and Jack for the past last month, the warden even continued to look for Dream while the half of them gave up!

People were starting to question why he was just so worried about the guy who nearly murdered Tubbo and Tommy. At first, everyone assumed that during the time of Dream’s imprisonment, Sam had gotten closer to the admin—to the inevitable situation where they became best friends (or something like that). But who would have known that the most responsible, most trusted man on the server, *the warden* , was in love with his prisoner?! The server would have been thrown into chaos if people found out.

But it was clear that wasn’t the reason why Fundy was so furious with Sam. No, absolutely not. He-he couldn’t explain it really. Did Fundy have the right to be mad at Sam right now? He shouldn’t have a reason to be mad at the creeper-hybrid, but he was!

Was he jealous?

...

For all Fundy knew, he just couldn’t bring himself to hate Dream completely. The day their wedding turned into a disaster, Fundy cried hard that night. He was a complete mess. His family did all they could to help him, and they finally got his foot out of the house after another two weeks. By then, Fundy should have been furious with Dream, but he couldn’t bring himself to hate him. During the wars, he cussed, he swore, he fought against his ex-lover with swords and bows, but at the end of the day, Fundy always wished he hadn’t done any of that. His guilt was always heavy in his chest, and his heart ached whenever Dream didn’t look at him the same way as he did before.

Dream moved on... But Fundy hadn’t. He *couldn’t* when he knew he should. His prison visit was supposed to be the last time he’d yearn for him, then he’d move on for good... but given that he disappeared that day, the unexpected turn of events only fueled his anxiety, worries and confusing

love for Dream. Hell, he even went looking for Dream while everyone was sound asleep in their homes.

This was his secret.

A secret no one, especially his family, could ever find out.

Some idiotic part of Fundy still loved Dream, no matter what he did to rid his feelings for the blonde, he still loved him. The forgotten lime green hoodie Dream left in his room one time was currently in his possession because Fundy didn't have the heart to burn it. Instead, he'd hidden it. After moving out of the house and moving into his bunker, he took the hoodie with him, along with some of the pictures they took together and the old love letters they exchanged.

Last night, when they discovered that Dream was innocent, a wave of relief washed over him, as well as his rage skyrocketing knowing what the Dreamon did.

Well, at this rate, Fundy had to admit he was jealous.

The thought that Sam was taking care of Dream, touching him intimately like a lover rather than a Warden, made Fundy jealous. It should have been Fundy there when Dream was sick, but instead it was Sam.

He was mad at Sam, but he knew deep within that he was mad at himself for not being there for Dream. It was pathetic that his anger was directed at Sam when he should be thanking Sam for taking care of Dream. But knowing that Sam had fallen for his ex-fiancé... he just lost it. His emotions were messed up, and he wasn't calm as his mind was clouded with his own frustrations and jealousy.

"So you know..." Sam stared at him for some time, likely studying him. "...Dream and I weren't having an affair, if that's what you are saying." Sam said calmly to him, making Fundy to let him go. "I was the Warden of Pandora's vault during that time, and Dream was a prisoner. I could not let myself get carried away with my feelings for him."

Tubbo gasped, dropping the apples to the floor as both his hands covered his mouth in shock.

"You're in love with Dream!!!!?"

—Sam's perspective—

Sam was f**king careless.

While it would seem that Sam's demeanor was calm in front of Dream's ex-fiancé, internally he was screaming and having a panic attack.

*Shit, shit, shit, Fundy knows, he knows, now Tubbo knows, shit, I'm screwed, Drista's gonna murder me, f**k...*

Those were his current thoughts right now as he started sweating bullets.

Last night, after Drista let him go and she flew off from the SMP, (yes, she literally flew like a bird but had no wings—what the hell, is she some God?!) Sam set to work immediately, not bothering to spare a glance to his friends when they wanted to know what happened with Drista.

The elixir Drista wanted Sam to make in order to save Dream was not so simple. 100 golden apples

were required, including enchanted golden apples, which were rare. There were other items that were needed before he could begin with the procedure, but for now he'd focus on the apples. He'd been busy collecting golden apples the whole night (Tubbo decided to help him for some reason) that he hadn't even read Dream's journal, yet. Only a piece of paper of Nightmare's creepy writings. He just left the book on the table, not bothering to hide it, as he didn't think someone would come into his home.

Welp, given how furious Fundy was a few seconds back, he had an inkling that Dream just blindly wrote whatever Sam did.

Fundy growled lowly. "You sure about that?" He pointed at the journal that was now on the floor, "'cause if you wanted to give Dream new clothes, why didn't it occur to you to buy him new ones instead of giving him yours?" Sam flushed underneath his mask. "It *never* crossed your mind, did it?"

"Dream was wearing *your* clothes!?" Tubbo cried. "Isn't wearing someone else's clothing something that couples do?"

Tubbo hit the nail. Sam's face was turning redder. "Tubbo, please, shut up." He looked at Fundy as he gulped. "Are you... going to tell the others?"

"Are you kidding? We'd both be dead meat if anyone found out!" Fundy sighed heavily, pinching the bridge of his nose. "I won't tell a soul about that journal. But you gotta tell me everything about what happened back at Pandora's vault. About Dream." Fundy gave a firm look at the younger boy. "Tubbo, whatever you hear in this house, you will speak nothing of this to anyone. Especially Tommy and Quackity, understand?"

Tubbo instinctively nodded.

"...Deal," Sam said, as he placed the basket of apples on a nearby table. "Make yourselves comfortable, it's gonna be a long talk."

—Meanwhile, at the lake near Phill's house, Wilbur's perspective—

Wilbur threw stones at the lake at a particular angle where the pebbles skipped 4 or 5 times before sinking into the lake. He kept doing this for the past hour in order to clear his mind.

Last night's discussion... lead to a series of unexpected revelations, some secrets got out sooner than Wilbur anticipated. He was curious as to what Puffy's next move was now that the cat's out of the bag.

Tommy and Tubbo were so upset last night, they could hardly sleep. His brother, Technoblade, may have kept his face expressionless, but Wilbur could tell that he was disturbed by the fact that his rival might have been the Dreamon rather than Dream himself.

Phill had a haunted look on his face the moment he discovered that Dream was formerly a Slave. Well, it was to be expected. While it might be surprising to some young people, the older generations, such as his immortal dad, would get reminded of the old wars he fought in a long time ago. Back in those years where slavery was common and legal, those dark days...

Perhaps he would ask Phill to know more about Dream's slave crest, The Angel's doll, in more detail.

It shocked Wilbur to the core when he found out that his Ghost self, Ghostbur, was visiting Dream.

According to Dream's journal, it seemed like he visited Dream for quite a while and kept him company without anyone's knowledge. Wilbur didn't have any recollection of his ghost-counterpart's memories. There were bits and pieces he recalled, but he didn't really count them as 'remembering' since those fragments didn't make any sense to him.

Although... there were several times in his sleep where he'd see something odd. A room built completely with obsidian blocks, a voice of a stranger, with long blonde hair, crying in anguish and despair on the floor. And an instrument, a guitar, playing in pleasant tunes. There was a conversation going on, but every word was muffled, like Wilbur's head was underwater. That was it. That was all his dreams showed Wilbur.

At first he thought the person was Sally, Fundy's mother, and a woman he once loved with everything he had until she suddenly left him. But, of course, he was doubted it was her since she didn't keep long hair, let alone have a dirty blonde colour.

The moment Punz read out from the book that Ghostbur was visiting Dream, the image of the blonde stranger flashed in his mind.

For that person to be Dream... was something unexpected. He would have never guessed it was him. For one, he wasn't even wearing his usual trademark of the lime green hoodie and the smiley porcelain mask.

Wilbur... saw his face... he knows what he looks like...

...

The British man shook his head.

Wilbur had another problem in his hands right now, and that should first take priority...it was his son. Fundy.

Wilbur saw the change of expression on Fundy's face back in the community house last night, and Wilbur knew that kind of face. It confirmed his suspicion whether his son still yearned for Dream, if he knew it or not.

Wilbur and Phil knew Fundy still kept Dream's things after that failed wedding. They found out by accident during the time Fundy refused to come out of the house. On one of the nights when Wilbur came to his room to check on him, he was shocked to find his son's face buried in a green hoodie, Dream's hoodie, while he slept soundly. He didn't know what to think. After much talk with Phill, they agreed to let him keep that hoodie as, for some ironic reason, the clothing of Dream brought peace and much comfort to the fox-hybrid in his sleep. Phill told Wilbur that Fundy still slept with the hoodie before the day he moved out of the house. By now, Dream's scent on that hoodie should be gone by now, but they knew Fundy would never let go of it.

For a while they may have... tricked themselves thinking Fundy moved as pandora's vault contained its prisoner for 8 months. But of course, he was proven wrong. Fundy's sudden failed visit to Dream 2 months back was a red flag, and the way his son's orange eyes glowed, and his face was swept with relief unconsciously when they all realized Dream was innocent...

...

Fundy still loved Dream.

Wilbur ran his fingers through his brown hair as he sighed deeply.

The problem now was how he should talk about this to him. Should he really try, though? Although he was once a leader, and his wisdom advice was useful (before he went insane, that is), love was never really one of his best strengths. His wife left him for god sake. And the affairs he had with other people did not last long and ended up becoming more like a fling relationship—which was not very healthy for his mind. Over the last 2 months, the father and son relationship has improved by a lot. Wilbur was worried if he said something wrong, all that effort, energy and patience used to maintain the relationship would immediately go down the drain.

That's not all, Wilbur had a very tiny problem and secret which neither Phill or the rest of his siblings didn't know... he was sort of still infatuated but Dream...

...

Back when he SMP was peaceful, he probably should have never asked Dream to go on a pizza date with him. Because now those memories of Dream, being all lovely and his giggles and wheezes were so adorable to listen to, were all so pleasant to recall.

Yes, the moments he swore at Dream and fought against him were all real during the wars they fought against each other, and Wilbur didn't have any sort of guilt. However, there were days when... he wished he could go back in time to stop the wars from starting, or be close friends with his enemies sooner as he always wanted to be closer to Dream again. He wanted to feel that experience again, wanted to have a great time with Dream.

His ears were starting to go red as he chewed his lip.

God, why did Dream leave such an endearing memory for Wilbur?

—Meanwhile, in a nameless town, outside hostess club, Raven's perspective—

“Are you sure about this?” Emerald asked Raven, concerned and nervous.

Raven nodded. “I need to know what happened to you over the years, Emerald. Those men were looking for you last night for a reason, and they clearly held some sort of grudge against you.” The old woman turned to look at her married daughter, Yuki, who was mixing some potions on the table. “Speaking of which, how long do we have till they regain their consciousness?”

“Another 3 hours. Don't worry, mother. My darling husband is keeping a watchful eye back at our inn. He won't disappoint you.”

“Good.”

Emerald eyes widened. “Mom, you still have them sedated?”

“Worry not. We'll only keep them here until you and your sister, Lily, come back once you're done investigating.”

Emerald sighed, but nodded. He slipped that smiley porcelain mask to his face and did the clasps before wearing a long black hooded cloak to hide his outfit and his long blonde hair.

“Emerald,” Lily called as she held the reins of her horse. “Come on, mount on your horse. We gotta go before your shift starts this evening.”

The blonde nodded, waving his hand to his mother and sisters. “Alright then. I guess we’ll be headed to the Dream SMP server... wherever that is”

“It’s so hard to pretend to be friends with someone special, when everytime you look at that person, all you see is everything you want to have.” —unknown (Found it on BigMatrimonial)

Chapter End Notes

Note: Raven is an old lady who adopted a lot of girls as her daughters, and Dream was her only son (before giving him off).

Dream has 6 sisters who are older than him, and Drista would make the 7th sister (but she sure acts like the older one. ;))

Dream finally would make an proper appearance next chapter... and so would Nightmare...

:)

:)

Surprise visits

Chapter Notes

Please scroll till the end.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

April foolooooo!!!!s haha haha!!!

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town Quackity went off to.... isn't it located in another Server?"

"Uh, oh," Tommy winced.

"What?"

"Just... Big Q hates Dream, and he doesn't know the truth about big D and Nightmare... something tells me it won't go off so well if they accidentally meet."

Silence...

Right. Quackity. They had completely forgotten about him, Jack and Antfrost.

"Shit, you're right, Tommy," Sapnap pulled out his communicator. "We gotta—"

"My, we meet again, mortals~"

They all jumped from the voice that sounded so Chaotic and horrifying. They turned behind them.

They blinked. Then blinked again.

A black hoodie with a white turtleneck sweater underneath it, and black pants underneath. The figure had his hood conceal his head, but they could clearly see a black angry mask covering its face.

"D-Dream!!!???" Tommy shook his head in disbelief. "Big D, is that you!?" A smile of relief was formed on his face as he ran his hand through his hair. "Oh my god it is you!" He started walking to approach him. "You have no idea how long we've—"

Sapnap grabbed his shoulders harshly to stop him from getting any closer. "Tommy, wait... something's not right..." Sapnap narrowed his eyes at the person before him. "Dream... is that really *you*?"

The man tilted his head from his question, then realized the meaning. He cackled a laugh, and the voice just made them flinch. ***"I see you know the truth. That is certainly much quicker than I anticipated. A pity I do not see Sam with you as he is first on my first hit list. No matter, I suppose you can be my first trial experiment."***

"Wha... Dream?" Ponk said warily, stepping back.

Punz eyes widened as every instinct in his body was telling him to get away from here. "Guys, run!"

But the man snapped his fingers.

—Meanwhile, Phill's house, Phill's perspective—

It seems like all the kids stepped out of the house for different reasons leaving him alone in the house. Not that Phill was complaining. He needed to get his thoughts together.

Last night's events and revelations were quite a shocker for him—he swore he thought he was getting a heart attack almost 3 times, but he can't since he's immortal. Not to mention, he was disappointed in himself. Had the wars he fought in hundreds of years ago taught him nothing? How could he have not noticed that Dream had his life shackled to a Dreamon? He'd dealt with their

kind before.

And for Dream to formerly be a slave...

He shuddered as the old memories of slaves and slavery flashed in his mind.

...Life... wasn't too kind back then.

Last night, Phill flew to Ranboo's home, fighting and flying through the harsh blizzards as he was determined, to take a good look at the painting Ranboo/Nightmare drew to get more answers. Then he saw the crest on the shoulder... Why did Dream have The Angel's Doll? That slave crest was common 200-300 years ago, but over the couple of decades, that crest became unpopular as the slaves kept dying young. Phill was certain that people had forgotten about it, and the new generation shouldn't even need to know about that sickening crest.

So why did Dream have that crest?

Who in the god damning world was mad enough to put that particular crest on a young child?

It had to be a miracle of sorts that Dream was even *alive right now!*

Phill drank his tea to calm himself.

The practice of Slavery was stopped thanks to his effort and his comrades a few decades ago, though he wished slavery was completely gone from the face of this earth. Anyhow, even if there were a few slaves existing in this continent here and there, they should have been found or be found and receive help from *her...*

TANK TANK TANK!

The immortal man jumped, interrupting his train of thoughts, and spilled his tea all over the carpet.

He stared at the fallen cup, the carpet now absorbed the liquid. Shit. Tubbo's not gonna like it that he spilled his tea into a carpet he washed last week "Who in the—" he gaped when he saw a black crow still tapping the window with its beak. "Wha...?" Phill went and opened the window, and the bird let itself in. "Hey!"

The bird cawed at him in reply, then flew to the table as if he was waiting for Phill to notice something.

Phill then noticed that there was a folded letter strapped on the crows leg with a scarlet ribbon. Incredulous and confused, he looked out the window again to see if there was someone playing prank on him. Like, who would want to send a message like that? Everyone had a communicator to talk to each other, so why—

A thought hit him when he recalled that there was one person who disliked using devices. His entire body stiffened as he turned back to the cawing bird, its beady black eyes starting to haunt him as though it was saying, *Take the damn letter, mate. You can't ignore her callings.*

Hesitantly, he undid the ribbon and opened the letter...

Dear, Philza,

It's been a long while. But I'm putting the pleasantries aside as you know how much I dislike wasting my time.

Meet me at the borders of our servers immediately. We need to talk about a certain boy you know well.

—R

Shit... “you gotta be shitting me,” he murmured to himself.

The crow cawed at him a few times as though he was mocking the man, before the bird flew out of the window.

—later, Afternoon, Phill’s house, Techno’s perspective—

“I’m back,”

Techno accidentally bumped into his brother when he opened the door. His ruby red eyes met with calm dark brown ones.

“Techno, sorry. Are you going somewhere?” Wilbur asked, glancing at his gears and attire.

“Yeah?” He grunted as he put his fallen sword into his inventory. “To the mountains. It seems like the blizzards calmed down half an hour ago, so I’m heading back to check the state of my house.”

Wilbur stared at him before nodding. But Techno knew the look he was giving him. The familiar worry that flickered in his brown eyes. “Are you... going to stay there for a while?”

Are you going to disappear for another couple of months again? Was the implied question.

Well he’s certainly the worrywort.

Hush, he’s just being a caring brother. It can’t be helped!

The blade fears none!

The blood god yields to no one!

Techno rolled his eyes and brushed off the voices in his head. “... another 3 days,” he said, walking past Wilbur and setting a foot out of the house. “I’ll be back in another 3 days time and eat your pumpkin soup. See you, Wilbur.”

“Yeah. Bye...”

—Will's perspective—

Wilbur watched as his brother took out his trident and zipped right up to the sky and flew across the blue horizon. He stopped looking when the pink figure disappeared from his vision.

“Phill?” He called out, but the response returned was silence. That’s odd, did his father go somewhere?

He sighed heavily. Well, since his brother would be away for a few days, he might as well tell Phill the issue with Fundy—

Bing!

{Eret} All of you

{Eret} Community House

{Eret} Now! ASAP

—Community house, no one's perspective—

People gasped in shock when they saw the condition Sapnap, Ponk, Punz, and Tommy were in. They were all in their beds under the thick layers of blankets. Their faces were red and flushed in a sickly way. “What in the f**k happened happened to

“Tommy?” Tubbo cried as he and Wilbur went to their brother’s bed.

Punz forced himself to sit up, groaning from the pain as he kept the ice pack on his head. “We were ambushed,” he forced himself to speak, and his voice sounded dreadfully hoarse.

“Punz!” Niki chided as she quickly went to his side and made him lie back down as gently as she could. “Don’t move too much. You need to rest.”

“We were deep in the forest, looking for Dream,” Punz still spoke, “then we were attacked by Mobs in huge numbers... then...”

“Then?” Sam raised a brow.

“Dream happened.” Eret said, approaching them after tending Tommy. “He unleashed those mobs, they got them injured. Punz barely managed to escape while taking the rest of them with him.”

A collective gasp was heard. “Dream?” Sam shook his head, not believing it. “Are you sure?”

“...We don’t know,” Eret touched the back of his nape. “It could have been physically Dream but with Nightmare in control... Or maybe Dream himself taking his anger on us. According to Punz, his mask was black and was drawn angry—looked like Drista’s.”

“Eret, the potions aren’t working!!!” Niki called out in panic. The king whirled to her direction, alarmed. “I-I don’t know what’s going on? Their wounds have healed, but they aren’t still looking too good. Neither of them are waking up.”

“What about the golden apples?”

“I-I-don’t know, Eret,” Puffy brought more buckets of ice packs. “They’re running high fever, shivering despite the number of blankets, they can’t speak too well—it’s like they’ve gotten a serious cold.”

“Except it’s not a cold.” Punz rasped. “We got poisoned by some black liquid Dream threw on us.”

Fundy looked around. “Where’s Techno? Doesn’t he have, like, a stack of potions with him?”

“He just left for the mountains not too long ago,” Wilbur answered, his eyes narrowing in concern over Tommy’s complexion. “We’ll need to go up those mountains again.”

“Damnit,” Eret swore. “Okay, we need a group that would go after Techno and another group to help—“

“Don’t!” Punz coughed violently. They all locked their wide eyes at him. “W-we need to run! He’s coming... Dream’s coming here—we won’t be safe. Need-need to leave!”

“Coming?” Wilbur looked out of the window. “You mean right now?”

BOOOM BOOOM BOOM!!

The ground shook so violently underneath their feet that few stumbled to the floor.

“What the hell?”

“He’s...here,” Punz said with dread before losing consciousness.

“Niki, Tubbo, you two stay here with the sick,” Eret ordered. “The rest of us have to stay out!”

—outside community house—

“Hello~ old friends,”

They all gasped in shock.

No.

No way.

That wasn’t possible...

Dream, on the other side of the wooden bridge, was there, sitting on the back of a Skeleton horse. Behind him was an army of mobs. Creepers, Skeleton archers, zombies—creatures that were supposed to have been fried from the sunlight. Yet... how!?

“Are you not going to welcome me back and start a festival? I have brought so many of my new friends here just to celebrate.”

“Dream?” George looked at him in horror. “What... what is this? What are you doing?”

“Ah, George,” he laughed in delight, but the sound he made and the way he was talking was horrifying to listen to. ***“I am so glad to see you, my best ‘friend’. How have you been since I left?”*** He looked around. ***“Where is Sapnap? Were you two not inseparable ever since you agreed to imprison me?”***

George didn't say anything. He didn't know what to say as words failed him. Was this... the dream he knew?

“ Oh, how could I have forgotten? Sappy Nappy was with Punz, Ponk and Tommy when I poisoned them. How are they, by the way? Dying very slowly, I assume~?”

“You sick bastard,” Eret gritted out. “Aren't they your best friends?!”

Dream didn't reply. Instead, he snapped his fingers, and the mob of monster started charging right towards them.

—Meanwhile, borders of the servers—

“I'm here,” Phill landed on the ground scanning his surroundings. “Ray, where are you?”

An arrow shot behind him, but his instincts warned him a few seconds before, and he dodged the sharp weapon in time. He glared at the direction where the arrow was shot. “Seriously? Rather than greet an old friend, you shoot me? You haven't changed at all, Ray.”

“I go by the name Raven, now, Phill. Ray was just a soldier name I was never fond of. Plus, I needed to know whether you really had become some slob after we achieved peace decades ago,” Phill gasped when the older woman stood from the bushes. She brushed off the leaves from her red tunic before approaching him.

“I know you're staring at me. I advise you to stop before I get too uncomfortable and stab your eyes.”

He flinched. “Sorry,” he apologized. “It's just... you still maintained your youth...”

She clicked her tongue from his response. “You're a real sucky charmer, you know. Unlike your immortal lifespan, I have aged a lot since we last parted. When i heard you settled and was raising kids of your own, i figured you would have known by now how you should talk to a woman. Guess I stand corrected. How on earth did you get married to your wife anyway?”

Phill didn't respond. Instead he averted his eyes away from her.

She raised her brow. “Phill, who exactly is your wife this time?”

“Uhhhhh...” he hesitated.

“Don't tell me it's some Unnamed Samsung Refrigerator...”

Phill cringed as she hit the nail. She sighed heavily, pinching the bridge of her nose with disbelief. “I knew how much you wanted to marry an inanimate object back when the wars made you insane, but to think you actually went and did it—and somehow have kids on your own... Forget it, I'm not going to ask how you made that possible—“

“Thank you,”

“—As we have significant business to discuss.” Her one ruby eye looked at him sharply. “About Emerald.”

He looked at her, confused. “Emerald?” The name was foreign to him.

“Well, his slave name was Emerald. He later changed his name to Clay—“

“Clay— you mean Dream?!”

Raven’s eyes narrowed from that name, but shrugged it off. “Oh, so my hunch was right, Emerald was in that Dream SMP server with you and your sons for a while.”

“Wha-what, why- how do you know—Ray, why do you want to know?”

“Because I happen to be his mother,” Phill jaw dropped in shock, “and as his foster parent, I have the right to know why some unmannered men came into my establishment last night looking for him.” She folded her arms. “Phill... what exactly is going on at that server that got my son being chased as a fugitive?”

—meanwhile, back at the SMP—

They weren't going to win this fight, let alone survive it.

They were at a disadvantage because of where they were located, and were so cornered by the enemy. Tubbo and Niki had to take the sick out of their beds and painfully drag them upstairs of the community house while the rest of them fought. Majority of them were injured, mainly from the creeper's sudden suicidal blast from behind them while fighting off zombies. The mobs this time seemed to be more resilient compared to the ones they usually fight against in the night.

They had them cornered, and some mobs exploded the entrance that they even had to fight inside the community house.

Hannahxxrose was blown up by Creeper

Skeppy drowned whilst trying to escape

Purpled was burnt to a crisp whilst fighting Mobs

Dream laughed.

Dream laughed at their pain, laughed at their struggles, laughed at them for fighting for their lives like a psychopath.

This was a nightmare.

George slashed at the feral wolves that bit his leg, killing it instantly. He was cornered at the stairs, and there was no way he was going to let them anywhere up there. He ate a golden apple to recover his health. This wasn't looking too good. Although the mobs have significantly decreased, there were still a few more of them, and it wasn't going to take seconds to get them to die. And George didn't have any more potions nor food left to be in full health all the time.

Shit. At this rate, the mobs would reach Sapnap and—

“Am impressed you still made it out this far,”

The sudden voice brought a chill up his spine. Before George could look, a hand shot out and wrapped around his neck in an unforgiving way, his back hitting the wooden wall as he dropped his weapon. George's air flow was blocked, and he started choking.

"George!" Puffy screamed. They tried to go in his direction, but were stopped by the mobs that cornered George.

"Dream..." he rasped, his hands gripping Dream's arm. "Why?"

"Why would I not?" He tilted his head, and George could see that black eyes of the mask had turned red.

"D-dream," he rasped. "I'm... I'm sorry for not noticing... your pain. I'm sorry for turning my back on you when you needed us... I'm sorry, I should have never left you alone with that Dreamon. I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..."

Dream cackled a laugh from his apologies and pleas.

"George, I will be honest with you. I never considered you as a friend. There is nothing for you to apologize for as it was never in real. What we had was never real! You never knew me! You and Sapnap were just mere pawns in my game, in my fun. I had my share of the fun from the manhunts, and instigating the wars, the game manipulation. It is a shame that I have to get you replaced soon. That is all you are to me. That is all I see in you, and the rest of the Smp members. MY. PAWNS. Nothing more."

Tears started to stream from his face. He wasn't sure if it was either from the suffocation or from his own emotions. It hurt, but George believed he deserved it. This was likely the Dreamon, Nightmare, he was talking to, apologizing to, as the real Dream was tucked away somewhere in that head, unconscious.

George gasped, clawing Dream's hand for air.

"Dream... please... remember... please, I know you are innocent. We were... Dream...I...I loved..."

George felt the grip on his neck loosen as the man stilled. Dream's angry porcelain mask stared at his face for a few seconds. Then he clicked his tongue, annoyed.

"I know you did. You and a couple of others. And it always filled me with disgust to know you were after my naive flower. Too bad he is gone. "

George's eyes widened from that statement. *He's gone? Gone?*

The harsh grip returned, and George felt himself suffocating again. He was losing air!

"Good bye, George. It was fun manipulating you~"

"George!!!"

"George!"

"Dream, Stop!"

"Drea—"

“**AHHHHH!!!**” Dream yelled in anguish when an arrow was suddenly shot, piercing straight through his shoulder. He stumbled backwards away from George, looking for the shooter. The British man took his chance and crawled away from him while Dream harshly pulled the arrow out of him, making droplets of black blood fly in the air.

“**Who dares—!!**”

“Sorry for interrupting your drama or what not. Is there a civil war going on here?”

Everyone froze in their place from that voice. That familiar nostalgic voice of someone they knew.

They looked behind them to the destroyed entrance of the community house .

He wore a black cloak that covered his body from head to toe. A smiley fixed white porcelain mask. He lowered his crossbow, chucking the weapon into his inventory before coming down from a beautiful black mare. There was someone else riding another horse behind him, but no one paid much attention to that person as all eyes were locked on... another Dream?

“Wha...?” Wilbur was speechless seeing two Dreams in front of him, and so was everyone else .

“...Duckling?” Puffy whispered as she looked at the cloaked Dream.

Sam had managed to sneak close enough to bring George back to a safe area, keeping his distance from the black masked Dream.

Dream, who strangled George a couple of seconds ago, stared at his own double for sometime before letting out a harsh cackle.

“**Hmm, to think that it would be you, my dear, who would come find me when all you wanted to do was to escape from my grasp. How ironic.**” He started walking towards his double’s direction. He studied him as he walked, drinking the sight of him.

“**Judging by how ravishing you look from underneath that cloak, I take it life is not treating you too harshly compared to that unforgiving prison. Do you not agree more, my songbird?**”

“Songbird?” Sam narrowed his eyes, contemplating, before they widened from realisation.

“Clay...”

Dream tilted his head in confusion as he stared at the man who wore a similar mask as him.

“Do I know you?” The black cloaked Dream asked the black hooded one.

“**Yes, my dear,**” he stopped in front of him, keeping a distance. He yanked his hood down from his short blonde hair, and removed the mask—revealing his face to him. He smirked in a twisted way as his red orbs glowed like he was a predator, and the other was a prey.

“**You do not remember this, but I was the only one there for you while the rest of ‘friends’ abandoned you.**”

“*Know this: I am addicted to you. I have tasted your mind, and I cannot forget the flavour.*” — unknown (found it on Pinterest)

Chapter End Notes

Comment and leave kudos...

Guys, have you seen Sad-ist's newest animation!?

PPPPPPOOOOOOOOOGGGGGG!!!!!!

:)

Awkward...

Chapter Notes

EDIT 1: I edited and added some things to the chapter around the end.
Enjoy~ :)

These days I have been so busy that I haven't updated for a week or so.
Anyway...
Please leave Kudos and comments.
enjoy!
:)

“Once upon a time, naivety was endearing. Now? It makes you a prey.” —unknown.

—Dream’s perspective (but since he has amnesia, I’m gonna call him Emerald)—

Emerald took a step back from shock as he stared at his mirroring image.

It was him, yet it was not.

He heard his sister gasp behind him. “Emmy... did you by chance have a sibling?”

“No...” he responded warily. “Not that I'm aware of. I’m certain I’m the only slave child my mother ever sold in the black markets...”

Despite looking quite identical, the air around that man was...off. Taking a closer look at his appearance, there were some features he possessed which Emerald didn’t. Other than the face structure and blonde hair, the man before him had blood red eyes, tanned skin, short hair, and was taller than Emerald.

He was... manlier looking than Emerald...

He chewed his lip as he studied him, feeling a tinge of envy.

How?

Just how...?

“Lost in your thoughts, my little Daydream?” Emerald flinched from his voice. ***“You often have the habit of biting your lip whenever your mind is troubled.”***

His green eyes widened underneath the mask and he took a step back. How? How did he know despite wearing this mask? Earlier, he even remarked how ‘ravishing’ he looked underneath the cloak, too...

He’s dangerous, he thought, raising his guard up. Emerald was ready to open his inventory to pull his weapons.

The man laughed in delight, then pulled out a potion and drank it. He slipped the mask back over his face before raising his hands. ***“There is no need for you to attack me, little bird. I am completely harmless.”***

“Funny hearing that from the guy who was strangling a fighter not too long ago.” He scoffed, stepping back. “Who are you, anyway?” Emerald blinked once, and the man suddenly vanished in front of him. “Where did he?”

“My name is Nightmare, my sweet. I am your lover. Remember that...”

Emerald breath hitched when he felt a cold breath whisper in his ear behind him. Emerald turned hastily, pulling out a hidden axe. But the man was nowhere in sight. “What?” Emerald eyes darted around the room in confusion.

He tried to stay calm, but he trembled a bit (why was his body shaking?) when he heard his lookalike say that.

Lover?

Dream scoffed, shaking his head. “Me? Your lover? Please—if I had someone like that in my life, all the songs would finally make sense.”

“You did have one, have you forgotten?”

Dream’s smile melted away. No one could see his expression, but something like horror flashed across his face.

“Ah— it is best if i do not bring such haunting memories back.” He said, seeing through him again.

“What do you mean?” Lily demanded at the lookalike as she scanned the room. Emerald felt her gaze on his back now. “Emmy, what is he talking—“

“NOTHING!” He quickly said in a sharp tone, Lily flinched from his response.

How does he know? Emerald stepped back.

They heard his voice again, except this time, his voice bounced from the walls of the room like an echo. The mobs and creatures stopped attacking as their entire bodies turned black, then started disintegrating to ash.

“I would say today’s experiment with this body had exceeded my expectations. And since I am in a delightful mood, I will be generous and spare your pathetic lives for my beautiful gem. But, I hope you do improve yourselves. The next time I come with my army, I will not be so kind. Farewell.”

With a harsh laugh echoing in the room, a gust of wind suddenly blew out of the house.

Emerald looked out the broken entrance, believing that the mysterious look alike was gone.

—No one’s perspective—

“That was... weird...” he forced himself to say as he tried to keep his demeanor calm. “This server seems to be a lot more chaotic than I imagined.” Dream turned to face them, pointing his thumb

behind his shoulder. "So... that guy just flew off... Friend of yours?"

...

No one replied as they were speechless from shock. Speechless to see Dream in front of them, the real Dream, and not some illusion their guilt always tricked them into seeing.

Dream frowned underneath his mask when they didn't respond. "Uhh, hello? Do you speak English? Or are you all just mute?"

"Dream?" George whispered, his eyes widening while everyone else had their jaws dropped.

"Who's Dream?" The man questioned, which stunned them. Dream wasn't dead. He still looked alive and bright, yet why did he not know his own identity?

"My name's Emerald," he said confidently.

"Emerald?" Wilbur said in confusion. He remembered Drista telling them that 'Emerald' was his... former slave name.

Slave...name...

...

Wilbur's eyes widened.

... *Don't tell me—*

"Emmy, what do you make of this?"

Wilbur thoughts were cut off by a new voice, he looked. Lily, wearing a grey cloak from head to toe, came down her red mare. She removed her hood, skeptical about the people staring back at her. "Does anything feel... familiar to you?"

Dream scanned his surroundings for sometime, looking around the community house, then the people who wordlessly stared at him, then back at the colorful buildings he and his sister passed to get here. He shook his head. "No, none."

Their heart sank from that blunt response.

She smiled. "...I see. What a shame since we came all this way. Well, I guess that's that," Lily played her hands in the air, her tone sounding eager mixed with relief. "Let's go."

Dream agreed as he turned his heel. His back now facing them as he walked back to his black mare.

No...

No!

No! Don't leave—

KKAAAAAABBBBBBOOOMMMM!!!!

Dream looked up. There were sudden grey clouds covering the sky. Before they knew it, they were now facing a heavy downpour of rain... "what the hell?" Dream frowned.

“A sudden storm? Are you kidding me? I knew something was weird about this server.” Lily swore, then glared at the SMP members as though they had something to do with this. “We can’t return home at this rate.”

“Yeah,” he agreed with his sister before slowly turning back at them, awkwardly. He tilted his head.

“...Do you guys mind if we crash here tonight?”

—later, community house, evening, no one’s perspective—

“Ceilings are done!” He said with a smile as he put his tools back in his inventory. He climbed down the ladder, which George held steady for him. “Thanks... ummm...”

“...George...” the Brit told him, forcing a smile.

Dream helped them fix the community house while some of them cleaned the mess on the floor.

Despite his sister’s long protest that he shouldn’t help strangers, he managed to convince her by letting her dress him up later with whatever crazy clothes she brought with her. Normally Dream would have agreed with her, but some reason his chest felt heavy and off, as though he was experiencing guilt, and that he should help these people.

“Do I know you, though?” Dream tilted his head, making George flinch. “Sorry—I-I mean, are we friends? I don’t have any recollection of meeting you, but I have a feeling we’ve met. The same goes for the rest of you...” he looked at the rest of the SMP members. Some gave nervous smiles, while others gave awkward ones. Dream was confused as to why they were so quiet. He could clearly see from their faces that they had something to say, why remain liptight?

It took sometime for them to comprehend that Dream lost his memories. While nobody said a word about his amnesia, some were relieved he forgot, while others were upset and angry (not at Dream, though, mostly at Nightmare and themselves).

Sam, in particular, felt a pain and ache in his chest... had Dream forgotten all the times they spent together back in the prison? How close they were, would Dream not look at him the same way he used to? Two months had passed since his sudden disappearance, but Sam missed him dearly. His face, his vibrant green eyes and smile, his scent, laughs—everything that made him so endearing and lovable. Right now, it took all his self-control to not run to him and hug him in the way he used to as everyone was here right now.

Did Sam have to start over?

George bit his lip, unable to believe that Dream had just forgotten about him and Sapnap so easily. His best friend and long term crush, had forgotten their existence, and everyone else’s... it was cruel... so cruel... but at the same time, Dream...wouldn’t remember the argument they had with him... right? That incident... was it really worth remembering considering that it was the main reason that made them drift apart?

He supposed this was a kind of karma because George never once visited him.

Fundy had a million things to ask and say to Dream, but his mouth couldn’t find the right words

because his ex was right there (or maybe his lips were zipped because of the scary lady behind him)... finally, after months of searching... he looked great and well. He supposed wherever Dream stayed for the past 2 months was more comfortable than his prison cell. But then again, Sam did try spoiling Dream in order to make him notice the signs... which failed because Dream has always been adorably naive

It took Fundy a lot of failed plans and stunts to realize that all he had to do was confess.

Some questioned themselves whether they truly were friends with Dream. As Drista said, what kind of lousy group of friends put their friend in prison? They just did so without realizing that Dream was innocent.

“Yes,” Puffy answered honestly (she was speaking more about herself, though) , as she gave a sad smile to Dream. They sighed in relief, silently thanking Puffy.

“Okay...” Dream looked at the rest of them awkwardly. “Uhh, so, this is my older sister, Lily.” He raised his hand to his sister, sitting on a stool near a window.

They were stunned to know Dream had another sister, as Drista was the only sibling Dream ever talked about. Not to mention, they look not alike.

Lily was a fine woman with bright cold eyes and navy blue hair. Her skin was tanned, and her hair was styled in a boy cut. She waved at them from her seat wordlessly with a forced smile, but the moment Dream looked back at them, her expression changed into a glare as she gave the middle finger.

WTF?

“So, what’s going on upstairs?”

“W-what?” Wilbur stuttered, noticing that Dream gazing at him for a bit.

“You kept looking up at the second floor like a worrywort,” Dream pointed out. “Is there something going on over there?”

“No-no, nothing important,” Eret waved his hand, brushing it off. Most didn’t know why Eret lied to Dream that the sick were up there, and Tubbo was looking after them with Niki. “It’s nothing, really.”

Lily looked up at the second floor suspiciously. “Why don’t you check it out, Emerald?”

“Sure,”

Before anyone could stop him, Dream quickly moved and dashed up the stairs.

“Sorry, but we have to be cautious,” Lily told them, folding her legs as she pulled a blank letter from her inventory. Might as well start writing her report to their mother , Raven, based on today’s incidents. “Emmy is being unusually kind to you for some reason.”

The first thing Dream saw was a child in a sickly state in bed..

Dream froze up immediately...

the boy had blonde hair, and looked around like he was still a teenager...

Then he looked up and noticed 3 other people in a similar state.

As Dream stared at them blankly with his mouth ajar, Tubbo and Niki noticed Dream's presence. Tubbo jumped. "D-Dream!" He yelped in surprise, dropping ice cubes on the floor. "What are you doing here?"

After Nightmare vanished, Wilbur explained to them that Dream was here, so they had to remain here and look after the sick. They partially didn't want Dream to see the sick as they weren't sure if he was the Dream they knew, or Nightmare who acted as Dream. again. It would have been an absurd thought, but given that there were physically 2 Dream's in front of them earlier today, they had to be careful.

"Emmy?" Dream heard his sister call from downstairs. "Is everything alright up there?"

Dream didn't respond as he continued to stare at Tommy in concern. He noticed a man with raven black hair next to the boy, and something about him just made Dream's chest feel heavy. He didn't know him... but at the same time, he did?

Why did he have the urge to apologize now?

...

"...30 minutes..." Dream said.

"What?" Niki asked, confused.

He looked at them. "Give me half-an-hour, and I'll be back with an antidote. I can cure them. I'm familiar with this poison."

Why did he have this sense of guilt and urgency? It's like every part of his body was screaming at him that he *has to fix this*. As though they got sick because of him, so he needs to clean his mess. He didn't do this, though, as far he knew, but his conscience claimed otherwise.

Before they could question him, Dream ran back down the stairs again.

"Emmy?" Lily got up, frowning as to why he was in such a rush.

"Sorry, sis, I-I have to go and make medicine. I have to!" He ran past her.

"Medicine—hold on, Emerald!" She called, but by then he ran out of the community house. "What in the world?"

After sometime, Lily turned to face them, glaring daggers. "Well, since we're alone... Then... I suppose you won't mind if I ask a few questions about Emmy, right?"

"S-sure," George chuckled nervously, as everyone else felt wary. "Shoot."

Although they could easily outnumber her if a fight broke out, they didn't feel up to the idea of taking her down as something about Dream's 'sister' made them all wary.

The atmosphere around her made her someone harder to approach, as though she was like another Drista.

"Well, for starters, and I hope you answer truthfully to me," she began, sitting back down and crossing her legs as she pulled out a pencil, ready to write on the blank paper that lay before on the table.

"Do you know why your 'friend' suddenly showed up in my town 2 months back with half his

memories missing?”

“... it was ‘that’ man’s doing. Nightmare. The guy who looked like Dr—Emerald. I—we don’t know how he managed to teleport Dream into another server but, we’re sure it’s because of him.”

Lily studied them for sometime, the tip of her nails tapping the wooden table as she contemplated. “I see... next question...”

She looked at them again, but this time, the atmosphere around her was dark and serious.

“ *Why is Emmy being hunted like a criminal?* ”

They all held their breaths when she flashed her bright yellow eyes at them.

“Some men came looking for him last night at my mother’s establishment.”

Dream’s mother was the owner of that hostess club? Eret silently cursed.

“Two of them were very rude to Emmy when they found him behind the bar, and tried to force him to follow them—which nearly caused a scene in the club. Fortunately, my mother stopped them.”

Jack, Quackity and Antfrost...they thought.

Shit...

Did something happen to them in the other server? Is that why they were not responding to their communicators for a while?

“... I think there’s a bit of a misunderstanding...” Eret finally spoke. He had to be careful with their words. He eyes at her nervously as he continued, “Drea—Emerald disappeared from the server 2 months back out of nowhere. We-we looked for him for months. Specifically, we sent Quackity, Jack and Ant to the hostess club for intel to save the server— *his* server, as it was dying...”

Lily gasped. “The administrator of this server is Emmy?! It’s huge!”

Eret nodded. “And Dre—I mean, Emerald isn’t being ‘hunted like a criminal,’” *Well, at least not anymore now they know the truth.* “It was just... Quackity and Jack always had a rocky relationship with him... so i guess seeing him unexpectedly must have... reopened some wounds.”

Lies and truth, truth and lies—some people looked at the SMP king in surprise as he manipulated some part of the story. Eret was never fond of manipulating information, though. It was sick, and the person who taught him this method was Dream, or rather Nightmare, when he made Eret a figure king.

“...I see...” Lily started writing something down on the letter. She smiled at them in a sweet way, but they could tell she had something in mind. “Sorry for asking all these questions when we just met for the first time. I’m Emmy’s sister, and I’m concerned about him all the time. Trouble always finds him when we aren’t looking.”

“We?” Wilbur raised a brow.

She looked at him, and the way she grinned sent shivers down his spine. “We.” She nodded. “Me, including, Emmy has 6 other older sisters.”

“ **6?** ” Wilbur's jaw dropped.

Was Drista added to that number? Or would that make her the 7th? God, and he thought only his family had a lot of siblings on the server.

“Anyway, my last question is... *who made Emerald suffer?*”

The sweet tone of her words were utterly dropped, and now sounded terrifying and intimidating. She didn't raise her voice, but they could sense the rage. “the only reason we came to this damn server in the first place is to find out what exactly happened to my little brother, and just how he ended up having amnesia. And from what i can tell, there is something you all are hiding.

“When he found him 2 months back, floating half dead in the town's river, he had countless untreated scars all around his arms and legs, as though he never stopped fighting.”

The past wars and battles that arose due to their conflict...

“Although his skin has always been somewhat of a milky colour, the tone of paleness was usually high in an unhealthy way—as though he'd stopped stepping out of a cave for a long time, like a vampire. His lips were colourless, too.”

8 months of being isolated in Pandora's vault...

“And for 2 weeks, his appetite was low, and his body didn't have the strength to walk over long distances.”

Being cooped up in a small place, like a bird in its cage...

Should... should they tell the truth about the prison?

Lily picked her nail causally, looking at the navy polish on her nails. “If Emmy continued keeping his health unchecked for another week, he could have *died* .”

The last word made them have horror flash on their faces. Sam clenched his hands, feeling frustrated with himself for some reason. The same case was with Fundy and George, though, for them, they had a lot of guilt weighing heavily in their chests.

They flinched when Lily got up from her chair, and pulled an object from her inventory.

A diamond scythe.

Eret was quick to react. “Stay back,” he told the rest.

Lily tilted her head, her pupils were impossibly small as her eyes were wide with maddening calm rage.

“*Were you the ones responsible for deteriorating Emmy's health?*” She snarled viciously, raising her weapon.

It wasn't a question. She knew the answer already given that they stayed dead silent this whole time.

Shit. She was pissed. She was hella pissed with them. She knows what they did to Dream. She looked scary, and the way a strong lighting struck behind her outside, dimming the lights in the house and creating her silhouette as her eyes glowed, made her look more terrifying.

“You know if you flay them alive right now, the old lady and Dream wouldn't be very happy with

you, right?” A familiar voice spoke behind Lily.

They gaped, and Lily bristled in annoyance when they turned to a familiar ram-hybrid wearing a black suit, watching them with amusement at the entrance of the community house.

“Glatt?!” George gasped.

“Sup, guys.”

“Hello, you womanizing old goat,” Lily spat as a greeting to him. “Since they know you, I take a guess and say... you were from this server and you died on this server itself?”

“Bingo,”

They weren’t—just... what? Just how many times were they gonna be shocked by so many things. Why was Schlatt here? How did Lily know Schlatt? Does Schlatt know more things about Dream, and decided not to tell them what was going on?

Lily rolled her eyes from his wink, then a thought hit her. “Are you—are you the one responsible for leading those rude men to Emerald? You told them the location of the hostess club?”

Schlatt smiled gleefully. “Wow, that was quick.”

She growled from his infuriating smirk. “Why? You put Emmy in a difficult situation, you know! He can’t fight back because of his current status!”

Current status?

What was she talking about?

“Hey, sorry. I didn’t think it was that big of a deal. Honest! Quackity kept pressing on me for solutions that could revive the server, I had a slip of a tongue... Also, I wanted to see if shit would go down from the unexpected reunion.”

“You son of a—“

“I’m back!”

They stopped bickering when someone came in, closing the umbrella.

They stared at Dream with wide eyes.

He had long blonde hair tied in a loose ponytail, a thick strand of the hair from the front was left hanging on the right while a ringlet was formed under the other ear. Rather than the usual smiley porcelain mask, a black veil covered his face instead, but left his peachy coloured lip exposed. He wore a white long white lab coat, with a black turtleneck shirt that was tucked tightly into blue skinny jeans. Black boot heels shined as he walked to his sister.

They couldn’t stop staring at him. If he hadn’t spoken, they would have never guessed that person was Dream, but rather an alluring female stranger. His build looked smaller, and his body was slimmer than anyone ever anticipated (they all expected full on muscles or something).

Lily hastily tossed her weapon back to her inventory and quickly flashed a smile at Dream. “Did it work?” Her tone was changed into a cheery one.

“Yep!” He beamed. “I converted the medicines into potions!”

“Aw~ Emmy, Yuki would be so proud, you’re getting better at this!” Lily praised, petting his head and he purred loudly enough for everyone to hear. A lot had given incredulous looks, while Sam unconsciously smiled underneath his mask. “Why did you suddenly want to make medicine, anyway?”

“Oh, that’s because i—“ he frowned, contemplating. “I did it because... I... Why did...” Dream’s smile melted away when he thought deeply about her question. He looked into his inventory, the newly brewed potions he made sparkled and glowed in a beautiful shade of green... the color of his eyes. “Why did I make the potions...” he looked at her, confused with himself. Why did he?

Usually at times like this, Dream would try to negotiate or make deals as he was always taught that he shouldn’t do free service. But... he already made an antidote to the people he didn’t know out of... causeless guilt?

“Emmy?”

“...I don’t know...” he confessed. “I... felt like I had to, though...”

He had to, he... he had a vague feeling he knew the answer to the cause of his actions... it’s just... he couldn’t remember? He did vividly remember seeing a suffering child with blonde hair, right when he debated whether he should help the poor boy... seeing the rest of the sick triggered something in him. Just with one look, he somehow knew what poison they were struck with ~~(as he was awfully familiar with that poison since he was younger)~~, and wanted to cure them .

Dream’s attention shifted to a ghost ram-hybrid when he cleared his throat. He found Schlatt giving him a smug smile. “Schlatt? Hey, what brings you here?”

“Is it so wrong to go see the Aphrodite of the server?” He took Dream’s hand with his, bringing it to his lips and kissed the back as he still smiled. “You look as striking as ever, gorgeous.”

“Schlatt,” the tips of Dream’s ear flushed from the compliment. “Seriously, you should really tone down with your flirting if you don’t want my sister to exorcise you.” He warned, when he noticed anger radiating from Lily despite her forced smiles.

“That’s an adventure I’m willing to risk, sweetheart,” he crooned, and Dream rolled his eyes. Still, he couldn’t contain the smile that spread and a small giggle that escaped his lips.

While they stared at Dream, speechless (wondering if Schlatt’s flirting in front of them was a joke or not), few of the people who were infuriated by Dream noticed something hanging on Dream’s neck. And the former leader of L’Manburg and a goat mother figure hybrid were the only ones to immediately understand what it meant ...

A slave collar...

Dream was made a slave again... they thought in disbelief.

“Somebody asked me if I knew you. A million memories flashed through my mind, but i just smiled and said, ‘I used to.’” —Unknown (found on quote master.)

Not a chapter, but need help for the next...

Chapter Notes

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hey guys, so this is not a chapter but I need help .

Basically, I need some ideas for the next plot of the story. I sort of got the main frame of how the story would go in my head, but I need ideas, like little moments and scenarios, just to make the story go smoother. I've been so busy with work (it involves looking after kids... a lot of hyper, energetic, LOUD, kids) and I get so exhausted to think of what to type next. you may or may not have noticed this, but the last chapter ending was kind of sloppy and went too fast compared to how are usually write. :(

RULES:

I am open to any sort of ideas— like angst, mind manipulation, feels, crack, and what not. It can involve Nightmare. I can even make a flashback. Just... no sexual scenarios... I cannot make myself write that.

I'd also like some ideas related to romance...

and lastly... Should I increase Dream's harem? (Yes this is a harem fic ;)) Not everyone necessarily has to have a really intense or serious relationship with Dream, though. It's more like getting smitten by him, and getting a peck on a cheek or something (yes, Schlatt is in that sort of category since he's... you know, dead).

please leave comments and let me know your thoughts and ideas

:)

Chapter End Notes

:)

Eight months

Chapter Notes

Okay, so this chapter is a flashback of Dream's 8 month imprisonment. (Y'all Sam and Dream shippers and multi shippers would love this). This took so long to type >~<
This is a Sam lore (i think it is, am I using 'lore' right?)

I'm not going to write every single detail in reference from Dream's journal as this chapter is long, but i tried my best.

ALSO, DREAM HAS A SMALL ROOM TO SHOWER!

Don't forget to leave comments and kudos!
Enjoy!

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Past, Pandora's vault, Sam's perspective—

Ever since the Monstrous Prison he built was completed, Sam had always told to play his role as perfectly as he could.

A Warden.

An unwavering Warden, who should never show his weakness to prisoners; whose views should remain objective and not cross the threshold between him and criminals. They were put there for a reason.

So when Pandora's vault held its first prisoner, Sam wasn't surprised to know who that person was.

His oldest friend since he joined the server. Dream.

He thought it would be easy.

He honestly thought it would be easy to put a distance between himself and Dream. Compared to how the man was when Sam first met him, Dream had become a monster. A calculating puppeteer. A manipulator. A psychopath.

It would be easy to keep his distance, and be cold...

But Sam was proven wrong...

—past, first month—

On the first day of Dream's imprisonment, Dream... was strangely quiet. It wasn't because Sam

confiscated Dream's communicator, no. Dream wasn't shouting for him to get his attention, which was odd as Dream wasn't the one who would stay mute and wait. It did, however, relieved him to know that he wouldn't be holding a constant argument with Dream for a while.

Sam hadn't fixed the food dispenser yet, so he had to personally deliver food to the prisoner for a while. During the first week when he came by, Dream was always sleeping in bed, unmoving with a thin blanket over his head as the mask covered his face. He never was awake, nor said anything to Sam. Even the hidden security cameras, he had installed in secret, showed that Dream wasn't up to anything suspicious. He hardly ever moved. It was worrying at first, but seeing the empty food tray every time Sam had to switch with a filled one kept his worries at bay. Being in bed all day was probably some coping mechanism, and it assured Sam that Dream wasn't starving himself.

The next week, however, Dream was out of bed and active, and this made Sam keep his guard up and alert.

"What are you doing?"

He questioned Dream as he eyed the prisoner cautiously, his hand having a harsh grip on the trident.

"Oh, good morning, Sam," Sam was caught off guard by the cheery greeting. Why did he sound so happy? Dream got up from the floor, brushing the dust off his pants. "Sit ups. I was just exercising."

He narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "What for?"

Dream touched the back of his nape sheepishly. "Um... well, for the past week all I ever did was eat and sleep in bed all day long. So I figured it's about time I do something... healthy?"

"Healthy?" Dream nodded, and Sam had an inkling he was being honest... which was the first. Dream didn't say anything else to him after that, he simply went to the chest to get his journal out and started writing as he sat on the bed.

"Aren't you going to eat?"

Dream looked up. "Oh, uh... maybe later. I prefer to eat without having an audience..."

Right. The mask. Sam nodded and left his cell.

Sam didn't engage in a conversation with the prisoner after that. Of course, he kept a watchful eye on him through the cams, but... nothing much had happened since then.

—second month—

Exchanging small greetings with Sam, eating food, exercising, writing, showering—that's all Dream ever did for the next 2 weeks. By then, the next month had arrived. And so was Tommy's sudden visit.

"What?" Dream gaped at him, dropping his journal to the obsidian floor. Wow, that was foreign reaction in a long while.

"Tommy's going to visit tomorrow, so behave." Sam repeated bluntly. His brow rose when Dream shook his head quickly.

“No... Sam, no... w-why?” Did he sound scared?

...No, Dream was just messing with him... Probably...

“Tommy wanted to,” he replied curtly, folding his arms. Sam watched him bend down to pick his journal with trembling fingers.

He placed the book atop the chest. “No...”

“Excuse me?”

“You can’t. Y-you can’t bring Tommy here.”

“Last I checked, Dream, you’re not in charge anymore.”

Dream flinched from that statement and looked away, clasping both his hands together in front of his chest, as though he was praying. Again, that odd reaction. He’d expected Dream to be all happy in his own egotistical way, or snarky even, to finally have a visitor. But no.

In fact, it seemed that he didn’t want to be visited.

“...Why would you allow a child to come to a place like this?” Dream asked in a small voice. “I know how much you hate me because of what I’ve done to him.”

Hate? Hate wasn’t the exact word Sam had in mind against Dream. More like indifferent since he was the Warden of this prison. That didn’t mean he thought Dream as a friend, though. Not anymore...

“...Tommy was persistent.” Sam said. “I declined his request over and over, but he just doesn’t seem to give up. I guess he’s just desperate to mock you.” He half joked at the last one.

“...Yeah... sounds like him...”

Maybe Sam shouldn’t have said that.

“Sam?”

“Yes, Dream?”

“If...If the meeting goes downhill tomorrow, and... and if I’m on the verge of killing Tommy—“

Sam's eyes widened, he raised his trident, taking a step. “Dream, don’t you dare—“

“— *Kill me.*”

The creeper-hybrid froze in place.

Did he hear that right?

“What?”

“I said kill me.” Dream turned to his bed and slipped into the thin blanket.

Sam watched him with wide eyes, still unmoving. “Dre—“

“Good night, Sam,” Dream pulled the blanket over his head, blocking his vision.

Sam continued to stare for a few minutes before leaving, but he couldn't stop his thoughts about Dream until the next morning.

Exchanging small greetings with Sam, eating food, exercising, writing, showering—the same routine remained unchanged. However, Dream wasn't the same after Tommy left. His demeanor and his tone, whenever he greeted Sam, was all... down and depressing for a few days. Despite having that smiley mask on, he could tell Dream was upset.

Sam didn't know what happened in Dream's cell, nor the conversation Dream had with the young boy. Although he had the camera watching them from the walls, as a Warden he wasn't supposed to eavesdrop on private conversation between the visitor and prisoner.

"Dream?" Sam called. He found Dream at the corner of the room, his head resting on his knees as he hugged his legs. What was he doing there? Upon hearing Sam's voice, he noticed Dream's body tense. The man quickly scrambled up and stood on his feet as he faced Sam.

"W-what are you d-doing here, S-Sam?" He stammered, Sam's brows rose as Dream's sounded hoarse. Was he crying earlier? No, he-he shouldn't bother with that. "It's not time for my next meal, yet."

"Umm... yeah, I'll be back to do that later... just... I'm here to deliver this to you." He pulled out an envelope from his inventory and handed it to Dream. "It's from Puffy."

And with that, Sam quickly left the cell.

He didn't think that receiving one letter from his (former?) friend and mother figure would change Dream's mood overnight. The next morning, Dream was back being cheery again (the warden was relieved by that for some reason), and asked Sam if he could exchange letters with Puffy from time to time. Sam agreed, since he didn't see any sort of harm in that.

Dream stepped closer to Sam with arms raised, but stopped when he noticed Sam grip his trident harder, then retreated back. "Sorry. I just... I really want to hug you right now, but given my current circumstance, it's not a good time. So... thank you, Sam... It means a lot to me."

...Oh, was that what he was trying to do?

"...It's fine..."

— third month—

Sam could tell Dream had something in mind the moment his orange eyes locked with the black dotted ones on Dream's mask.

"What's wrong, Dream?"

Dream hesitated, looking back between Sam and the bed he was sitting on. "If... if it's possible... can i make a request?" He tilted his head, nervously gripping the helm of his hoodie jacket.

Sam's senses went high alert. Dream's first request... after two months (other than that 'kill me' request, which Sam would never fulfil). Sam expected him to want things earlier on, but no matter, he knew Dream would want something one way or another.

“That depends,” Sam said, making his tone sound indifferent, as he held the tray of food tightly. “What do you want?”

“Well... it's... it's a little embarrassing but...” Sam’s eyes narrowed. Was his ears turning red?

“Can... can you please pet me on the head!?”

Sam dropped Dream’s meal to the floor as a response as his body froze. The tray clattered as the plate broke, and the potatoes somehow bounced from the ground and flew into the lava.

...

...

“Sam?”

“...What?”

The redness on Dream’s ears turned darker as he looked away, all embarrassed. “I-I-I understand if you’re not comfortable with my request as it may seem s-sudden.” He rambled, and laughed nervously. “But that’s okay. It d-doesn’t have to be now, I mean, you don’t have to touch my head if you want to, maybe if—“

“No, Dream... that’s what I meant.” Sam quickly said, raising his hands as he tried to calm the blonde down. “I mean... the first thing you want after being locked in here for two months... is a pet on the head? You could have asked for anything else, like better food, or blankets... instead you want me to pet you, like a dog?”

“Uhhh, yes?”

He stared at him incredulously. “...What the hell happened to you?” Sam accidentally blurted out loud, and Dream tilted his head out of confusion.

“What do you mean?” Dream asked.

Sam shook his head from disbelief. Was this the psychopath and monster everyone, including himself, feared and betrayed? Because from what Sam was seeing for the past 2 months, Dream wasn’t any of that. No sort of words with hidden intent of trickery and manipulation ever came out of his mouth, just a couple of words that made his mind go wild from confusion.

Perhaps he was just missing human contact, or being in prison sort of made him go insane.

“Sam?” He flinched as his thoughts were cut off and he looked up at Dream again. He brushed a strand of dirty blonde hair behind his ear. “Will you do it?” He asked softly.

Sam stared, left wordless again.

Without much thought, Sam walked to the bed and stood before him as the blonde looked up. Sam’s shadow loomed over Dream’s figure, the younger looked so small like this. His hand reached out, and touched the fluffy blonde hair. His fingers stroked the scalp gently, the front and back of the head. Now that he thought about it, Dream’s hair had grown a little longer. It had reached to his shoulders now.

The warden froze when he heard purring. Dream... was purring, like a cat.

“Are you okay?” Dream looked up to him again as he lifted his mask a bit, revealing his lips.

Something about the way Dream was behaving, and looking at him now made him fill with wonder...

It was adorable.

...

Why did he just think of that?

“Sam?”

The creeper hybrid quickly stepped back to get a breather as he felt his face heat up. “Yeah...” his boots stepped on a piece of the broken plate. “Shit...I... I’ll have to get your meal again, and maybe a broom—be back soon!”

He fled from that cell feeling flustered, and overwhelmed with a new feeling mixed in him.

—fourth month—

Dream purred in contentment as Sam stroked his head tenderly. He stopped and pulled away, ready to get up from the bed seeing how late it's gotten. Dream whined from the loss of touch, and Sam couldn't resist and continued to stroke his head again. Dream began purring again, and Sam chuckled in response. He had gotten used to this after a while, and he found Dream so endearing.

He behaved like a cat whenever he purred.

How adorable.

Sam figured out a while ago that Dream held himself back from his craving for human contact for the first few months. It was... pitiful, really, when he realized this.

Was touch-starved the right word to describe Dream's behaviour?

He had to admit that he'd gotten closer to Dream. They talk more now, and Sam hangs around much later than he should to keep company, Sam pets him often as they both enjoy the intimacy. Hell, the food dispenser was finally installed a month back, but he threw that plan out of the window as he *liked* visiting Dream everyday.

“Dream?” The blonde responded with a hum, leaning his head more into Sam's hand. “Do you want to get your hair cut? It's gotten quite long now.”

“That's true,” he pulled back, as he picked a strand of his hair. “It's okay, though, Sam. I'm fine with this. Thanks. That's very kind of you.”

His face heated again.

“Although...” Dream said, shyly, “a brush and a couple of ribbons would be nice.”

“Sure,” he smiled, fingers carding through the locks of dirty blonde hair.

His second request... hair ornaments and brush... honestly, he shouldn't be surprised at this point.

“And...” Sam raised his brows, a third request?

“Is asking for an instrument too much a stretch?”

The month was going to end soon. Time sure flies by, huh? Well in his case, sure, but for Dream, who was cooped up in his cell 24/7, it might be a different story.

“Dream?” Sam called, expecting the blonde to still be curled in his blankets. “Breakfast—” he stopped himself when he came face to face with an unfamiliar face coming out of the shower, wearing shorts and a black tank top with a towel draped around the shoulder.

Emerald eyes shined brightly, as soft looking lips formed a smile.

“Sam,”

“...uh...” he gawked at the person, looking stupid.

“Sam?”

“...hello, Miss. I do not know how you got here, but where is Dream?” He questioned in a confusing tone.

Those vibrant green eyes widened in surprise, and the familiar wheeze came out of Dream’s throat.

—fifth month—

Sam met up with Puffy as she insisted they do. They talked for about an hour back in Puffy’s house, about stuff ...he wasn’t paying much attention as his thoughts were all concerned about Dream. Bad would be the one to check up on Dream today, so he wasn’t sure how that would go.

Puffy narrowed her eyes at him, contemplating, as he sipped his tea. “Sam?”

“Hmmm?”

“I’ll be blunt about this... you fell for my duckling, didn’t you?”

“Pffft—” he choked from the liquid and started coughing harshly.

“Ohhh... did i hit the nail right at the head that hard?”

“What?” He wiped his mouth hastily, looking back at her. “What are—no, that—that’s absurd!” He chuckled nervously. “I would never...”

Was he in love with Dream?

No, there was no way that was true...

She rolled her eyes. “Deny all you want, Sam. But I know the truth. It’s okay, I understand why you fell for him. He’s just absolutely adorable, isn’t he?” She sighed, lovingly.

“...yes,” he admitted in a small voice when he remembered the way Dream smiled at him as his eyes sparkled. Puffy smiled from his response. “But that doesn’t mean i *love him*! I just care for him as a friend. W-What made you think I fell for him?” He asked her.

“Oh, well. You know that we’ve been exchanging letters for a while now, right? Well, as you may or may not know, Dream’s naive to certain things. Last month, all he wrote about was how well you’ve been treating him. He told me everything.” Sam’s shoulders tensed. “Every. Single.

Detail~” she crooned. “I hear the two of you are cuddling now~?”

“Uh... shit,” he palmed himself. He did notice that Dream was naive, but was he so blind to just tell Puffy about everything to create a misunderstanding? She was just making assumptions. Sure he was cuddling with Dream, but that’s because Dream liked it, and Sam felt comfortable with it, too.

“Oh, and you’ve also been talking about him for the past hour.”

“What!? No, I didn’t,”

“Yes, you did. You went on and on about him. ‘Dream’s cute when he’s this, Dream’s said this when he’s that.’”

“Really? I did that?”

“Last year, all you did was complain about Dream bugging you to finish the construction of the prison sooner and redstones.”

“Right...” he said, recalling the rants that used to come out of mouth.

Now he... liked Dream... but loving him is...

“Just be careful with the way you approach him, okay?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, if you want to date him, just start all slow by making my duckling fall for you before you start asking—“

“Wa—Puffy, no. I’m not gonna do that!” She blinked, confused. Sam sighed heavily. “Listen, I don’t want to have that kind of relationship with him. Even if I did, I can’t anyway as he’s a prisoner and I’m the warden. There are rules I have to follow, and protocols I can’t break.”

He can’t cross the threshold, because if he did, then it would end with severe consequences. It was already hard enough that he was bending the rules of the prison without the other guards noticing. But to break it, that would lead to catastrophe...

Puffy frowned, contemplating. “But, Sam... Aren’t you the warden of the Prison, holding the admin of the Dream SMP captive?”

“Yeah? So?”

“So, doesn’t that ultimately make you one of the most powerful people on the server?”

Sam’s breath hitched.

“Who’s to tell you what to do, and what not to do? You can make new rules, you can break the old ones. There’s no harm in that, after all... you’re a good guy, Sam. Dream trusts you a lot, too.”

The creeper hybrid contemplated deeply about her words.

Dream does trust him, a lot more than he should since he showed his face to him.

But still...

“Puffy, I can’t.”

Puffy studied him, then smiled sadly before getting up from the table. “Keep telling yourself that, Sammy boy. It’ll eventually hit you harder than you ever realize.” She slid an envelope to him across the table. “Give this to my duckling when you see tonight, okay? See ya, Sam.”

She left him.

—sixth month—

Not much had changed since the meeting at Puffy’s, and time flew by once again. Tommy hadn’t visited, despite claiming he would, and Sam wondered whether the child was just bluffing to mess with the blonde. Well, it was good he stopped coming, Sam supposed, as he was sure he was gonna get an earful of complaints and accusations from the child because of how cozy Dream’s cell looked now. Why would a villain who tormented a child have a pleasant stay in a place he belonged to? It just wasn’t fair.

Objectively speaking, it was a fair point. But Dream... changed. The calculating monster, whose words were nothing but poison and trickery—there wasn’t any trace of that person in Dream.

Sam observed Dream through the security cams from his Warden room. Sam believed that it was too much of a pain to go back home from prison, then go to the prison from home, and back again too many times. So he set up an extra room for himself whenever he wanted to crash immediately from exhaustion.

The blonde, unaware that he was being watched, read the books (that Sam brought for him) quietly as he lay on bed. It’s already past 1AM, and Dream kept on reading and turning to the next page.

Right when the warden debated whether he should go to his cell and tell him to sleep, Dream snapped his book closed. But he didn’t sleep yet. Instead, he’d went and picked the guitar from where it rested. His brows rose as Dream strummed the strings, playing random tunes for sometime as he closed his eyes.

He smiled sadly to himself, then opened his mouth as a song flowed out smoothly.

"I guess I have to face

That in this awful place

I shouldn't show a trace of doubt"

He smiled bitterly, but went on singing as Sam watched...

"But pulled against the grain

I feel a little pain

That I would rather do without"

Sam could see that he was biting his lip to stop a sob from spilling out as he sang...

I'd rather be...

Free-ee-ee

Free-ee-ee

Free...

I'd rather be

Free-ee-ee

Free-ee-ee

Free...

Free-ee-ee

Free-ee-ee

Free...

From here"

Right when he was sure Dream would start crying, Sam shut his eyes painfully and put the cams off. Sam stared at the black screen of the tablet, sighing heavily as he rubbed his temples.

He shouldn't have seen that.

Dream would definitely not want him to see him like that. It was personal.

Maybe... maybe he should stop watching Dream through the cams anymore. From the start, he was violating Dream's privacy without him ever knowing as he trusted the Warden blindly...

Sam had trouble sleeping that night.

Dream was upset, and the air around him was depressing. When Sam took a closer look at his face while cuddling him in his arms, he had dark circles under his eyes. Did he have trouble sleeping last night?

Dream pulled away from Sam, which was unlike him since he loved hugging.

He watched Dream open his journal and started writing...

Maybe... maybe he ended up reading again last night to forget about his situation and not be sad. Sam wasn't sure. He shouldn't ask, though. Sam knew this...

Still...

He asked Dream a question without much thought, but the one he had in mind for a while...

“Do you like roses?”

Sam awoke suddenly early , feeling rather off. It was 5 in the morning, leaving a couple of hours left before Sam could see Dream again. He smiled unconsciously as he thought of the blonde.

He reached over to the bedside table for his communicator to see what was up. But the messages he saw were unexpected. His eyes widened in horror.

Dream tried to swim in lava

Dream burned to death

Dream tried to swim in lava

Dream burned to death

Dream tried to swim in lava

Dream burned to death

Dream tried to swim in lava

Dream burned to death

Dream tried to swim in lava

Dream burned to death

Dream tried to swim in lava

Dream burned to death

Sam felt a rush rise in him as he sat up. What the hell were all these messages? It was all from late last night, too.

Why did Dream—no... no, no, no, no, no. It wasn't out of self-harm, was it?

Dream didn't have any thoughts about suicide, right?

Right?

But an image of Dream's limp body on the the obsidian floor, under a pool of blood, flashed in his mind.

...

...

Shit.

Shit.

Shit.

His mind was making him think of the unthinkable. Jumping out of bed and not bothering to wear his armor and mask, Sam rushed to the direction of Dream's cell, panicking.

After hastily passing all the mechanisms, he reached.

"DREAM!?" He shouted then panted heavily as he looked around. He saw a figure under the blanket jolt violently from his sudden shout. Dream sat up. He looked at him bewildered, his green eyes looking confused as his long dirty blonde hair, now reaching to his waist, looked all messy and tangled.

"Sam? Is that you?" Dream yawned as he rubbed his eyes. His voice sounding groggy. "What happened?" Dream narrowed his eyes when he noticed his attire, and the dreaded expression on Sam face. "Sam? Are you okay?"

From seeing Dream's confused face, a wave of relief washed over Sam.

Oh thank god... THANK GOD!

Without hesitation, he rushed to blonde and embraced him with an ironlike grip. The younger yelped in surprised as he was pushed down to the bed to their sides .

"I should be the one asking you that, you idiot!" Sam hissed, but pulled his head away from the crook of Dream's neck to place a meaningful kiss on his forehead. One hand rubbed his back in circles while the other held the younger's head.

“S-Sam?” Dream’s voice faltered, Sam looked at the flushed blonde’s face. “Are— Where is your mask?”

“What the hell were you thinking?! Why were you burning yourself to death all of a sudden?”

His green eyes widened, then looked away .” The death messages...” he mumbled, but Sam heard it anyway. “Right, I forgot about that system... Sam... I...I’m sorry. I had a lot on my mind last night, and i was— just felt so overwhelmed with everything... i needed to find a way to stop feeling that way... so I...” he paused. “I’m so sorry, I’m sorry for worrying you.”

Sam didn’t respond, he pushed Dream’s head forward, letting his cheek press on Sam’s chest.

“Sam?” He whispered, his voice sounding worried.

“Promise me you won’t do this again?” He sighed heavily, trying to calm himself down .

Dream nodded wordlessly.

“Dream?” He needed an answer with words.

“I promise...”

“Good... sorry for barging in all of a sudden...you can go back to sleep now.” He kissed him atop his head. Dream hummed, his half-lidded eyes closing slowly. It didn’t take long for him to fall asleep again.

The warden lay there with Dream in his arms as he gathered his thoughts. It was official...

He loved Dream.

If he truly thought Dream as a prisoner, he wouldn’t have bothered running here as he knew that Dream could respawn infinitely in his cell. He would have thought it was Dream’s way trying to catching Sam’s attention. If he truly thought Dream as a friend, he would be concerned, yes, but he should have been checking for any sort of wounds, or burn injuries on his body. Not tackle him down to his own bed and kiss him on his head from the adrenaline.

Shit, he would be so f**ked if people found out...

Just how deep had he fallen?

Sam looked down at the younger. He chuckled as he gazed lovingly at his sleeping face. His fingers stroking the back of his scalp gently and tenderly making Dream purr in his sleep .

Oh well, he’d think about the consequences later.

—In the middle of the seventh month—

“S-sam?”

The warden turned to look at the weak and sick complexion on the blonde’s face. He looked so confused as he scanned the room that was surely unfamiliar to him .

“Dream, oh thank god...” he sat on the chair in front of Dream, holding his hand and bringing it to his lips to kiss the knuckles tenderly before leaning forward and planting a kiss on his temple, too. He felt so relieved to know that he finally woke up. He was so restless and worried, he was

beginning to wonder whether he should get Ponk.

“Where am I? This place is...”

“It’s my room in the prison,” he said, eyes softening.

His expression turned from confusion to shock. “What? What am I—Sam, what happened?”

Sam let his hand go, as he helped Dream sit up. “Bad checked on you, and he freaked out when he found you on the floor of your cell. Dream, you collapsed from a fever. The likely cause was probably... hygiene.”

He frowned. “But I’ve been keeping my cell clean from the cleaning equipments you’ve given me.”

“I mean about your bed sheets, Dream... and clothes...” it was only then that the younger realized he was wearing (Sam’s old) clothes. The top Dream had on was a plain old black shirt that was oversized for him as it hung loosely from one side of his shoulder, exposing some skin. Sam refused to make eye contact as he said, “Sorry, i had to change you while you were out cold.”

He had a hard time believing just how small Dream’s build was compared to his. Sure he had muscles, but his body figure looked really *feminine*. He was so small compared to Sam, and looked so delicate. Was Dream wearing body armor underneath that lime green hoodie and then another body armor over that whenever he fought recklessly?

“Anyways,” Sam said clearing his throat and embracing Dream. “I’m glad you’re okay, now.” He paused. “By the way, what’s that mark on your shoulder?” He tapped the rose shaped mark.

Sam felt his body tense for a moment. “It’s an old burned mark... I... don’t remember how I got it.” Sam could tell he was lying, but he’d let it pass for now since the younger still was sick. Dream still didn’t hug him back as his body stilled. “...Sam?” He whispered, tugging his sleeves.

“Yes?”

“Put me back,” Sam immediately let him go, staring in shock at Dream. Something like dread was across his pale face, his body and fingers were shaking. “Sam you have to put me back. I-I can’t be here.” He gripped his sleeve. “Please, put me back.” He pleaded.

...

Why? Why would he want to be in that suffocating cell? Why did he want to go back? Was it because Sam was making him uncomfortable in any way?

“What-Dream, I’m not putting you back in there yet. You need to rest more.”

“But—“

“Dream, you’ve been unconscious for 5 days.” He quickly said.

He froze. “What?”

—

Dream slept on Sam’s bed for another couple of days before fully recovering (Sam slept on the desk or floor). He carried Dream bridal-style to his cell as he was worried that he would trip and fall too easily. Despite Dream’s protest, he wasn’t strong enough to stop Sam from scooping him

up so easily. He pouted, and that just made him look so adorable.

“Uhhh, what’s with the new pillows and blankets?” Dream frowned, looking at his bed being filled with so many fluffy and cozy materials.

“Puffy sent them last night, it’s a get well gift from her.” He gently placed the blonde on the bed, as though he was made of glass.

“Sam, you promised me you wouldn’t tell anyone!”

Sam sat beside him, rubbing the back of his neck. “Sorry. I already informed her about your condition while you were still unconscious. She gave me her word that she wouldn’t tell anyone about your fever. Including Sapnap and George.”

“I... I see...” his shoulder sagged down a bit with ease. Dream looked at him, opening his arms wide. “Cuddle?” He asked, tilting his head.

Sam smiled, more than happy to oblige as he closed the distance between them. His hand ran through the long locks of the dirty blonde hair, while Dream wrapped his arms around Sam’s neck, and pulled him down to the bed.

He laughed softly when he heard the familiar purring.

—Eighth month—

Dream tried to keep secrets from Sam...

Dream’s been hurting himself by tying his wrists together in a harsh hold with guitar strings. Sam found out a week later when the marks were getting more visible and red, and was quite upset with the wounds he inflicted upon himself.

Why was he doing this to himself? Self-harm? Dream claimed that it was ‘precaution’, but Sam didn’t understand what exactly he meant. He knew Dream was harmless now. The cuts on his wrist were rather deep, so Sam had to de infect and bandage them. Then confiscated the guitar strings, resisting Dream’s whines.

Then there was the case with the fainting spells...

He freaked and panicked when Dream collapsed in front of him, but thankfully he wasn’t out for another 5 days as he was once before.

Still, there was something going on. Something Sam was constantly missing, or Dream wasn’t telling him. But he just didn’t know what to ask Dream exactly.

He sighed after another failed braid attempt on Dream’s hair, then brushed it out again. “Dream?” He hummed in response, looking over at Sam from his shoulder.

“Don’t you ever wish to leave this place?”

That caught Dream, and himself, off guard... but Dream was quick to recover.

“No, I don’t.” He turned fully and smiled. “I have to be here for as long as I have to, Sam. Because of what I did. So no.”

...

Sam touched his cheek, and Dream purred as he leaned in the touch in response.

He bit his lip, keeping his desires at bay. Was the person in front of him really the Dream who tormented and messed with everyone's lives? The monster and manipulator they all hated? It didn't seem like he was that person from before. And Sam couldn't help but pity him, now.

"Sammy?" Dream grasped the hand that touched his face, smiling warmly, and looking at him with those eyes that looked so precious—

His face leaned in...

He kissed his cheek.

As he pulled away, Dream expression turned to utter confusion.

Sam quickly got up from the bed, and left the prisoner's cell, not responding to Dream calling him.

A strangled kind of noise of embarrassment was punched out of his throat as his scarlet face was buried in his hands.

Shit.

Shit.

Shit.

He nearly kissed Dream on the lips. He'd been holding back a lot, and from the way Dream looked at him, Sam nearly kissed him in a way he wanted to. Shit.

It was...getting hard not to get so tempted. To control himself.

He noticed from before that Dream was so naive that he didn't have any sense of personal space. But at this point, Sam wondered whether being that blind was a good thing or not. He really needed to keep his desires in check, otherwise Dream might get into a situation he didn't want to be in because of Sam.

Shit... he was the worst...

—past again, During the sixth month, Dream's perspective (this part was written by Moon Feather, and it's awesome (wish I could write like this too) ! That you so much, kudos to you! ;))—

Dream snapped the book shut, sighing heavily from his thoughts. He needed to clear them. Setting his book aside, he retrieved his guitar.

When Sam left him with the guitar, he pondered what song he should play. A familiar tune wormed its way into his heart and his body obeyed.

Though no words were sung every strum of the guitar bleed soul and emotion. It cut clear even through the sound of the ticking clock and the bubbling lava. Slowly Dream blocked out the rest of the world and lost himself in the music.

*"I guess I have to face
That in this awful place
I shouldn't show a trace of doubt"*

Dream finally sang. It was calm, solemn even, as the words flowed from his mouth.

*"But pulled against the grain
I feel a little pain
That I would rather do without"*

Resignation, regret, pain, a flurry of emotions mixed with every breath. Dream's brows creased, his expression betraying the fact he was holding back tears.

I'd rather be...

Free-ee-ee

Free-ee-ee

Free...

I'd rather be

Free-ee-ee

Free-ee-ee

Free...

Free-ee-ee

Free-ee-ee

Free...

From here"

His mind raced with thoughts and memories of his friends, of the sun, of the wind, of the world outside the obsidian box. With every line his voice grew softer, more desperate, as if begging to some invisible god. The last line was reduced to a whisper and Dream broke. Tears streaming down his face...

That was most beautiful, love

Dream yelped when the words flashed in front of his eyes for a second before disappearing. The guitar slipped and fell from the bed, making a loud thud noise as the tune from strings sounded off key for a second.

“Nightmare?” Dream whispered in horror.

There was no response...

Still, even if it was for a second, he felt the Dreamon’s awful familiar presence within him. And that made more tears spill out from his eyes.

He would never be free from the Dreamon’s grasp...

He would always and forever be Nightmare’s caged songbird.

Dream broke down crying that night...

*You don’t know how much I wanted you last night ... and how much I want you this morning. —
(found it on Bigmatrimonial, this really fits Sam)*

Chapter End Notes

Song is from Steven universe—escapism. <https://youtu.be/StQbdpG31aA>

Will do editing way later, I need to sleep now...

Also, thank you for all the suggestions last chapter (my email kept getting notifications from your comments, including edited ones... which was a lot). But thanks anyway.

Now my next request is... I need suggestions as to what to do with Quackity and Jack.

:]

Runaway bride again

Chapter Notes

IMPORTANT EDIT: It's a short chapter, sorry if you get confused by this chapter, explanation will be there in the chapter...

Thank you so much for the suggestions last chapter.

BUT STILL NEED MORE suggestions AS TO WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH QUACKITY!

Don't forget to leave suggestions, comments and kudos!

Enjoy!

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—CURRENT TIMELINE! (Plz don't get mixed up between this chap and the last. The last was a flashback between Dream and Sam's relationship, and that flashback is over!) the next day, the mountains, in a snowy forest—

Technoblade whistled for his dogs to come by his side.

The sun was rather bright today, and there were no signs of blizzard clouds anywhere, which he was relieved.

To say that his house was in one piece was incorrect. When he arrived home yesterday, he first noticed that the roof of his home was severely damaged from the previous storms, the windows were shattered, and there were thick piles of snow everywhere on the floor. Also, a couple of his dogs died for some reason, which bummed him out. Now he had to name new ones and create tags all over again.

Currently he was hunting for food in the forest with 10 of his dogs. However, they decided to be sulky and run off somewhere in the forest, likely being grouchy at him for being a bad owner. Hopefully he'd find a big fat juicy deer or two for dinner as an apology feast for his dogs for leaving them alone for a while.

Techno whistled again when his mutts didn't respond to his calling. He groaned, annoyed. "I know y'all are mad at me for being a lousy caretaker, but misbehavior isn't an acceptable excuse for ignoring your master," he muttered under his breath as he walked to the direction where they have likely disappeared off to. "Hey! Did you find our—?"

The blood god froze in place when he locked eyes with an unfamiliar stranger.

"—Dinner...?" he finished his sentence, though he was at a loss of words right now.

She had long dirty blonde hair, all pushed to the side and hiding a shoulder. Pale skin, cherry fading lips, and vibrant green forest eyes that were bright and beautiful. She also had a white rose flower crown atop her head.

His dogs were also there, surrounding that person, but they weren't attacking her. They looked

rather eager and excited for some reason? Some were even getting pets and were licking her hand. Which was odd as his dogs usually attack anything in sight, including the helpless villagers.

“Uh, hello there!” The stranger said awkwardly as she stroked the fur of one of his dogs.

He didn’t reply as he continued to gape.

She frowned. “Excuse me, sir?”

No response.

Now, what made Technoblade this speechless wasn’t because the stranger’s enchanting face (okay, maybe it was a little bit), but because she was down on the snow, her ankle caught in a snare rope trap— which Techno set up earlier, hoping he could catch a deer or doe, (but not THAT kind of doe). And...

She was wearing a high-low, ruffled, wedding dress.

...

...

...

A wedding dress... she was someone's bride...

Techno narrowed his eyes at the woman before scanning his surroundings. “I’m assuming that 4 of your bridesmaids are also caught in my traps elsewhere?” He said to her.

The woman rolled her eyes. “No, it’s just me... can you please help me?”

Pretty~

Great, the voices started talking again.

Someone’s getting lucky.

Trespassing in the Blood god’s turf.

Blood for the Blood god!

Wait, are we going to kill her?

He studied her. “How did you tame my dogs?”

“What?”

He pointed at them as two of his dogs rested their heads on her lap. “My dogs. They aren’t usually this... affectionate with other people. What did you feed them?”

“Nothing!” She exclaimed, raising her hands. “I have nothing on me to feed them with. I was stuck here when they found me, then they started wagging their tails.”

“Hmmm, you probably smell like fine meat.”

“Hey!”

The sound of men shouting and footsteps approaching startled them both. The dogs ears peaked alert as their heads whipped to the direction of the voices.

“Oh god, they found me!” She squeaked, her eyes pleaded to him. “Please, let me go! I have to run!”

“Not unless you tell what trick you used on my dogs,”

“I didn’t!” She insisted.

Techno removed his pig mask to the side of his head, so that she could see half his face. Her eyes widened. “You’re a hybrid,” she breathed, staring at his pointy ears. “A Piglin-hybrid... this is the first.”

“What kind of helpless looking woman like you would want to run away from her own wedding? Wouldn’t your husband be heartbroken from your actions?”

She scoffed. “How is this your business?”

“Just sayin. You know, I know someone who ran away from his own wedding once after being kissed by his best friend. And man, did his husband cry hard that day. “

She raised a brow, unamused. “Shocking. My condolences to that poor man. But don’t compare my situation with that friend of yours!” He snorted at ‘friend’. “I’m running because this marriage isn’t even approved by my own family as well as myself! I’m being forced by crackpots!”

Before he could say a word, someone interrupted them. A man in a black suit, and a few other big men following behind him, likely his lackeys.

“Baby, what are you doing here?” Techno watched the expression on her face grimace from the name. “Our wedding is far from here. Come to me, Angel~”

“I am NOT your Angel, Evan” she hissed, glaring daggers at the man in the suit.

“Oh, you look cute when you get mad,” it then said that Evan guy took notice of the Blood god’s presence. “Who are you?” He questioned rather aggressively.

How impudent!

Kill him!

Show him you’re the blood god!

Weak mortals!

A sudden grin on the woman’s face made Technoblade have a bad feeling at what she was planning. She smiled sweetly as she touched her own cheek and tilted her head. “Oh, this man is just a devilishly handsome hunter, Evan. He told me he was taking me home tonight.”

“What?” His eyes twitched.

“Heh!?!?” He looked at her incredulously.

“Yes,” She said pitifully, making a troubled expression. “It seems that I not only trespassed his territory, I also got caught in his trap. “ She pointed at the rope on her ankle. “So he claimed I’m

his, isn't that awful~?"

Evan growled at the blood god. "Kill him," he ordered his lackeys. "Bring back my Emerald."

"What are you doing?" He harshly whispered to her as she glared at him.

"You refused to let me go, so why not be useful for once?" She stuck a tongue at him. Petty.

Swearing through his teeth from annoyance, he looked back at the eyesores in front of him. Even with swords in their hands, he could tell they didn't have much experience in fighting compared to him, even his dogs could take them out.

Ah, screw it. Rather than a dear, his dogs can feast on dead men tonight.

He whistled, and his mutts understood the signal. They growled and bared their fangs at the men before attacking.

Then the screaming started.

He turned to her, blocking her vision of the slaughter behind him. "You know, I thought you were some helpless doe caught in my trap, turns out you're actually a cunning snake underneath that skin.."

She smiled as she batted her eyes innocently. "You'd be surprised by what other people think of me,"

He didn't want to know as he didn't care. He crouched down and pulled out a knife to cut the rope from her. As he did that, she looked over him and gasped.

"You killed them," she whispered, as the growling and snarling stopped. There were likely body parts scattered on the snow. "I didn't think you'd..."

"My dogs did,"

"Yeah, but—" she was cut off when he removed the rope.

"There, happy? Now scam before I get my dogs to attack you," He felt so betrayed when he heard whimpering and whines from his mutts, almost as though they were asking him not to order them that. He got up and turned, "you lots literally just tore men apart from their limbs a few seconds ago! Why are you suddenly taking her side!?"

He heard her chuckle. "Maybe they like me better." She stood so suddenly that she lost her footing and her body leaned to his chest for support. He went stiff. "Sorry. I'm okay..."

Tecnoblade noticed that she wasn't even wearing any shoes, and her bare feet were red and exposed to the snow underneath. "You ran without any boots!? Aren't you cold!?"

She shrugged. "Well, it was either that, or the white high heels. And the heels don't work well in the snow. And no, I'm completely fine, I can endure this cold."

Liar. He could feel that her body was trembling against his from the cold.

He rolled his eyes, debating whether he should just drop her off to the nearby village, but noticed something when his eyes trailed to her neck...a collar...

Was... was that a slave collar?

The woman brushed her hair off her shoulder to her back, exposing... a rose shaped mark...

A slave mark...

The Angel's doll.

"You can let me go now..." Techno didn't even realize he was holding her waist as he held his breath from shock. She, no *he* looked up to him, confused. "Are you okay?"

"Dream?" He breathed with wide eyes.

"Ah..." he said surprised. "Am i supposed to know you?"

It didn't take him long to realize Dream had amnesia.

—later, Techno's cabin—

Turns out Dream could not even walk because his foot wasn't in a good condition (likely from all the running on the snow), so Technoblade had to carry him bridal-style (this is not a joke just because he was wearing a wedding dress) back home. Man he was so glad he fixed his house yesterday.

Some villagers he passed by stared at them, some even congratulated him for the marriage. Which was absolutely ridiculous.

"I'm helping him! Not marrying him!" Techno shouted at the group of giggling women who were likely going to spread rumors.

Dream chuckled. "Sorry about this... you know, you can just give me a healing potion and I'll be off."

"No,"

"Why?"

Because I need to get home, grab my communicator and tell everyone I found you. "Just cus..." he said simply. "Besides, there is no way I'm letting you run out of these mountains, barefooted, and in a wedding dress."

"Weren't you telling me to do just that earlier?"

"I didn't know it was you, Dream. I... you've never shown your face to anyone." Dream's eyes widened from shock. "You always wore a mask."

He contemplated. "...this?" He pulled out a familiar smiley porcelain mask from his inventory.

"Yeah... that..." come to think of it, would Dream even call in that favor now that he's forgotten about everything?

He tossed the mask back to his inventory again. "Huh... what is your name again?"

"Technoblade, or Techno for short. Some refer to me as the Blood God,"

Dream raised a brow. "Are you sure that's not just some high opinion you keep telling yourself?"

Snarky. Yep, this was most definitely Dream. “Remind me again, who’s helping you right now?”

“I didn’t ask for your help!”

He kicked the door of his cabin open and got in, his dogs followed him shortly. “I don’t know how long you were out there wearing that ridiculous dress, but you need to have a hot shower.” He definitely didn’t want a sick Dream staying in his place for long.

“And like I said, you don’t have to do this for me. I’ll be—“ he sneezed, covering his face with a hand. Techno stared at him and froze on spot. Was that the way he sneezed? He sounded like a fox squeaking in a very soft way.

Well that was cute.

You thought he was cute, didn’t you?

Awww, how adorable.

Pretty~

Techno shook his head, silently telling the voices to shut their traps before going to his bathroom. He carefully placed Dream in the bathtub. “I’m sure you wouldn’t need help changing outta that dress, ya?” Dream’s face flushed, he nodded quickly. “Good. Start filling the tub. Once you’re done, call for me. I’ll look for spare clothes.” He quickly left and half-closed the door.

He got the fire started at the fireplace, tossing in more dry logs so the house would start warming up sooner. The dogs and his three arctic foxes—Blitz, Ryan and Aura— were near the fireplace, sleeping all cozy on the carpet, not paying their master any heed. Yep, they were all still grouchy.

He headed upstairs to his room, opened his closet and took his time looking for any clothes that could be the right fit for Dream. When he carried him, he was surprised just how small and thin Dream’s build was. It was confusing and shocking to know just how a body like that equaled the Blood God’s strength.

He frowned when he pulled out an old yellow sweater from his closet, how did this get here? Didn’t Wilbur wear this when he was like, 17–18? It was a little smaller compared to the one he usually wears now.

“Techno!” A shout from down stairs. “A little help here, please.”

He jumped, realizing much time had passed and he still didn’t find any clothes. He ended up hastily taking black sweatpants, Wilbur’s old sweater, and a very big fluffy coat which he didn’t wear too often.

“Dream?” He knocked. “Should i come in?”

“Umm, yeah, but, uh... please leave the clothes and not look at me?” He said, sounding embarrassed.

—a little later, night—

Dinner was painfully awkward, for Techno at least.

Dream seemed too focused eating his food quietly, he hadn't noticed that Techno could hardly even put a salad into his mouth. The reason? He was distracted by many things.

One, Dream was much more slender despite having those small muscles on his arms and legs. Although Wilbur's sweater fit him nicely, the coat did not. It was oversized and too furry as it hung off loosely from both sides of his shoulders. The clothes made him look like a kitten in the middle of a furry material.

Two, his pets seemed to like Dream more than their owner—including two particular arctic foxes (gifted by Puffy) whom he still hadn't earned their trust yet. All of them had an eager glint in their eyes as they sat near Dream, wagging their tail, whimpering as they subtly begged for small torn treats—which Dream obliged to give.

Three, the slave collar on his neck was bothering him a lot. He didn't like it. It wasn't because Dream had it on him. He just wasn't used to seeing such a cruel item being placed on anyone's neck, and it took every self-control he had to not go to Dream and rip that thing out. He didn't know how Dream became a slave again, but he had an inkling that Nightmare had something to do with it, including his memory loss.

"Techno?" He banged his knees under the table, startled as he was cut from his thoughts abruptly. "I know that you were not lying that we knew each other before I lost my memories, but are you helping me because you owe me or something? I can tell we aren't friends from the way you are acting."

"We're rivals, sometimes even business partners. And, yes." He forced a piece of meat into his mouth. "I owe you a debt."

"Really? Well consider that debt repaid."

He stopped, looking at Dream in surprise. "What?"

"Consider that debt repaid. you saved my life from an awful future husband." He tossed a small piece of meat at one of his dogs. "I don't want people to owe me favors, I just don't like it. So, please... the next time you find me in deep shit, don't save me, okay? You owe me nothing now."

Techno stared at him, wordless. "How much of your memories have you lost?" He asked. How much of his pride and ego had gone down?

"Half of it...mentally I'm kinda a 15 year old slave, but according to my mother and sisters, I'm a 21 year old who's a free man... Well, at least I was. Apparently, someone made me a slave again."

15? That's how bad it was?

"It's fine, you don't need to worry. For all my life, I stopped being a child the moment I became a slave. 15 or not, I'm capable of acting maturely."

He immediately shot up to his feet. "What? No, that's not..." What the hell was Dream even saying?

"Anyway, thanks for taking care of me, and dinner. It was great. Still, I feel like I overstayed, I have to go now." He got up, but when he moved, he clumsily tripped on his own leg and nearly fell face flat to the floor if Techno hadn't saved him. He reacted and moved fast and caught Dream in his arms.

“Oh, god, I’m sorry—“

“You’re staying,” he said firmly, surprising Dream.

“What?” His green eyes widened, now that he looked at his eyes more properly, the colour was rather beautiful and vivid.

“You’re staying,” he repeated, hooking an arm behind Dream’s legs to scoop him up as he carried him like he did before. “Until that leg of yours gets better,” he beckoned his head to the bandaged ankle and foot Techno patched up earlier. “You’re staying here.”

He started walking, carrying Dream upstairs to a spare bedroom next to his. Usually that room was given to Philza whenever he came around, or an unexpected guest. Surprisingly, his pets followed them, too.

He groaned. “Just give me a potion and I’ll get better.”

“Heal naturally, Dream. Rest tonight, and maybe I’ll let you be on your way tomorrow. Not to mention, you are awfully light. You might even get blown away from tonight’s blizzard storm if you leave now.” That was a lie. There were no storm clouds or any signs of heavy snow falling again tonight. He just wanted Dream to stay for some reason? “What are you even eating these days?”

“Techno, please. You don’t owe me—“

“Dream, you saved my life. I’m not too sure why you’re brushing off that favor so easily just because I saved your lips and your status of being single/unmarried from that Evan guy when you could have fought him off so easily like you normally do.”

He frowned when Dream averted his gaze, biting his lips, but went on regardless, “I don’t know how much you’ve changed just from having amnesia, but let me take care of you for tonight. Okay?”

The blonde stared at him with his mouth slightly open, astonished by what he said. “Even... even though I’m a slave? You want to help a slave?”

He furrowed his eyes, then kicked the bedroom door open. “What does being a slave have to do with this?”

“...Nothing... thank you...”

Techno forgot to inform the rest of the SMP people about Dream until a sudden visit from his brother made him remember the next evening.

Chapter End Notes

Will edit later.

The link of the dress Dream’s wearing:

https://m.dressafford.com/sweetheart-high-low-a-line-ruffled-wedding-dress-with-appliques-and-court-train-pMK_704778.html

I know bringing techno into the picture was sudden, but how Dream ended up in his

mountain will be explained next chapter.

NEED MORE suggestions AS TO WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH QUACKITY!

Please leave comments, kudos and suggestion! :)

Innocent Dream

Chapter Notes

THE EXPLANATION AS TO HOW DREAM ENDED UP WEARING A WEDDING DRESS! Oh, and how he left the SMP so easily.

Also, I got my first fan art guys! —> <https://www.instagram.com/p/COtaSGVFCs7/?igshid=yx41zv5a6vdg>. Made by Cherry23, support the artist guys! :)

Thank you guys so much for your suggestions, i have lots of good filler ideas ;)

Also edited chapter 13 because no matter how many times I reread it, I still feel that the end was rushed.

Don't forget to leave comments and kudos!

Enjoy!

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I hate jealousy. I hate possessiveness. I'm nobody's possession.” —Olga Kurylenko

—what happened last night at the SMP, community house, no one's perspective—

Dream was made into a slave again, they thought with disbelief.

Meanwhile, to the ones who didn't know that fact... a wave of mixed emotions washed over George.

Guilt, relief, sadness, happiness and love...

George swallowed hard, his eyes never leaving Dream. The last time he'd seen Dream was when Dream dethroned him... and they had a huge argument over that...

Just say you hate me. Just say you hate me, Dream.

What? No, i don't hate you—

Dream, you've done enough.

George shook his head, trying to forget about that awful argument, even if it was for a moment. That incident wasn't worth remembering, he told himself. It was Nightmare who had dethroned George and made Eret king again right in front of him, not Dream. Dream was the victim...

Dream's an innocent man... and George did nothing to save him as he and Sapnap agreed to lock him away...

...It was... odd, seeing Dream wearing different clothes. The usual signature lime green hoodie, the black pants, turtleneck sweater and fingerless gloves... hell even that stupid smiley porcelain mask Dream always wore were nowhere in sight...

Dream didn't even look like Dream because of his clothes and long dirty blonde hair, he didn't seem like himself from the way he spoke to them. Just what on earth happened to the person he knew?

The black veil he wore to cover his face was also distracting him. Compared to the mask, the veil wasn't that secure and George could easily flip it over and see his face, if he wanted to that is. Though, it was tempting to do so...

The veil wasn't too long as the piece of fabric didn't hide his lips... Glowing lips that were likely smeared with cherry blossomed colored serum or lipstick, and they looked so good on Dream as his lips looked so kissable right now—

George blushed red, realizing what thoughts just crossed his mind and pinched himself for it. He made a mental note to hit his head on the wall for having such indecent thoughts. He shouldn't...

But, regardless, George was glad he was back.

“Ah,” Dream's attention was shifted to Puffy at the back. The hybrid was caught off guard when their eyes met, and she instinctively averted her eyes from him. Yes, she was more than overjoyed to see her duckling again, happy and relieved to see he was alive and looked unharmed. But she couldn't bring herself to go forward to talk to him more, nor hug him, because she was ashamed of herself.

She could not protect him. She could not help him when he needed her most, instead, she turned against him and let the others lock him away in prison as a life sentence punishment for his 'crimes'.

Sure they were in contact for a while through letters, but Dream was never completely open to her. She would have never known he was sick if Sam didn't tell her. When Puffy visited his prison to investigate with the group, she was shocked to see the condition of the cell. It wasn't because his cell was partially destroyed from the TNTs dropped, no. That wasn't it. The cell... felt like a **furnace**. Even with the lava gone, the obsidian walls and floor still felt so heated. Anyone who'd stayed in that cell for months with the lava still running would have suffocated from the heat.

Dream had to deal with the suffocating heat for 8 months, how was he able to deal with it?

Whether it was Dream or another prisoner, having a room where anyone would have trouble breathing wasn't acceptable.

Did Sam notice the high temperature in his room? Sam definitely took care of him and made his stay tolerable and comfortable, right? He had to, otherwise...

...

...

But the question was, did Dream ever tell him?

Dream was always available to listen to others' concerns, but he never confided in them about his own thoughts. Or the truth about Nightmare.

...

Dream had struggled alone this whole time.

She... wasn't the suitable mother figure for him. If Dream was her actual son, adopted or not, she failed him as a mother... as much as she failed him as his friend.

"Wow," she flinched when she realized Dream was right next to her, observing and looking at every part of her. "A hybrid!" He gasped in amazement. "It's been a while since I last saw a sheep kind!"

"Hey," Schlatt called out, raising his arms wide. "Ain't I her kind, too? Would love to have some attention here—" he gaged when Lily brought the tip of her scythe to his neck.

Lily growled, "I know this won't kill you since you're already dead, but this weapon has enough enchantments to hurt you. So zip it, stud."

"Yes, ma'am!" The ghost said stiffly, warily eyeing the weapon. Schlatt made a mental note to hang and flirt around Dream when this crazy hag wasn't around.

Puffy's eyes widened. "I'm sorry?" She asked confused.

Dream, realizing he was likely getting too close, stopped back. "Sorry," he said sheepishly. "Other than my sisters, there aren't any hybrids at all back in town. So I can't help but feel fascinated when I see one."

She continued to stare. "Dr—"

Dream gasped, his eyes glowing underneath the veil at the person behind Puffy. "No way," he rushed past her to take a good look at the warden.

People stared wordlessly as Dream circled around Sam with excitement. He was surprised Dream bothered approaching him when he couldn't remember him.

"A creeper hybrid. Whoa, i didn't think that was possible... you're so tall! Are half-creepers usually like that? Or is that only you?"

"Uh...?" Sam said, looking like an idiot as his face heated by how close Dream was to him. His entire body went rigid when Dream started touching his arms, gripping them lightly, then examining them as his fingers trailed across the biceps in light touches.

Dream whistled, amused. "Wow, you are very muscular for a creeper-hybrid ... well built," he noted, not noticing the incredulous stares from the SMP members, as well as a tomato faced Warden (under the gas mask of course). "Was this all from a regular work out? Or were you—" his finger's stopped trailing when his ears picked up a faint hissing sound... he finally looked at Sam. The sound was coming from him. "Uh... hey, are you okay?" He raised brow.

Sam didn't respond, instead his body went even stiffer when Dream reached out and touched his forehead, checking his temperature. The blonde was too close to him, every instinct in his body screamed to just hug him and feel that familiar embrace, kiss him right then and there...

Shit!

Fundy and Puffy's jaw dropped. Shit, Dream inadvertently paralyzed Sam. And because he had strong feelings for the younger, Sam was facing a crisis. If they didn't act soon, everyone's going to question the warden's behaviour as he usually has an unwavering personality.

Dream gasped. "Are you going to explode?" He stepped back as his eyes widened. "No, wait, are you sick? All go get a trash can—"

"NO!" Both the fox and sheep hybrid yelled in union, making everyone jump.

Puffy laughed nervously. "No, uh... Sam's just... a little tired from the fight earlier..."

Fundy nodded as they walked to Sam's sides, hooking both of Sam's arms around their arms.

"Yeah... uh... we're all just tired, really... so we'll just go out and take a breather. Bye for now, Dream!" Fundy waved hurriedly and they both dragged Sam out of the community house.

"...Dream?" He murmured to himself, confused. Why did that fox-hybrid call him Dream?

Meanwhile, while giving suspicious looks to the SMP members, especially the creeper-hybrid that just left, Lily tossed her weapon back to inventory and went to the table. She quickly noted down more intel on the letter before putting it in an envelope. She cleared her throat for Dream's attention, "Emerald, go and cure the people upstairs. I'll call for a bird and send this letter to mom."

"Got it,"

Lily smiled and left.

Right when Schlatt thought this was his opportunity, the sudden loud thump from the stairs made them all jump. They turned. Punz was there, barely able to stand as he held onto the railing of the stairs. He was sweating and had trouble breathing as he gasped loudly.

"Punz! what are you doing here, i thought i told you to stay in bed?" Eret chided as he rushed to him.

"...Why?" He said, his voice barely audible.

"What?" Eret pulled him up and helped him down the stairs.

Punz shook his head off and glared at all of them, his back hit the wall, and Punz figured he would use it as support. "Why didn't you all listen to me?" His voice sounded so hoarse, most of them winced. "I ordered you all to leave!"

Dream studied him, taking note of his terrible voice, complexion and his weak shaking body. Wasn't he one of the sick from upstairs who were poisoned? Unfortunately for him, it looked like his body had to deal with the worst effects. Dream pulled the antidote out of his inventory.

"Eyyy, Punz," Schlatt waved as he levitated from the ground and floated to him. "It's been a long while! How ya doing?"

Punz stared, his blue eyes widened. "Schlatt?!" He coughed violently, covering his mouth as he squeezed his eyes shut.

The ghost stopped smiling. "You okay? You don't look so good?"

Dream called to Punz, trying to get his attention. But the blonde didn't notice as his gaze went back

to Eret and the other people.

“What the f**k is he doing here? What-what happened after Nightmare came?”

“Uh, well,” Eret stuttered as he looked at Dream for a second then back at him. “It's a long story. But don't worry! We're all fine, sort of... we did our best to hold his army off—“

“Army—you lots fought!?”

“We won, though, no one lost their cannon life to him, just some of the mobs got to some of us,” George said, stepping forward, trying to calm his friend down.

“Excuse me,” Dream said again, but was ignored.

“I told you guys to run! Why did you all f**king decide to engage in battle with that psycho?”

“Excuse me, but Sir Punz?”

Eret hailed his hands up. “Do you think we could? If we did, you'd die by that f**king Dreamon's hands! We couldn't allow that!”

Dream groaned from his stubbornness. He walked to the SMP leader. “Oh for the love of—” he muttered, then placed the potion on his lips before grabbing Punz's face. It was then Punz noticed Dream's presence, though he had no idea it was even him.

“Hey, what are you—“ His sentence was cut short when he felt warm lips press against his. Then felt liquid flow into his mouth before swallowing.

CRACK!

Wilbur accidentally knocked a mug to the floor, and the ceramic pieces shattered and scattered across the floor. They all had their jaws drop in shock as they stood, unmoving, watching the Admin kiss the SMP leader for a couple of seconds.

Dream finally pulled away, letting his hold on Punz's face loose.

“...wha... Dream?” George whispered, flabbergasted. Clearly everyone was at a loss of words.

“I apologize.” Dream said, wiping his mouth with the white sleeve of the coat. The pink colour shades smeared on the white fabric. “But considering your terrible pale state of complexion, and your hoarse voice, and judging by the way you were slumping against the wall for support—you were literally 7 minutes away from dying.”

Punz said nothing as he dropped to the floor, gawking up at Dream—and his expression made him look stupid as a red blush crawled from his neck to his ears.

Dream casually pulled another potion from his inventory. “I just saved your life. You're welcome.”

“...Dream?” He questioned, putting the appearances aside and finally recognizing the voice. “You... what?”

The blonde tilted his head. “Why do people keep calling me that?” He shrugged. “No matter, I'mma head upstairs and cure the rest of your friends, now. Oh, ” he looked at the rest of the gaping people. “Uh, don't tell my sister what I did. Please? She overreacts and would start murdering if she finds out.” Without sparing a glance, he slipped past Punz and went to the second floor to join Niki and Tubbo.

...

Punz touched the lower part of his face, realizing Dream's lipstick or some lip cosmetic was smeared on his lips when he got kissed. "...What just happened?" Punz questioned with wide eyes, nobody answered him. He then noticed Schlatt, his feet back on the floor, arms crossed as he glared daggers at him. He clicked his tongue loudly.

"You lucky f**k."

—present, Techno's cabin, guest room, Techno's perspective —

Technoblade turned away from Dream and spat tea out of his mouth.

"Gross," Dream remarked as he rolled his eyes, unamused.

He wiped his mouth. "You kissed Punz?" He yelled in surprise, placing the cup down on the bedside table.

"Don't make it sound like what i did for him was romantic or shit. I saved his life! And he was the SMP leader."

10 minutes ago, Techno put Dream under the covers of the bed as his dogs and foxes surrounded them, sleeping on the floor. He sat on a stool next to the bed as Dream narrated his side of the story of what happened when they came to the server yesterday. Including an unexpected fight between them and some guy who looked like him (Techno reckoned it was Nightmare). He was a little nervous to know that Tommy had gotten himself poisoned (he won't admit out loud that he cares for his brother despite the voices yelling at him he did), but was relieved to know he was fine now.

"Unofficial leader," he corrected. "But you still had your lips over his!" He could not get over the fact that his rival did something like THAT to save a friend he couldn't remember.

He shrugged. "It's not a big deal. I did what I had to do to help. It's not like these lips of mine are a virgin to begin with." The hybrid frowned at that last one, noticing a sad expression flash on his face before it was gone.

"...So... how do you know Schlatt when you should have forgotten him?" He asked.

"He and his friend came by the club last month." Dream said petting one of the foxes that hopped onto the bed and went to Dream's side. "They were likely just bored and wanted to be entertained that night. When they saw me, we just... talked all night long."

"Wait, what were you doing at the club?" There's no way he was going to believe his rival—the man who equaled his strength, and was hella smart and tactical— was an entertainer of sorts... no way—

"Oh, I'm just a bartender most of the time."

"Most?" He raised his brow.

Dream shrugged causally, stroking the white fur of the fox. "Well, when I was younger, I usually helped my sisters dress up and put on their makeup and stuff and greet customers. Now... Sometimes I dance when I feel like it, sometimes I sing when I want to grab a certain attention. Sometimes I go around the club as a security guard... but yeah, I'm mainly a bartender as my

sisters believe it's much safer for me to stay in one place where they can keep an eye out for me. They said something about me getting into an uncomfortable situation with one of the customers now that I'm older..."

"...huh," one of Techno's eyes twitched. Did Dream forget that he was about to get married to an asshole today? That was likely one of the risk his sisters were working about since he's a slave .

Dream went on, "However, thanks to me, Schlatt and his friend became regular customers for the club. He usually orders drinks and we talk and play little games, and he flirts a lot with me openly. My sisters don't like him very much because of that. His friend also calls me 'Mamacita' for some reason?"

The Piglin-hybrid grimaced.

The blonde contemplated for a bit. "You know, what I don't understand is that if Schlatt knew me from before, why didn't he tell me right there? The truth... was it something not worth mentioning?"

Technoblade averted his eyes. Everyone knew about Dream's imprisonment, all except Dream... should they even tell him about that? That they falsely imprisoned him for crimes he didn't commit...

Not to mention, if his sisters, Lily in particular, was that protective about him to draw out her weapon, the whole SMP members would be dead if they knew.

The blood god decided to change the topic. "...How did you do it?"

"What?"

"How did you make an antidote for them when the regular potions weren't working? Is the poison rare but you were already familiar with it?"

"Oh," Dream smiled warmly, "I wouldn't say it's rare as it isn't something produced by Mother Nature naturally, the poison's modified."

"Modified?" He frowned. "It was made in some lab?"

Dream scratched his head. "Well, i guess." He said softly as he contemplated. "I don't know where exactly the poison was made by my lookalike, but the originals were created in my old house by my mother."

His red blood eyes widened. "What? Your mother?" He was not getting a good feeling about this.

Dream continued to smile as he calmly said, "My biological mother. She frequently poisoned me when I was younger to see the results of her tests."

The blood god's face paled.

"I didn't die on the spot since she only fed me small doses of the poison, then gave me antidotes..." he frowned to himself. "I think I was given the poison too many times that I gradually didn't need the antidotes anymore."

"Dream..." he breathed.

"Actually, I think my body itself became immune to all kinds of poison after—"

“DREAM!” Techno shook him as he gripped the sides of his shoulders harshly. “What the hell— NO MOTHER should ever do that to their own child! Why would she do that to you!?”

Dream gave a confused look as he tilted his head. “My mother never had the intention of killing me, though? She did those little experiments because she wanted to change the colour of my eyes.”

His breath hitched.

The blonde gently touched the back of one of his hands, easing Techno to let him go.

“Sorry,” he said, forgetting about his sharp claws.

Dream smiled sadly. “My mom... hated the colour of my eyes... even though I inherited most of her good looks, she often ranted about how much the colour reminded her of my father. I couldn’t blame her, really. My mom gave everything to my dad, and when she found out about the affair, she was in so much of pain and grief every time she thought about him.”

“...So your eyes were never green?”

He shook his head. “I can’t remember what shade it originally was since it was a long time ago... but when my mother succeeded, I remember her being so happy about it, she cuddled me for the first time, and I didn’t need to sleep on the couch in the attic since then.”

It took everything he had to not tear and claw down the walls of this room. She not only made him a slave, but she was also poisoning her own child?! Poisoning him constantly just so that she could change the colour of his eyes?! That was absolutely ridiculous! And his mother didn’t let him sleep on the same bed as her until *after* the eye colour changed? Just how long had she treated him like a lab rat? Even if that woman was Dream’s mother, why was Dream still smiling when he told all the horrible things she’d done to him? It’s basically abuse and neglect! Didn’t Dream see that?

“...it’s odd,” Dream whispered, getting his attention. “I don’t usually tell people this. It’s not that talking about my relationship with my mother is too personal to me, or that I don’t want people to pity me. I’m aware ... that what she did was wrong, but it’s all in the past, and we can’t change what’s already been done.” Dream smiled at him. “I guess... I told you all this because I trust that you won’t treat me too differently than how you do now.”

Techno looked at him... then he remembered Puffy’s words from before that he shouldn’t treat Dream any differently when they found out he was a slave... now a slave again... “yeah,” he sighed.

Dream wanted to be treated as equals, rivals or not, Techno would just do that. Because he’s a person, not a pet nor servant.

“Thanks,”

Techno patted his shoulder. “Okay, Dream, wanna give me the shorter version of the story, or tell everything tomorrow? ‘Cause it’s getting late.”

“Hmm... maybe shorter, I’ll try to speed it up. Anyways,” he sighed and continued the story.

“In exchange for curing all the sick, me and my sister slept in a room at a hotel free of charge... Then way early this morning, we got an urgent message from our mother stating that the unmannered men, my family sedated, managed to escape sometime back. So we left without saying goodbye.”

Techno frowned. He did get a message from the SMP leader stating that Quackity, Ant and Jack went to another server to find a way to revive this server, but Dream's family sedated them? Wow, that took protectiveness to a whole different level.

"We were on our way back home... but Evan and his men ambushed us. I sent my sister home safely, of course, but I was knocked out. When i opened my eyes...I found myself in a wedding dress..."

He smiled awkwardly at him as one of the foxes licked his hand happily. "So, at that moment, I did what I did best... I showed a clean pair of heels..."

His lips thinned. "You basically ran so fast that you forgot to wear shoes." He summed up.

"...yeah,"

"Unless you didn't notice where you were located, I'd say you're an idiot."

"Hey, I panicked! I was so close to getting owned by him when he pulled out that ring!"

"Owned?" He questioned. "What do you mean owned?"

Dream didn't look at him as he continued to stroke the foxes fur. "I'm not surprised that you don't know. Slavery is, after all, illegal and the system is outdated." He paused to look at him. "You can have ownership over a slave in 3 ways. One is by documenting and making an official slave ownership certificate over a slave, second is by killing the slave master to obtain the slave, the last is by marrying a slave."

"I thought slaves were forbidden to get married?"

He hummed. "Well... I wouldn't say it's forbidden. It's more like it's considered unwise for a slave to marry someone out of love. The reason is... once you marry that person, he or she owns you, and if the relationship goes wrong down the line..." he shook his head as his breath shuddered. "You can't leave... you-you can't file a divorce and walk away like nothing ever happened. No... you're bound to that person for life and... it's..." he swallowed. "That scenario is considered to be the worst kind of ending for any slave..."

Dream took a breath. "If... if I had a relationship with someone and got married... and if I had a cheating lover, like in my mother's case... unlike her, I can't walk away."

Techno noticed that he bit his lips as he stopped petting Blitz. The fox looked up and whined, wagging his tail. "So that Evan guy..." he said, but trailed off.

Dream hesitated. "He... we met at a party last month, Evan and I danced together once and... after that, he became delusional with the thought of how perfect I was for him...This was actually his 5th attempt this month."

"5th?" He said, shocked.

He nodded. "Each time the weddings were thrown in different locations, and in each attempt I managed to escape. Though, I'd say this time was rather tricky because of all the snow. Which is why I am eternally grateful to you for saving me... and which is also why i said the debt is repaid... okay?"

He huffed in disbelief. Was that delusional piece of shit that persistent? Techno was glad he killed him off, though now he was wishing he should have taken his time to rip him to shreds.

“Why didn’t you fight back? Or tell anyone?” He found himself asking. The Dream he knew (if he had known him at all) would do just that. And didn’t his family care for him? Why didn’t they protect him?

The blonde flinched and looked away. “...it’s because I can’t,” he whispered, “I’m a slave... as much as I am not allowed to disobey my master and their relatives, I can’t cause direct physical harm to other people unless I am ordered to.”

Techno clenched his fist. “So... Hypothetically, let’s say i punched you, or did something that brought you grave pain... you can’t do nothing to me?”

“Nope. My hands are tied... even if i tried, the magic enchantments on this,” he pointed at the slave collar of his neck, “would start hurting me.” he sighed. “That’s how slavery works. I can either talk my way out, or run... and running has mostly been my best option...” he chuckled half heartedly. “A coward’s card, i know... but without an order i can’t do anything.”

“You’re not a coward, Dream,” his ruby eyes locked with emerald ones. “You... do what you have to do to survive... and given that you’re a slave, you don’t have a lot of choices.”

To see his rival in such a pitiful state... It made Techno’s blood boil. He always considered slaves to be a weak class as they couldn’t defend themselves and were dependent on their masters to protect them. But it seemed like their lives were far more grim. He didn’t think there would be magic enchantments on those damned collars, guess it meant that strong willed slaves couldn’t fight back even if they could. God, the urge to take that f**king collar off of Dream became stronger. Even the voices in his head were raging with anger so loud, he muted them. Maybe he’d try tomorrow.

Dream nodded, licking his lips. “Yeah... And since you were the one who ended Evan and his goon’s lives, I don’t get any punishment because i wasn’t the one who ordered you, so thank you again.”

“As for telling someone...well, in Evan’s case... i couldn’t. I met Evan at a party one of my sisters threw 4 weeks back. She cares and dotes on me a lot... I...I didn’t want to hurt her or think this was her fault. I didn’t want this issue to be a burden to them. Of course now that my other sister, Lily, found out about this lunatic, I have a whole lot of explaining to do once I get home... hopefully it wouldn’t go off too badly once i tell them you helped me...”

The blood god hummed in agreement, then looked at the clock. It was already midnight. shit, they talked a lot despite saying to keep the conversation short. Technoblade stood. “It’s getting late, you should rest...” Techno eyes at the three foxes that were currently atop of Dream’s bed when they know very well they shouldn’t be. “Alright you three, tonight I’ll let you have special bed privileges. But I swear, if any of you make a mess or shred the pillows to feathers, you’re all will be sleeping out for a month!”

The foxes whined, and went to Dream’s side to nuzzle their noses to his neck and face for affection. Dream giggled, and Techno couldn’t see his face at all due to all the fluffiness. He rolled his eyes, and gave orders to the 10 dogs on the floor to keep watch over Dream in case there was another freaky stalker who wanted the blonde as his bride.

Right when Techno was about to leave, Dream tugged on his sleeve. Techno looked at the blonde, seeing his head pop out of all the white fluffiness.

“I... I was wondering about this for a while now, but... why do people call me Dream?”

He stared. "That's your name."

"My name? I have a name?"

His brows raised. "What do people usually call you?"

"...My mother never gave me a name. She just either called me 'my child' or 'brat'," his eyes narrowed from those names. "Um, when I was sold off, the slave dealers decided to name me Emerald because of my eyes... and that slave name stuck since then..." he tilted his head. "Who named me Dream?"

"... I think you took that as your own name. I heard your original name was Clay or something, but you named Dream yourself..."

"Clay... Dream..." he frowned, contemplating. "I named myself..." after a few seconds Dream looked up and smiled warmly, giving Techno mixed feelings. He wasn't used to maskless Dream and his open and readable expressions. This was all new to him, it was too soon to say whether he liked this change.

Before he knew it, Dream pulled him down a bit and wrapped his arms around his neck, hugging him.

What?

"Sorry, just... i really wanted to...thanks for everything, Techno..."

"... You can thank me once you're healed and out of my house," he said, as the tip of his ears turned red from embarrassment. He wasn't much of the touchy nor huggable type. And he will never be.

The moment he heard purring, however, Techno went stiff with shock. Dream was literally purring like a cat. Did he ever make such sounds before? Okay, this was weird, Technoblade was Dream's rival, not his teddy bear to purr in contentment. Right when he was gonna tap Dream's shoulder to signal him to let go, his hybrid instincts picked up something...

A sweet scent...

He frowned as he sniffed the air again. His mind went hazy... He unconsciously wrapped an arm around Dream's waist as Techno's head shifted to his neck, taking in the addictive alluring scent. His mind fogged with desire, his eyes slowly closing...

It was sweet, like natural strawberry or cherry sweet, not those awful artificial scents from whatever strong concentrated perfume people wore. Those products always disgusted him.

It smelled good.

He held Dream tighter as his other hand snaked up and wrapped around his neck, holding him closer. Techno buried his nose even deeper at the blonde's neck for more.

Dream smelled good...

So good...

Mine...

His lips pressed on the spot where the scent smelt the strongest. He opened his mouth wide, fangs

bearing, *ready to bite, to taste, to mark as his—*

He immediately snapped out of his daze state when he heard Dream yawn, which sounded like a cat mewling, as his shoulder raised a bit before sagging down with ease . “I know you’re tired, Techno. But please don’t fall asleep on me like this.”

He immediately let go when he realized what he was about to do. “Goodnight!” He half shouted as he rushed out of the room and slammed the door shut to go to his room.

He shut his room door.

The hell, the hell, the hell!?!?

What the f**k just happened back there? His mind went into a daze state. His hybrid instincts were triggered somehow just from a whiff of Dream’s scent—that smelled so damn good... so good... he wanted—

SMACK!

Techno slapped himself, hard, to shake *those* thoughts off... this...this never happened before... what?

He covered his mouth with a hand as his eyes widened. “I could have bitten him...” he whispered to himself in disbelief. “What the f**k?” That was dangerous... Why did he nearly do that? Dream was his rival! They weren’t even proper friends, nor lovers, yet he, he tried to bite—

He unconsciously unmuted chat, and the voices began screaming at him in rage and outbursts.

Mate!

Mate!

Mate!

FOUND MATE!

FOUND MATE!

PROTECT MATE!

MATE BELONGS TO THE BLOOD GOD!

MATE!

Techno had a hard, troublesome and exhausting mental battle against the voices that night, unable to believe that Dream was his destined partner.

He didn't sleep so well that night.

Between a friend and a lover there is a barrier that is extremely easy to break.— big matrimonial.com

Chapter End Notes

When I write mate, I mean soulmate, or someone's destined lover. so to those who had a different idea...GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE GUTTER AS THIS IS NOT THAT KIND OF FIC!

ANYWAYS,...

I found this amazing artist (you guys probably know them) on AO3, and realized that Dream looks exactly how i Imagined him to be in this art—>

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/27121373/chapters/74894187#workskin>

The same goes for Sam, too if he was wearing a gas mask. And Punz.

But seriously, those who are big Dreamnoblade shippers, this artist—Suga_BloomLili — is an absolutely amazing author and artist!

Support the artist guys!

:)

Endure it

Chapter Notes

Don't forget to leave comment and kudos
:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sometimes you just have to smile, pretend everything's okay, hold back the tears and just walk away. —unknown, but this fits Dream, you'll see why.

—next day, community house, Punz's perspective—

“THAT’S THE LAST TIME I’M EVER SETTING FOOT IN THAT CLUB. THAT HOSTESS CLUB, OR STRIP CLUB, OR ANY KIND OF CLUBS!”

Jack yelled for the 30th time and drank his tenth cup of coffee, having it like a shot.

Way early this morning, Jack, Quackity and Antfrost arrived at his door, looking ragged and traumatised. Punz and Eret had them wrapped in warm blankets, having them drink cups of coffee. Lots of coffee.

They got the gist of what happened in that club: They saw Dream working as a bartender, with maddening calm rage they approached him and tried to get him out, only to be stopped and outnumbered by the staff and bouncers, before getting sedated. They managed to escape just a couple of hours ago.

“Dream was on the other server, in that club!” Quackity yelled. “I’d say we storm in that place with our gear and weapons and take him forcefully back to the prison! He deserves that!”

“...Yeah, about that...” Eret started awkwardly looking between them and Punz.

They furrowed their brows, noticing something strange hung in the air. “What?” Quackity questioned. Punz averted his gaze, taking a sip of the coffee

“Uhh...” Eret gave the goofiest grin. “ Dream French kissed Punz.”

The light blonde choked from that statement and coughed hard, while Jack spat his coffee out to Ant's face. Quackity's mouth dropped.

“JACK, GROSS!”

“ERET, WHAT THE HELL!? THAT’S NOT WHAT HE DID!”

“WHAT THE HELL?” Quackity shot to his feet. “Dream was here? What the hell happened while we were gone for a day—“

“2 days,” Eret corrected. “And a lot has happened... um, you won’t believe it if I told you, mate. But uh...”

And they told them everything...

—flashback, Past, a decade ago at an old shack...—

The child felt a harsh sting on his cheek after following the sound of a loud smack.

“WHAT DID I TELL YOU?!” A woman, his mother, screeched with lividity and anguish. “Don’t appear before me until after you take the vial!” She turned her heel and stormed off to another room.

“I’m sorry, mom...” he said softly, feeling the redness spread on his cheek as he touched it. Ah, she was probably in a fowl mood today. She hit him much harder than usual, his skin got cut from her nails...

Well, it was his mistake he forgot this morning.

The child quickly moved out of the room, climbing up the ladder to the attic. He opened the drawer, uncapped one of the many small vials his mother made for him, and drank the black liquid inside. He shut his eyes tight from the sour and bitter taste and swallowed hard. After a few seconds he choked, and fell to the ground as he coughed out blood. This was only for a moment...

Endure it.

He told himself...

Breathe.

This is nothing new.

Endure it.

...

The burning and agonizing sensation in his stomach faded...

He could finally breathe again. His body eased as he got up from the floor. He checked his eyes with the pocket mirror he fished out.

Purple.

Good. Mother would be satisfied with this.

He went downstairs, picking up a small vase with 3 thornless roses inside before approaching his mother. She was on the couch, pressing the palms of her hands over her eyes, her breathing unsteady as her body trembled.

Except for his eye colour, he looked exactly like her. She had short dirty blonde hair, light freckles on her glowing pale milky skin, and a slim built... though, rather than a diet, it was more like she was wasting away.

Her eyes always looked so puffy and red from crying, her lips were colourless...

She wasn’t going to last long...

He knew that. She was likely not going live when he turned 8 or 9...

Even though he was a pitiful 6 year old slave boy, he was quick to notice and note things about his mother as well as his surroundings.

Mom loves roses, so I have to remove the thorns for her so she wouldn't accidentally prick herself.

A slave needs to obey their masters without fail if they wish not to face the consequences.

Mom loves every other shade of colour except my original eye colour.

Nobody likes a slave, as they are a class of burden. So I need to be useful to her.

Mom always needs help cooking, wearing her dresses and putting on makeup.

I have to please mom more. Make her happy.

“Mom,” the child said as he smiled as he raised the vase to her eye level. Her hazy sky blue eyes looked at the red roses, then at him, his eyes in particular. A smile formed on her lips.

“Come, sit with me, my lovely *daughter*, ” she opened her arms wide as her smile widened. He nodded and leaned forward, sitting on her lap as his bandaged fingers, injured from when he plucked the thorns out earlier, held the vase firmly.

The child closed his eyes as he silently sighed, feeling the comforting embrace and warmth from her.

This was how it's always been.

She'd hate him one minute, but love him the next. She'd cherish him preciousely, but then push him away with disgust.

And to get back at his father, she enslaved him and treated him as a daughter rather than a son. On the slave contract, she specifically made conditions where he'd have to act like a girl, and wear feminine clothing. His mother picked out dresses and skirts, she'd have his hair grow out longer and occasionally trim it. Sometimes he had a feeling that his mother became so delusional that she forgot he was a male. But the times when she did acknowledge him as a boy were the only times when she treated him harshly as a slave.

His mother pulled away, cupping his cheek with adoration. “Shall we go to the market today, my sweet?” She grinned as her eyes softened.

The child smiled at her. “Yes!”

The pitiful little boy changed to a dress his mother made for him. He handed the straw hat to his mother, she gladly took it. They smiled at one another lovingly, forgetting the incident that happened this morning. And together, hand in hand, they walked out of their house...

— — —

In the end... she threw him away...

Now 7 years old, arms shackled, trapped inside an elephant sized cage in a huge storage room...

Where did I go wrong? He questioned himself. His teeth clattered from the freezing, unforgiving metal surface of the iron cage. The oversized jacket the slave dealers provided him was too thin and tattered, the shorts were not long enough to reach his knees...

He thought by now he'd gotten used to the hard, cold biting sensation from the metal... perhaps it's because they left him here for more than 5 hours that he was starting to shiver.

Endure it, he told himself.

Endure it, only then will I survive...

Still, he could not help but ask himself...

Did I not please mom enough?

Strange... I'm sure she was really happy to finally change my eye colour permanently last year. I helped her with the groceries, cleaned the house, made food for her whenever she was recovering from her hangover, etc...

I always made everything perfect for her.

Did I make a mistake along the way?

... Maybe I still remind her of dad... maybe this her ultimate way of getting back at him...

Emerald was sold him off to the slave dealers 3 months back. Since then, he'd been stuck here in the black markets. Right after he was brought here, the slave dealers came to the conclusion that he **had to be** sold off to the highest bidder. Even though he was still just 8 years old, they could easily visualise just how beautiful he would become once he matured. They took a good look at his mother while she received her bag of diamonds, so it would be natural that he would grow and look exactly like her.

He could have scarred his face, made a litter of scars across his cheeks with his nails to damage his pretty image, to avoid getting sold off to people he didn't know.

But he couldn't... because he looked like his mother.

And he still loved her deeply. He could never hate her.

He wasn't going to be here for too long now. It took longer than expected, but it seemed like they finally found a wealthy buyer. But he'd have to be shipped off to another continent, which was going to take months to reach.

"Mom, are you doing well without me?" He whispered, his half-lidded eyes fluttered in worry. He hugged his legs tightly as his teeth continued to clatter.

Endure it.

He didn't cry. He... simply couldn't... since he didn't see the point of it. He had been beaten, slapped, and poisoned by his mother for years, now physical pain didn't get to him anymore. Crying from emotions was a big question. Although he did enjoy the warmth and pets his mother provided from time to time, most of the time he painted a big smile on his face in front of her to show his appreciation. He may have had emotions like revulsion and hatred one time, but his mother snuffed those out.

All except pity and love towards her.

Emerald's body jerked up when he heard shouts and loud footsteps approaching his direction. He looked through the thin bars.

“Miss Raven, please, understand we already have a buyer for that slave!” One of the slave dealers yelled, his tone pleading as he followed behind her nervously. “You already bought all the other slaves, are you not satisfied with them?!”

A tall woman (taller than the slave dealer), covered in a fur coat from head to toe, approached his cage. She stood in front of him, a single red eye observing him while the other was covered with an eye patch.

Emerald's eyes widened from her beauty. Other than his mother, he never came across someone else that equaled her. He always believed his mother was the prettiest in the world.

Her brows furrowed as she crouched down to his eye level. “This slave is clearly a male,”

The blonde flinched, shocked. For the first time, someone could tell he was a boy despite his feminine appearance and body.

“Why is he dressed like this? Why does he look like that?” The woman growled at the man behind her over her shoulder.

He gulped. “That—that's his contract condition! The woman who sold him to us insisted that he'd have to live his life being treated as a girl... we-we don't know the reason, since we didn't ask...”

The woman hummed, observing him as she contemplated. And for the first time in a while, he felt self-conscious of his appearance. Horrible, he was sure.

“Set the paper work, I'm taking him today,” she declared, getting back up.

Emerald's breath hitched.

The man looked flabbergasted. “B-but—” he sputtered.

“Don't make me repeat myself,” her voice turned stern. “Whatever amount that buyer of yours offered, I'll pay triple.”

“Triple!? Hold on, I—”

“Take the money now, or I'll set this market up in flames. Your pick.”

That threat was enough to set him off his feet. “YES MADAM!”

...Amazing. She scared him off... just who was she?

“Don't worry, kid,” she told him, softening her tone as they locked eyes.

“I'll give you the life you deserve...”

—Current timeline, Techno's house, next morning, no one's perspective—

Dream's eyes fluttered open.

He sat up slowly, taking in a breath as he shuddered. Why did he suddenly start dreaming about the past? His mother, birth mom... he hadn't thought about her for a long while now...

Before he could contemplate further, the foxes started licking his face, making him jump in surprise. He started giggling from their ticklish licks. "Stop, stop, stop," he didn't notice the door of the room open until Technoblade walked in with his messy long hair. He held two mugs in his hands, whistling to his dogs and signaling them to leave the room and go downstairs, and they obeyed. The foxes looked at their owner lazily.

"Morning," he grunted, looking away from his face.

"Good morning, Technoblade." Dream smiled at him as he petted the foxes. "Sleep well last night?" Dream didn't need him to answer when he turned at him. The blonde gasped at the bags under his eyes. "I take that as a no... are you okay? What happened last night?"

"You don't need to know," the Piglin-hybrid said, averting his eyes. He handed the mug of hot cocoa to Dream.

"Thank you," he smiled at him as his eyes softened.

Techno bit his lip. Yeah, he was not used to this. Dream's open expressions, his politeness, his warm smiles... the new feeling in his gut was unidentifiable and unsettling, it all was so foreign and new. He didn't like it.

He cleared his throat. "How's your leg?" He asked.

"It's better now all thanks to you, thank you,"

He fought off a shudder that trembled through him. "Stop that," he hissed.

"Hmm?"

"Stop... stop being so polite. Stop-stop thanking me every minute... it's unlike you."

"Oh..." he looked down to the mug, his smile melting away as he now looked like a rejected puppy. "I didn't realize I was making you uncomfortable. I'm sorry."

Techno stared at him incredulously before slapping a hand over his eyes to not look at that face. *Stop apologizing, too, goddamnit!*

Great, now he felt bad. Damn him and his readable expressions...

Mate!

Mate is sad!

Stop being a wimp and comfort your mate, ya wimp!

Will you all shut your mouths for once? He barked internally at the stupid voices in his head. Not once had they let him have a wink of sleep until he admitted that Dream was his mate. He wasn't!

"How good are you at using a weapon?" Techno blurted out before the voices could start arguing.

Dream looked up, surprised. “Hmm? Oh, I’m... good, I guess.” Dream took a sip of the cocoa. “Why do you ask?”

The Dream he knew, if he had known him at all, fought against him during the PvP matches, and was equally good at using his sword. Although he lost, the Blood God had to admit that Dream was the only person in the server who could survive fights against him rather than die immediately.

“Care to spare with me?” He couldn’t help grinning.

Dream gaped at him as his foxes looked at him like he was the biggest moron.

“After you healed, of course,” he quickly added.

The blonde still stared at him. He mumbled something that wasn’t audible for the hybrid to hear. “What?”

“Am i allowed to?”

His eyes narrowed. “What do you mean? I’m asking you.”

“Right... umm...” he set the mug aside atop the small bed table. “Maybe you’ve forgotten that I can’t cause other people harm because I’m a slave?”

He snorted. “Who says you can harm me? I’ve had a number of experiences—”

“That is not what I meant. My abilities are restricted. I am incapable of holding a weapon, whether it is fighting or sparing, unless I’m given permission.”

“From your masters?”

He shrugged causally. “Well if they aren’t around, the second people with authority are the people around me.”

...

...

...

He stilled for a moment, only to realize what Dream meant. “Me?” He questioned. “I can give you permission? Order you around?”

“... My masters are the ones I can’t disobey at all, otherwise people like you... like I said last night, my only options are either talking my way out, or to run...” he chuckled dryly. “I can’t say no directly...”

...

...

He didn’t like this. Not. One. Bit.

Techno’s fist clenched, trying to keep his rage at bay. He hated this. He didn’t like to see his rival hit rock bottom. That damn f**king slave system, that stupid collar.

F**k it!

Technoblade walked, hastily placing the mug to the bedside table, Dream frowned from the sudden movement. Was he angry?

“Techno?” He called, but gasped when the pinkett grabbed his shoulders roughly as he leaned closer. The bed dipping from the new weight of Techno’s knee on the mattress.

He took a breath. “Dream,” he said as calmly as he could, but the blonde could see the fire raging in his eyes, “I’mma break that collar out of your neck.”

“What?” He sputtered, shocked. This is not what he expected.

“I’ve been holding back from last night,” he gritted through his teeth as grasped his shoulders tighter, “but I can’t stand it anymore. I’m taking that f**king thing off.”

“...You can’t,” Dream said in a soothing voice, trying to calm him down.

“Why the f**k not?”

“Because if you do, I’ll die on the spot,”

His breath hitched, letting him go. He sat on the side of the bed right near where Dream’s legs were stretched underneath the covers.

He sighed. “Again... that’s how slavery works... When someone is made as a slave, their life force is bound by a slave contract.”

“Where’s your slave contract?”

“Does it matter? Whether the contract is torn or burned, it’s enchanted... That’s why there were a lot of cases of runaway slaves in the past... Well, all except for me because of my brand...”

“The Angel’s Doll?”

“You know about it?”

“Not much,”

Dream nodded. “During my first few months in the black markets... I escaped a couple of times, but I was always found and dragged back and punished. Back then, I wasn’t branded yet, so people’s authority over me wasn’t that strong as I wasn’t owned. The slave dealers chained me, imprisoned me in a cage made of wood, then cement, then iron. But I was too clever, and I always managed to escape. But the more I retaliated, the more pissed off they became. So they eventually branded me this.” He pulled Wilbur’s yellow sweater down to show the rose scarring.

Techno was confused. “I thought slave branding just gave slave roles to play. How does branding make you stay still in one place when you didn’t have an owner yet?”

Dream opened his mouth, but nothing came out. He tried to think about his next words carefully. “If... if we compare the ranks of slave branding, the Angel’s Doll ranks rock bottom because... we... we’re, uh... supposed to be unpaid hookers...”

A stare.

“... We’re basically sexslaves.” He explained bluntly, “We... stay pretty, let people do what they want with us, and the Angel’s doll prevents us from running away. Because... because we’re supposed to sit still, be obedient dolls as we get ... played...” Dream hugged himself, nails digging

his arms. “Um... if i wasn’t saved, i would have been working in a brothel in another continent by now...”

He still continued to stare. Wordless...

“It’s one of the reasons why my sisters and foster mother are so protective of me... my mother did everything she could to free me, but the Angel’s doll just made my slave status harder to get rid of.” Dream clapped his hands together as a thought hit him. “Speaking of my family, i need to send them a message.” He pulled a piece of paper from his inventory. “Techno, I’m sorry but can you help me walk over there to the window?”

His mind went blank...

Techno didn’t say a word, but helped him walk. He went to the window and latched it open. The Blood god towered a little over behind him, as he held the blonde up with his arms to stand. He didn’t react when the younger whistled, and an eagle landed on his windowcell before sending the bird off with the paper tied to it’s leg.

That crest... is known as the Angel’s doll. Not many people have that crest, and it’s rarer for a male to play the role forced to them.

Your only purpose is to protect your master, entertain his or her friends or customers.

Techno recalled what Puffy told him and Wilbur about the Angel’s Doll two months back... Is this what she meant?

Dream's role as a slave was a sexslave?

Dream, meanwhile, beamed as he watched the eagle fly off away. “With this, my sisters won’t start their hunt for me for another day. Don’t worry, I didn’t give them the location of your home as I know they get super aggressive with the idea that I’m alone with a stranger. But you aren’t like the other guys since we already know each other. So I trust you.” Dream leaned his back to Techno’s chest. “Thanks, again, Tech. But, please, I have to go.”

Instinctively, Techno’s strong arms wrapped around Dream’s torso, bringing the younger’s body closer to his, stopping Dream from moving anywhere. “The potion may heal you, but pain is another story. It’ll likely take an hour to go away.” He said.

Why was he trying hard to stop Dream from leaving?

Mate!

No, absolutely not.

Dream rolled his eyes, brushing his blonde hair away from his neck.

Techno stiffened as he could smell the faint sweet scent that drove him mad last night. What exactly was that smell, anyway? It made his wild animal side go insane. He bit his lip, hard, putting his instincts at bay.

The younger looked over his shoulder at him. Looking at his face closer, Techno could see light freckles on his cheeks and neck. “It’s fine. I don’t want to burden you any more than I already have. The debt is repaid, remember? I can come down these mountains on my own. If it hurts, I’ll just *endure it* just like I always have.” He looked out the window again.

Endure it.

Dream said...

His red eyes went wild. Something about what Dream said set off his instincts.

Protect!

Protect!

Protect!

The voices chanted.

“Technoblade?” Dream tapped the back of his hand that held his torso, gesturing the taller male to let him go. But instead he held Dream tighter. He buried and nuzzled his nose at the crook of his neck, inhaling that alluring scent. God it smelled so intoxicating. He couldn’t get that scent out of his head no matter how hard he tried, his instincts wouldn’t let him. “Techno? Are you still sleepy?”

He groaned, shutting his eyes.

Good... so good.

Dream smelled *deliciously* good...

Mine.

“Want you... my mate, protect... stay,” he mumbled unconsciously, his lips pressing on the side of his neck lightly. His mind was so hazy from the scent, he didn’t know what he was even saying. All he could think of was *mine*.

My Mate? Dream frowned. Was he talking in his sleep? Wait, did he doze off while they were like this? He huffed, shaking his head with disbelief. If Techno was this clingy on him, how can he ever step out of the house?

Dream frowned as he contemplated.

Despite claiming to be rivals and business partners, Techno did kindly take care of him. Looking after him rather intimately...

“Techno, are you sure we’re rivals? You have been awfully intimate towards me since last night... Are you just shy to say we’re actually friends?”

Meanwhile, Techno hadn’t heard a single word that came from Dream’s mouth. All sense of his rationality was utterly gone, and he gave into his instincts and hybrid desires...

Mate... mine...

The Blonde nearly jumped at the feeling of hot breath on his skin. Then an odd sensation that felt like a pinch on his neck, which was weird seeing that both his big hands were still holding his body. Dream’s face flushed for some reason as he didn’t know what Techno was doing.

The pinkette pulled his head away a little, then dipped back down the younger’s neck, opening his mouth wider as he ***wanted his fangs to bite harder, and nibble—***

“Techno! I let myself in, are you here? Techno!”

He pulled his head away immediately, but wasn’t fast enough to let his hold on Dream loose as the door swung open.

Techno and Dream’s bodies turned behind.

Wilbur Soot, his brother, gaped at them, his eyes widening from shock, looking like diner plates.

Dream waved at him. “Oh, good morning! Are you the neighbor next door?” He chirped, not even realizing the kind of position Techno and Dream were at.

“Tech?” Wilbur’s jaw dropped, looking from head to toe at him, then at the blonde. “D-Dream? Wha... what is... how is he... were you two... wrong time?” He was so confused that his head couldn’t form proper sentences.

The pinkette froze in place, not just because his brother saw him and might misunderstand the situation, but also because he saw a very small red mark on Dream’s neck.

A hickey.

Techno gave Dream a hickey...

He may have not bitten him, but he nibbled on the skin with his lips hard enough to cause that...

Now he’d done it—

“ **Wilbur**,” Dream yelped in surprise when Techno suddenly scooped him up hastily, took long quick strides towards his brother, and shoved Dream to his chest. Wilbur, unprepared, yelped with the sudden weight his arms carried, but held Dream tightly to him. “ **Take him downstairs and feed him something.**” He said with maddening calmness. “**I’ll be down in another 10 minutes, and explain everything. Go!**” He ushered them out and slammed the door shut.

...

...

...

They suddenly heard harsh banging inside the room, and Wilbur had an inkling that it was Techno smashing his head on the wooden walls.

Dream looked at the closed door, worried. “He’s been behaving a little odd since last night. Is he sick?”

“Uhhh,” Wilbur said stupidly when he remembered he was carrying Dream in his arms. Dream looked at him, his forest green innocent eyes glowed with curiosity and wonder, making Wilbur flinch. Dream was maskless... he only knew what Dream actually looked like because of Ghostbur’s memories back in the prison.

“Hi, my name’s Emerald,” he said cheerfully, waving at him. “What’s yours?”

Wilbur bit his lip as he blushed at the adorable gesture.

There are some thoughts you can’t avoid, and some feelings you can’t deny. —unknown.

Chapter End Notes

MASK! HAVE YOU HEARD DREAM'S NEW SONG?! POOOOOGGGGGG!!!!!! I love it so much! Some people are trying to cancel it over the most ridiculous reasons (at least the ones I read anyway, i don't know what else they wrote after I posted this). ALSo, have you seen SAD-IST'S newest ANIMATION!!!??? That was also POOOOOGGGGGG! And it was also inspired by fanfic. Just whaaaatttt!!!?/?/?/? Anyway, don't forget to leave comments and Kudos.
:)

Talk...

Chapter Summary

WARNING: around the end shows thoughts on suicide, and maybe suicide attempt (not a strong one, though).

Hehe. Angst.

Chapter Notes

Over 60,000 hits!!!! :O :O :O!!!

Thank you so much for reading this fic!

I'm so happy! I'm also enjoying the streams that came out this month!

Quackity's villain ark, Wilbur getting resurrected (yes finally!)

Ahhhh! Happy!!!!!!!!!!

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Messages—

{Awesamdude} So... how'd it go?

{Punz} He bit my head off

{Eret} Quackity and Jack stormed off right after the talk

{Punz} I expected as much. We definitely need Drista

{Awesamdude} To convince them or to threaten them?

{Punz} Is there a difference?

{Awesamdude} Touché

{Awesamdude} How are the sick? Are any of them up?

{Punz} Yep. They all are. Tommy's resting at Phill's place, Sapnap's with Karl and George, and Ponk is likely home. I heard he wanted to start researching that poison and whatever antidote Dream made

{Punz} Speaking of Phill, where is he? He wasn't there for the fight, nor did he come back at all?

{Tubbo} He left a note. Said he needed to meet with someone on another server, and that it was urgent

{Tubbo} He probably didn't know about the fight since he left a few hours before the fight started

{Eret} Is that why I couldn't get a hold on him? Damn...

{Eret} By the way, how are your lips feeling today, Punz?

{Eret} Dry? Need a certain pair of lips to smear their lipstick all over? ;)

{Awesamdude} ?

{Tubbo} What?

{Punz} Eret, I am literally a block near you. Don't make me torch you alive!

{Awesamdude} What's going on?

{Eret} You don't know? Right after you left, Dream saved Punz by—

{Punz} IT WAS NOT A FRENCH KISS!

{Punz} THERE WAS NO TONGUE INVOLVED!

{Eret} But he left you breathless in front of everyone~

{Eret} ;)

{Tubbo} ...should I even stay? :O

{Punz} ERET, DON'T CAUSE A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH A MINOR HERE!

{Eret} ;)

{Punz} STOP WINKING! GOD DAMNIT!

{Awesamdude} Dream... kissed you?

{Fundy} Dream kissed Punz!?!?

{Tubbo} oh... well this is awkward

{Punz} hvioiweuiwfmkwmvkvbckdzsiugwiygtwyefyvfguww!!!!

{Fundy} Was that a yes or no, Punz?

{Eret} ...

{Eret} ;)

{Punz} okay, that's it!!

Eret drowned whilst trying to escape Punz

{Tubbo} ... Yikes

{Eret} Punz, come one! You can't do that to me. I'm still King of the SMP!

{Punz} Pfft! More like the Queen of false gossip!

{Eret} True that :)

{Puffy} so...

{Puffy} ... how did it feel making out with my duckling? ;)

{Punz} OH COME ON!

Tommy stared at the messages incredulously as he lay resting on his bed. What the hell did he miss while he was unconscious? His face scrunched to disgust.

”what the fu—“

—Meanwhile, Techno’s cabin, Wilbur’s perspective—

Wilbur watched Dream with an awkward smile as the blonde enjoyed his pumpkin soup he made from home. The reason why the brunet came so suddenly was because he figured Technoblade was going to forget about his promise and only return for another month or so. So he took the trouble walking up the cold harsh mountains for his brother’s sake, and of course to tell him about Dream’s sudden appearance a few days back. But now, it seemed like his brother had a lot of explaining to do as to why Dream was in his house, how long he’d been here, and why the heck was there a very small but visible red mark on his neck?

His eyes narrowed as he looked down on the table.

Were they having a relationship?

He shook his head immediately as the thought came by. No, no, no, no, no. He was probably overthinking about this. Besides, Dream currently has amnesia. He surely doesn’t remember Techno as much as he did with anyone else...

Wilbur frowned when the image of what he saw in the room flashed in his mind...

...Why was Techno holding him like that? His brother wasn’t the type to take advantage of someone, even if they were his rival. Maybe mock or tease them a bit, but he wasn’t someone who’d just touch people like that. Dream was more or less vulnerable with his lack of knowledge of how Techno normally operates due to his blood-lust and animal instincts.

But then again... Wilbur’s looking at the physical evidence planted on Dream’s skin proving that his brother did *do something*...

“That was simply delicious,” Dream said to him, snapping Wilbur out of his thoughts. “But is it really okay for me to have this?”

“Yeah, mate,” he replied, getting up and opening the pot from where it sat on the kitchen stove. “I got 2 more pots of soup with me. I’m sure Techno wouldn’t mind.”

Techno said to feed him something, and the only thing he could make was toasted bread, a few eggs and soup.

“So... how did you end up here?” Wilbur couldn’t help but ask as he stirred the pot. “Last time we saw you, you went up to the hotel room, and the next morning you and your sister vanished.”

Wilbur heard him hum in response. “Techno saved me from getting married.”

Wilbur stilled. “What?” He looked back after he turned off the gas.

“It’s really an embarrassing story, really.” Dream said, averting his eyes. A faint red flush appeared on his face.

“Oh, then there’s no need to force yourself to tell me. It’s okay.” His small smile melted away when he noticed the clothes Dream was wearing. Wasn’t the top his old yellow sweater? And the

bottom was his brother's black baggy sweatpants? Why exactly was Dream wearing their clothes? Down from there, Wilbur noticed the bandaged ankle and foot.

"Did something or someone attack you recently?" He asked.

The younger realised he was looking at his injury and quickly shook his head. "No. I was being silly running in the thick snow barefooted and got caught in one of Techno's animal traps."

Wilbur forced a smile, stopping himself to look incredulously at him. "...cool," he said like an idiot. Yep, he was definitely going to have a long talk with his brother as to what the F***K happened here.

Speaking of his brother, what was taking him so long? Didn't he say he'd be here in 10? More than half an hour has passed since then.

"Wilbur?"

"Yeah?"

"Could you help me walk please? I wanna sit outside the porch for a bit."

"Sure. Just a..." he looked around and found Techno's cape draped on the chair. He picked it up and wrapped the soft material around Dream. "It's chilly outside."

Dream smiled warmly at him. "Aw, that's so sweet of you. Thank you, Wilbur!"

The brunet grinned at him. He helped him up and they walked slowly to the door. His brow raised when Techno's canine companions followed them outside.

—Techno's perspective—

The title of 'Blood God' didn't fit him right now because of his odd behaviour towards his rival, all because of the damn alluring scent lingering around Dream. Techno was acting in ways he never imagined he would act, being somewhat possessive like an animal and a moronic simp to 'his mate' (the voices still claim Dream's his mate) .

He groaned loudly as he finally came down, his fingers pinching the bridge of his nose as his eyes squeezed shut.

"Well you look like shit,"

Techno looked up at his brother, closing the front door behind him.

"Yes, I do feel like shit," Techno grumbled lowly. "Where's Dream?"

"Wanted to sit outside for fresh air, he'll likely be there for a while."

"Good," he sat on the couch as he sighed deeply, clearly sounding exhausted. He was sure the redness on Techno's forehead was visible.

He heard Wilbur pull a chair next to him. "We need to talk."

He couldn't help but huff. "No shit. But first, do me a favor. When you leave, take Dream with you."

Wilbur gasped . “Did something happen between the two of you?”

“No,” he replied sharply, sitting up to look at him seriously. Techno was certain Wilbur cringed at the sight of the black bags under his eyes. “But if he stays here any longer, something MAY happen between us.”

“Okay,” he stretched the word as his brows raised high. “Such as?”

He shrugged, rolling his eyes sarcastically. “Oh, I don’t know... for starters, I might make him my wife and never let him leave the house.”

“TECHNO—WHAT!!?”

“WILBUR, I ALMOST MARKED HIM WITH MY FANGS TO MAKE HIM MY OFFICIAL MATE! WASN’T THE HICKEY A BIG ENOUGH WARNING?!”

“WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE!?”

“I’LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY!”

“WHY ARE YOU STILL YELLING?”

“I’M STRESSED! WHAT’S YOUR EXCUSE!?”

—MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE, Dream/Emerald’s perspective—

“Why are they yelling?” Emerald looked back at the door, concerned by the rise of volume from males. “Are they arguing about something?”

The dogs couldn’t care less as some slept lazily, some played around snow, and some received pets from him. From what he observed, Techno seems to be hated by his own companions.

He shrugged and looked at the quiet scenery before him.

Techno lied.

There was no blizzard storm last night. The amount of snow on the ground didn’t rise and remained completely the same since yesterday. Although he was grateful for the Piglin-hybrid for all his hospitality, he couldn’t help but sulk a little. By now he would have reached home. Why was he keeping him here? Did he still want to spar with him that badly?

...

It was strange being treated differently.

Of course his sisters and mother didn’t treat him as a slave as they were family. But their protectiveness was sometimes a little too much, to the level where they would gladly burn the world for him (which he didn’t want). Being treated as an equal by Techno, and receiving pure gentle words from Wilbur as he sensed no malice from the brunet...

Back at the SMP, people there didn’t see him as a slave, nor pitied him for being one. Rather, guilt was written in all of their faces like it was their fault he became one .

Something... clearly happened between him and them, but they didn’t say anything. Not only that, Emerald could feel his emotions go all wild just from seeing their faces. He tried suppressing it,

but it just didn't seem to work. He didn't know where these intense emotions were even coming from.

Fear, guilt, worry, sadness... that's what he felt towards all.

...well, maybe not all.

Comparing the bittersweet feeling of being around the sheep-hybrid, he felt differently towards the Creeper-hybrid. He felt...safe...

As much as his fascination was overtly shown, inside his gut, he felt warmth, familiarity, happiness, and was comfortable just being around him and touching him, as though he'd done this before and knows he won't get punished for it.

Emerald thought he was probably overthinking with his emotions, so he decided to test it. Being around Techno was a neutral feeling, and Techno confirmed that they were rivals and business partners. That's all. It was clear enough that he wasn't the type to hug people. So when the blonde hugged him last night as a test to his emotions, he felt nothing. No guilt, no happiness, no nothing. It was neutral. He would say both their feelings were mutual, if Techno didn't start acting a little weird at the end .

Wilbur was another story. He was likely there back at the SMP, but there were a huge number of people so Emerald couldn't remember all their faces. But meeting him in person made him feel... a wave of guilt and relief wash all over him. To think he'd feel so conflicted towards the Brit.

Why, though? Why feel all this? Even back at the hostess club a few days back... when those men saw him and attacked him out of nowhere... he couldn't help but feel absolutely terrified just from seeing their faces. He didn't know them, but felt like he did...

They were really enraged, though. What did he do to make them so angry?

He sighed and looked back to the door. Wilbur and Techno weren't yelling anymore, so he supposed things calmed down. His green eyes trailed down, and it was then he noticed a small flower pot sitting there.

A rose.

Huh, how did he not notice that?

"Mom loves roses ," he murmured unconsciously. *"So I have to remove the thorns for her so she wouldn't accidentally prick herself."*

...

The rules he mentally noted to himself, still remained at the back of his head. He'd thought he was over them and forgotten them by now...guess he was proven wrong.

However, the more he stared at the rose, the more his mind fogged, like his thoughts were moving somewhere to a direction he wasn't familiar with. He didn't resist. He let his mind wander until... a sharp pain pierced his mind.

The last thing he recalled was clutching his head from the pain, lowering his head to the floorboard as his vision blackened.

...

...

...

The blonde looked up and sighed as he shook his head.

Dream opened his empty broken eyes.

"I should've died," he whispered bitterly.

—back in the house, after stories were exchanged, no one's perspective—

"The voices in your head AND your animal instincts see Dream as a potential mate?" Wilbur questioned. "And it all came to that conclusion just from his smell?"

"Yes," Techno groaned, shaking his head to stop himself from recalling the sweetness. "I don't understand. I may never have hugged Dream until last night, but I'm sure that I was close enough to know he never had that kind of scent before." He contemplated as he paused. "Actually, I don't think he had any scent lingering around his body. His clothes always smelled like lemon grass."

"I think you're missing a crucial fact," Wilbur pointed out. "For hybrids and full blooded animal-like beings, aren't their potential mates supposed to be someone who is the *same* as their kind? Dream's not a Piglin like you, much less any hybrid kind. He's human!"

"Wilbur, ya think i haven't asked myself that question a thousand times already?" He shot his arms in the air frantically. "OF COURSE I KNOW THAT! Dream is my rival, but the voices say otherwise! I have no clue as to what's going on anymore. This is the first time for me to lose control over my instincts."

"Okay, okay," Wilbur stood and placed his hands on his brother's shoulders to calm him down. "Alright, alright, just... take a deep breath and calm, okay. When I get back, I'll have a talk with Phill about this. He'll know what to do."

"And take Dream with you." Techno added, his tone urging his brother.

"Uh..." Wilbur bit his lip. "That might be an issue."

"What!?"

"No, no, no. Don't get me wrong. As much as I want to help you, now is not a good time. I heard Quackity and his team returned this morning. And, uhh... Punz said it's best to leave them alone for sometime as they are pissed and need to blow off some steam."

"Didn't Punz already explain to them that Dream's innocent?"

"He did," Wilbur nodded, "but they didn't buy it. Not to mention, Dream's family sedated them for 2 days straight on their server—making things harder for them to trust Dream. If anything's going to convince them, it has to be from Drista's side. So..." he cringed from the dark glare Techno was giving, "yeah, he'll have to stay here for a week until they cool off."

"A WEEK?" He scoffed. "By then he'll be my wife!"

Wilbur splayed his hands. "I can't take Dream back to the SMP, either! Not with Quackity around. His sisters will have our necks if anything happens to him."

“I’d rather be killed by them than give more hickey to Dream,”

“We wouldn’t!”

Before they could bicker on, the front door creaked open.

Both brothers stared incredulously.

Steve, Techno’s polar bear, walked in the room and Dream wrapped his arms around the furry neck to support himself as he struggled to stay upright. The bear guided Dream to a chair near the window, to which Dream sat on as he winced, bending his knees.

“Thanks, Steve,” the blonde smiled as he fed the bear a fish, which they didn’t know where he got from.

The bear ate happily and turned and walked out the door, ignoring his master as though nothing happened.

What the hell? Techno shook his head. First his dogs, then his foxes, and now his polar bear?! Was Dream some kind of real life Snow White? Meanwhile. Wilbur couldn’t believe that a bear helped Dream walk here like one of those guide dogs.

“Techno?” Dream finally spoke to them, snapping their heads to the blonde. Dream had his head down, his front hair covering his eyes.

“Yeah?”

“...Why did you save me?”

Both brothers frowned at his question.

“I told you, I owed—“

“You owe me nothing,” Dream snapped, making them flinch from the sharp tone. “Was my message on the communicator not clear enough for you to understand that I didn’t want any saving?”

The blood god stilled, staring at Dream with wide eyes. How did he know that? Techno didn’t even mention the communicator...

Unless...

Wilbur walked to Dream slowly. With a shaking hand and intake of breath, he reached out and touched his shoulder, making the younger turn to face him. “Dream...?” He whispered. “Are you—are you back?”

Techno followed him, but kept some distance.

Dream’s emerald eyes were much dimmer compared to how it looked earlier, but he showed a smile to them. A sad one, though.

“It’s good to see you alive again, Will. I’m glad I managed to have you back in one piece...” he said.

—Meanwhile, in the nameless town in another server, server border—

“Are you sure about this, Ray?” Phill questioned when the woman put down the letter her son sent to her. “Wouldn’t it be much safer for Dream to stay here? Those men you sedated, my acquaintances, still aren’t happy with him... Plus... we... we were careless about not noticing your son’s suffering.”

After exchanging stories, Phill finally decided to leave. But after an unexpected letter arrived from Dream, Raven had a sudden change of plans.

Raven folded her arms. “As much as it kills me that I haven’t ripped their throats off yet, yes,” she looked at him. “I hear that your server is dying. But according to my crows, they tell me the moment Emerald set foot there, things were slowly turning more green.”

Phill’s eyes widened.

“You heard, haven’t you? The absence of the server’s admin can lead their server to deteriorate. The death of the admin means total loss of life in the world there. It’s best if he stays there while I watch from afar and observe. If things turn sour, I’ll send my daughters to pull him out.” She turned her heel as she started walking. But she stopped.

He said nothing as he watched.

He could have sworn he heard her breath shudder.

“Did you know,” she said slowly, “After a week of adjusting to his life here... The first time that child ever cried in front of me... was when he ate a piece of candy?”

Phill said nothing, but was shocked.

“He didn’t cry when he skinned his knee, he didn’t cry when his mother poisoned him and sold him off, he didn’t cry when the slave dealers beat him half to death...” she shook her head. “It was only candy, and he cried like he ate something else that was worth more value...”

He still said nothing.

“You have no F**king idea the devastating state of my room once i calmed down.” She gritted out, her voice hissing. “How furious and frustrated I was with myself for not finding him sooner... how much had he held himself back, I wonder? ”

Raven took a calming breath. “Just because he forgot all about your little wars and issues doesn’t mean he’s okay. His mindset switched back to those days when he was a slave, and his emotions aren’t steady. Physical harm means nothing to him compared to emotional ones , he holds back from his desires, he puts others before himself... He’s fragile right now, Phill. He may not seem like it, but he is.”

She started walking again.

“Keep in mind that I’ll have my daughters check on him once in a while while my birds watch you 24/7. Any funny business, and I’ll personally come and castrate them myself.”

He stopped himself from cringing. “...right...”

The eagle that landed and delivered the message to Raven earlier suddenly started whistling, telling the older woman something. Raven turned and listened, then she whirled to the immortal man as her face darkened. Her red eye blazed at him.

“Phill,” she said in a growl, and he jumped.

“Yes,” he squeaked, feeling small from the way she was looking at him .

“Your piglin-hybrid son has eyes on my son as a mate...”

...

...

..

A blank stare.

What?

His son?

Techno? As a mate?

... That’s... highly not possible.

If Techno loved anything as much as he did with his family, he loved war and fighting. Hell, he was only 15 when he realised he preferred to live in the mountains, isolated. Never love a person, and he’d never look for a mate.

“It appears my pet has found him trying to court him... *care to explain why?*”

... ah shit.

What the hell was Techno even doing with Dream in the first place?

Forget it. It looks like he’ll be stuck here for a little longer.

—Techno’s cabin—

The world stopped, then moved, then stopped again.

Wilbur took a step back as he held his breath.

“How? How did you-- when did you regain your memories back?” He demanded.

Dream gave a tired sigh. “A couple minutes ago, but this-this is a temporary state. I-I don't have a lot of time to explain how. I'll forget again pretty soon....” Dream turned to look at Techno, and his expression twisted in terror as he shook his head. “You shouldn’t have saved me...”

“Dream,” Technoblade said, taking a step forward.

“No!” He stopped from the sudden shout. Wilbur flinched “You-you should’ve left me there! Why didn’t you walk away like you didn't know me!?”

The way Dream looked at him was a foreign one. Every detail on his face showed his emotions.

Mate is scared?

Protect mate! Comfort mate!

Take him! Protect him!

Protect—

The voices screamed at Technoblade, clearly urging him to do something to the distressed male. The piglin-hybrid stared, wordless. He took another step. "...Dream," he said again.

"...why... didn't you... it was a simple instruction, yet why? Nightmare might come here..." Dream whispered to himself, horrified. His hands covering his eyes. "I'm a villain, I can't be here. You all will... I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" He cried out, covering both his ears to block out the world around him as he squeezed his eyes shut.

This was his fault, this was all his fault.

He should've put an end to himself while he still had a chance back in the prison.

Everyone got caught up in his mess. His friends, his family, Techno—

Did Drista realize it now? The sudden shift in the server, his disappearance? The prison? No, anything but the prison—anything but that—please, no, no, no,—

"Dream, *Dream!*" Wilbur held him firmly from both the sides of his shoulder, shifting his focus to the brunet. Dark brown eyes met with dark panicking green eyes. "Take a breath, okay. We know what happened. To you, Nightmare, the entire possession thing... it's okay, no one's mad at you, alright? You're not a villain. We... we want you back. Everyone misses you... George and Sapnap are—"

His eyes widened in sheer terror as he pushed Wilbur away with everything he had.

"No!" He screamed as Wilbur stumbled back.

Dream stood so suddenly that he went backwards, his back hitting the window pane. He leaned his weight on the cell as his breathing went fast.

Those names... even in prison their names haunted him.

Why?

Because they hated him! His best friends hated him! They aren't his friends anymore. They split, they turned their backs against him. Sapnap joined forces with Tommy and personally had him escorted to the prison. He wanted to apologize, say sorry so desperately... but he knew they would never believe him..

And the last words they ever said to him were starting to haunt him.

Just say you hate me. Just say you hate me, Dream.

George said, a disappointed look on his face was shown as he stalked off.

Then Sapnap's last words... but only this time Dream remembered. He remembered the conversation Nightmare exchanged with the ravenette... and... and...

“Dream if you try and break out early- you, you know that you only have one life left. Okay? And I don't think it's gonna be Tommy, it's not gonna be Techno, Dream. If you break out of this prison, it's gonna be, it's gonna be me who takes your final life...”

Sapnap was going to kill him... George wouldn't be able to do anything to save him... no one would, and everyone would be okay with that.

And here was, in Techno's home, *out of prison*.

He'll be killed .

Sapnap's going to kill him.

George wouldn't stop him.

He'll die, he'll die, he'll die, he'll die, he'll die, he'll die, he'll die—

It's for the best!

A part of him screamed...

He froze.

...

... yeah...

That would be for the best...

Everyone already hated him. No one would care. He's a villain after all. If he wasn't that, then he was a broken marionette. If he died right now, Nightmare wouldn't have him.

A shaking hand slowly trailed up to his throat, and slowly his grip tightened to a harsh hold.

Techno and Wilbur's eyes widened, instantly knowing what he had in mind. They moved fast .

“Dream no—!” Wilbur's arms shot out to stop him.

“Are you mad?!” Techno growled, yanking the hand away from the throat. Wilbur held him firmly to his body, having Dream lean his body to his front.

He'd be free. *Free* .

He'd be FREE! FREE! FRE—“

But Sam cared.

Another part of him whispered in a soothing voice, making his breath hitch.

Sam...

..How could Dream forget him...? He was such a caring friend and brother...

What would he think if the blonde died right now?

Didn't that make Dream selfish? Leaving someone like him behind?

...

"Techno?" His voice cracked as fat tears fell from his eyes. He looked up, broken eyes looked at the fierce blood red ones. The trembling hand that Techno held gripped his larger ones tightly in a desperate way. "Please... don't let Sapnap kill me..." He pleaded.

He was fine if he killed himself, it was fine if anyone else killed him, but he definitely didn't want to die in the hands of his former best friend...

"Please?"

The last part became a whisper as his eyes closed, and fell unconscious in Wilbur's arms. The tight grip loosening.

"Dream..." Wilbur had him turn over facing him after Techno let his hand go.

Dream groaned, tilting his head and his eyes fluttered open. This time, bright glowing forest green eyes looked at him.

The blonde smiled warmly. "Hey," he chirped, making them stiff from the sudden change in air. "Wilbur, when did you get here?" He looked around the room and realized he was in a different location. "Wasn't I just outside? How did I shift here? And... why are you holding me, Will?"

"Dream— You... don't remember what happened here?" Techno asked, surprised.

Dream looked at him over his shoulder. "Did something happen?" He questioned. He wiped his eyes, and felt the wetness of... tears...

Was he crying?

Then he frowned when he noticed the bruise on Techno's head. "Hey, is your head okay?" He asked in concern. Did he have a fight with his brother?

"He's fine... just... had to get thoughts out of his head," Wilbur chuckled dryly, then scooped Dream up easily, carrying him bridal-style. At this rate, Dream was starting to question whether he was underweight seeing how easily people could pick him like this. "Let's get you back to bed." He decided.

"What?" Dream whined, pouting a bit. "I just got out an hour ago!"

"Trust me, you need rest," Wilbur turned his head to his brother. "That's fine by you right?"

Technoblade didn't respond as he stood in place.

"Tech?"

...He moved.

Stroking the back of Dream's head with a hand, the blood god leaned closer and nuzzled Dream's head with his nose affectionately for a second before pulling away. Dream blinked in confusion, Wilbur gave a look of question.

"Take him up," Techno said curtly, sounding more like a low feral growl though to Wilbur, as he walked past his brother, then stalked out the house. Slamming the door shut.

"What happened to Technoblade's eyes?" Dream asked Wilbur, looking back at him from the door.

"What about his eyes?" Wilbur raised a brow.

The blonde pointed at the white part of his own eye. "You didn't notice? The red colour part of the iris glowed more darkly, and his scleras were completely black."

Wilbur's smile melted away instantly, turning in horror.

Meanwhile, Technoblade fangs sharpened from the raw hunger and strong desire to shed blood. The redness of the iris glowed more dangerously than before.

Please... don't let Sapnap kill me...

A plea from Dream...

He was so weak and vulnerable from the way he looked and reacted...he was so scared and terrified. Techno could smell his scent turn sour from distress.

He was so small, so fragile... so *precious*...

He had to protect such a jewel from shattering completely...

Techno stalked into the deep parts of the forest. He didn't bother taking his favorite cape seeing how well and wrapped up Dream was covered with his scent. He'd thank Wilbur for that.

"A plea from Dream," Techno murmured as he pulled out an axe from his inventory, "a plea from *mate*..."

Mate!

Mate!

Mate!

Mate!

"***Mate***," he agreed with the voices chanting for once, probably because he was so lost in his bloodlust and killing instincts...

At the moment, he would kill anyone who would hurt Dream, ***his Dream***.

His lovely mate...

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to leave comments and kudos!
:)

Back at the Smp

Chapter Summary

A whole bunch of fluff, angst, uh maybe tooth rotting stuff?

Chapter Notes

You know, some people have been writing Dreamon language with cool fonts... I looked all over the Internet for those fonts for WEEKS— then found out there was a website called satanic text generator.

To all who was looking for those fonts, it's there.

I edited the first chap, mainly the Fundy part of it... adding things...

I also made the title of this book a little fancier (or is it angstier? Or edgier?) Anyway I like it.

Don't forget to leave comments and kudos!

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Phill's perspective—

"I hope you return safely, Phill," Raven said with a smile as she fanned herself with her black laced fan.

"Y-yes..." he said, feeling utter exhaustion both physically and mentally from the long lecture she gave to him about Dream and making sure to keep his son's in check. He really wanted to go home now.

Right when he turned to spread his wings and fly, she called him, making him cringe. "Yes, Ray?" He said warily, looking over his shoulder at her.

"... a last warning," she said, and he sighed. "And this isn't just about Emerald..." she hesitated, her eyes narrowing as she contemplated, and that made the hybrid raise his brows. It's been a long while since he'd been this agitated.

She snapped her fan down on her palm, closing it firmly as she looked at him. "Years ago, Emerald raised a cat and named it Patches. He adored that stray animal the moment he laid eyes on it."

Phill couldn't stop himself from making a face. Where was she going with this? "Okay, and?"

"Patches died from old age when Emerald turned 14. However, a month back, my birds discovered that whenever Emerald was alone, 'Patches' appeared in front of him."

He frowned. "The cat was brought back to life?"

She shook her head. "No. It's a different cat entirely. But Emerald believes that it's the same cat for

some reason. My crows even found the boy interacting with the animal.”

“It talks?”

“They found him talking aloud to himself while looking at the cat, so I assume the cat is interacting with him telepathically... But Phill...” she said, and this time her tone went dark and serious, “There’s something off about that animal.”

He gulped.

“I confronted Emerald several times about the cat, but the boy has no recollection encountering that animal whatsoever. He wasn’t lying, otherwise the slave collar would have reacted if he lied. The cat is never there whenever there are other people around Emerald. I sent a couple of my birds to track that animal down... but they never came back to me.” She sucked her breath through her teeth as she folded her arms, her eyes narrowing. “No, rather they could never return because they were *torn to shreds* in the forest.”

“Shreds!?”

“Phill, while Emerald's on that server, under no circumstances should you ever leave him alone. *Never* leave him alone as that cat will appear. That cat isn’t normal. And if that animal does *willingly* appear in front of you, or your sons, or your friends... Don’t try to chase it, or kill it. ..”

She paused, increasing the tension in the air.

“ *Run... just run...* ”

—Past, Phill’s house, Fundy’s room, morning—

Fundy awoke slowly when he felt the bed shift and the sound of yawning from his lover, which sounded like a cat. He smiled, an eye peaked open.

Dream stretched himself slowly, raising his slender arms high in the air. The porcelain mask shined, reflecting from the warm sun rays that sipped through his room curtains.

Dream slept with that mask on.

Although Fundy respected Dream’s privacy, he worried he would have suffocated with that mask in his sleep.

Dream grabbed Fundy’s black jacket that lay sprawled on the bed, and wore it over his turtle neck shirt before showing his back to the fox hybrid to set a foot down on the floor.

“Ah, ah, ah,” Fundy smirked as he sat up and quickly wrapped his arms around Dream’s neck from behind to stop him from leaving the bed.

Dream gasped in surprise. “Fundy! Sorry, did I wake you?”

Fundy nuzzled his nose to his head. “Where are you going, now, love? Are you just leaving without saying a ‘good morning’?”

Last night, Dream came over to talk about the wedding preparations. When it was past midnight, Fundy suggested Dream could stay over for the night. He told him, of course, that he didn’t have to stay here if Dream didn’t want to... but surprisingly, his fiancé agreed saying that they would eventually have to come to terms with it once they get married and live in the same house.

Their first night together felt so right and warm, Dream cuddled with him the whole night. Fundy found it strange that he didn't smell Dream's scent. No... rather, the clothes he wore did smell like lemongrass, but that scent didn't linger anywhere on his skin.

...He shouldn't think much about that.

"Stay for another 10 minutes," Fundy whispered, somehow maneuvering the blonde onto his lap, positioning him sideways as his hands held around his hip.

Dream huffed, but nonetheless didn't complain as he wrapped his arms around his neck. "Good morning, Fundy."

He grinned, letting out a satisfying sigh when his lover stroked the back of his orange hair, then behind his fox ears. Dream always knew just where to touch and pet him to make him feel so good and loved.

"Beautiful, clever, adorable," Fundy murmured, holding Dream closer to his chest, planting small kisses on the side of his neck all the way up to his ear. "Lovely, perfect, endearing."

Dream giggled from his little praises. "Fundy~" he said playfully as he laughed, Fundy smirked seeing his lover's toes curl when he lightly nibbled Dream's ear.

"It's true," he whispered hotly to his ear, making Dream into a giggling mess. "And it's all mine~"

A month.

In a month's time they were gonna get married. Fundy couldn't wait.

The fox hybrid has always been a mad fool whenever it came to Dream.

During the wars between the SMP and L'Manburg, one day Fundy accidentally discovered Dream's secret spot in the forest. It seemed that the blonde had days where he wanted to have some alone time to himself as all he did was stare blankly at the clearing, or train in silence. The fox-hybrid was surprised that Dream didn't attack him when he got spotted, but rather instead, asked if he wanted to join him.

That was the start of his growing curiosity. Since that day, Fundy had been secretly going to Dream's spot to meet the blonde. It went off as silent exchanges, staring at the scenery before them while Fundy gave occasional peaks at the masked man. Then slowly they started talking, but never about war or their battle plans, but rather about their daily life and interests. Then they started getting closer and intimate as friends, before gradually becoming lovers.

Their affair was clearly forbidden during that time, they both knew that. So they were careful with their meetups through their letters, and they were able to get away with it for a couple of months. It was only after the war ended that they finally went out on their first official date—to which later that night Fundy proposed to his lover.

To say everyone was shocked... was an understatement.

They all freaked. Badly... both the people around Fundy and Dream.

For him, Tommy really disliked the idea of having Dream as a relative, and his dad was... well, he didn't blow up like Tommy did, but they didn't speak to each other properly for a few days. As for the blonde, Fundy heard that there was a slight issue with George, but Dream told him he'll eventually get over it and learn to accept them.

It took a while for their friends and family to accept that fact, as well as the news that they got *engaged* right after the war ended.

Fundy figured they should get married soon. He had this gut feeling that something would happen if they put their wedding at a later date. And he was getting that kind of feeling from the newest member who joined the server, unbanned by his fiancé recently, Jschlatt.

Just when the fox-hybrid was about to nibble his lover's neck, his ears perked up when he heard footsteps outside his room.

"Fundy?" They froze from the sound of the door creaking open. "Is Dream still he--" They turned their heads to the door, their ears turning red when his father gaped at them in their current position.

They stared at each other in awkward silence...

....

...

"Uhhh... bad time?"

"DAD!" Fundy half screamed as Dream quickly scrambled off his lap. "KNOCK!"

Dream got out of bed hastily, putting on his boots and readjusting his mask. "I'll--I'll get going now, Fundy!" He said, his ears turning redder when he looked at Wilbur. "I'll message you soon."

"Wait--babe, you still have my jacket on!"

Dream stopped moving, then turned around to look at him. And Fundy was sure that behind that smiley mask, Dream was actually grinning at him like a fiend. His fiancé went closer to the edge of the bed as he touched his mask, then leaned closer to Fundy's face, and the fox-hybrid stilled when he felt soft lips pressed on his cheek.

"I'm keeping it~" he said in a soft singsong voice. Pulling his mask down again when Fundy gaped at him, blushing madly.

From the corner of his eyes, he noticed that his father went. His eyes widened in shock. Dream laughed softly from his reaction, and went to the door.

"Bye, Fundy," he waved. "Morning, Wilbur," Dream greeted awkwardly, and his father silently nodded to him before the blonde quickly left the room.

"...So," his dad said, looking back as Dream went, and back at Fundy. "I take it you... had a good time?"

"Dad," he said, unamused.

"Right. Breakfast will be ready in five," he said quickly, clearing his throat and leaving his room as he closed the door.

He shook his head incredulously, and sank back into the pillows. Dad and his timings. Seriously...

—Current timeline, Fundy's base—

Fundy laid in bed, clutching the old lime green hoodie as he reminisced about the past.

He really thought he could marry Dream without any trouble. He should have kept an eye on George, should have noticed about that Dreamon, as well as his fiancé's troubles. And the failed ritual he did with Tubbo to exorcise the Dreamon out of Dream not only failed miserably, but seemed to have given that monster more power to take control.

He missed Dream... even though his old lover did appear in front of him a few days back, he couldn't even talk to him properly. Mainly because he and Puffy were scolding Sam to not freeze up like that. He wasn't expecting the blonde to leave as soon as he came.

So far, only Tubbo, Puffy and him knew about Sam's secret. They also knew about Sam's task Drista gave him, and decided to help him without letting the other's know about it as Drista was very strict with this information. He could understand her reason, she didn't trust any of them after what they did to her brother. He never would have thought that Dream was dying slowly. Not with him smiling so brightly, all chirpy and energetic.

Fundy sighed heavily, opening the bedside drawer. The engagement ring glinted from the light as he slipped in on his finger, staring at it with a small smile. He kissed his ring finger, lips lightly touching the cold silver diamond ornament

"Dream," he murmured, closing his eyes as the image of Dream laughing in his arms appeared—

PING!

He jolted from the sound, groaning and glaring at the communicator for ruining his thoughts.

{Punz} Everyone, Dream's here!

--Past, in one of the temporary bases Dream made, George's perspective--

"What the hell were you thinking, George?!" Dream yelled as he stalked into the weapons room, still wearing the white dress. "At my own wedding!?"

"I'm sorry, okay!" George said, following right after him. "I still wasn't fine with you getting married to a guy like Fundy!"

Dream whirled to him, the crude smile of the mask ironically smiling at him despite the angry tone Dream was using, "If you still had a problem, we could have talked about this! You didn't have to kiss me in front of h-him, i-in-in *everyone* at the last minute!"

"Do you think that would work?" He growled. "You'd still marry him regardless of whether we talk or not! Hell—if only you told us, told ME, about your affair much sooner, things wouldn't have happened as they did today."

Dream scoffed. "I told you, we were at war during that time! Fundy didn't tell anyone either!" The blonde sighed easily, running his hand through his hair. "Maybe you are right. Maybe if we talked sooner, Fundy and I wouldn't have gotten engaged so quickly, but don't pin the blame entirely on me, George! Did you forget the huge argument we had right after I told you and Sapnap!? You stormed off and left me with no contact for 2 weeks!"

... Fine, Dream got him there.

But that was only because he needed to cool off. Which probably isn't the acceptable excuse right now, but to George, he needed that much time to figure it all out.

He was mad. Pissed. Unhappy when he heard that his best friend had an affair for a while. He felt even more furious and betrayed to know that Dream got engaged. During those 2 weeks, he was trying to figure out why the hell he was mad to begin with. He should be happy for his friend, just like how Sapnap felt. But he wasn't. He was just so mad! The more he thought about Dream being with Fundy, the angrier he got.

At first he thought he was mad at Dream for not telling him anything despite them being best friends. That he kept secrets, and had an affair with an enemy during the Smp vs L'manburg war. But that wasn't it...

One time, he caught the couple by the lake, sitting there close to each other. The way Fundy had his arm around Dream's hip protectively made George want to rip his arm off. The way he saw Dream giggle like a fool from whatever words Fundy whispered closely to his ear made George clench his fist and want to punch that stupid hybrid's face.

He felt something in him, something that made him feel so angry and hurt at the same time just by looking at them being so stupid with each other ...

But when he was out collecting mushrooms one time, and saw Dream come out of Phill's home, wearing Fundy's black jacket... he realized what the feeling was.

Jealousy. He was jealous because he had a crush on Dream for a long time.

A crush that now turned into a much deeper feeling and yearning for the blonde's attention.

Dream shook his head, and George's eyes softened when he heard his voice break. "You left ME with no word, and I couldn't get a hold on you... How am I supposed to know what's on your mind when you don't talk to me!?"

George stepped forward. "Drea—"

"HOW!?"

"... i was just helping," he said softly as Dream took heavy breaths, calming himself down.

"Helping yourself? Yeah, great. Good for you—"

George went forward and grabbed Dream's shoulders firmly and shook him. "Dream, I was helping YOU!"

The blonde stood still, speechless. "What?"

He took in a calming breath, but said bitterly, "I know you don't love him. You never loved Fundy."

The Brit felt his shoulders tense underneath his palms as he still held him. "Wha-? What-what are you talking about, George? This isn't—"

He clicked his tongue, irritated. "I know, Dream. I know the truth. Fundy may have been head over heels for you, but you never felt the same. Sure you flirted with each other in front of us, spent

more time with him for the past few weeks—but even through all that bullshit, I know you never returned his feelings. I could see right through you!”

“... That...” he trailed off. “Even... even if I didn't love him that way, why did you have to butt in? I didn't ask you to be an ass at our wedding. I knew what I was doing!”

“Did you really? You were hesitating to say yes to him.” He pointed out.

Dream argued back, “I was just thinking whether I was good enough for him! To be with him for the rest of my life. Yes, I didn't love him, but in the back of my mind, I thought I would eventually grow to love him after we got married.”

George's eyes widened. “Why would you—YOU ARE good enough!” He shouted, and Dream flinched from the rise of his volume. “You are! You always are perfect! But I don't think Fundy was the right guy for you!”

“You... you...” he mumbled, likely thinking about his next words, “...don't get to decide... that... it's all up to me... You're just my best friend...” he looked away from him.

Just my best friend... that hurt...

George shook his head. “You were going to marry someone you still haven't made your mind up on... I didn't—I couldn't let you just go make that half-hearted decision and regret it... Dream,” George loosened his grasp as he touched both sides of his face to look back at him, “I didn't want you to go.”

Dream said nothing as he looked at him in silence, probably staring at him with wide eyes underneath that stupid mask.

“Dream,” he said his name like a prayer, looking at him with half-lidded eyes. Both his thumbs traced down at the edge of the porcelain mask, then slipped underneath it, feeling the hidden skin of the cheeks. “I didn't kiss you suddenly in front of everyone to make a scene or as a show.”

“George—“ Dream breathed when he lifted his mask to show the lips.

George stepped close, closing the distance between them. “I realised that I didn't want to lose you to a guy like Fundy because I have feelings for you. More than just your best friend.”

“No, wait, G—“

“Dream, I love you, okay?” He said, not letting Dream speak as he got closer, lips inches away from his lips. “I—“

“STOP! JACOB, STOP! PLEASE!” Dream suddenly screamed. Thrusting his hands on his chest and pushing George away, hard.

George's eyes widened from the sudden outburst. Shocked from the reaction, and the name of another man that slipped from his lips.

“Ja...cob?” He ended up questioning.

It seemed that Dream realized what he just said, like it was another secret George didn't know, as he covered his mouth with both his hands. “No... I— that is...” he shook his head and stepped back from him, away from George, his back hitting the wall. “Get out.”

He stopped breathing.

No!

Shit!

“Dream—“

“GET OUT! LEAVE! I don’t want to see you right now!” Dream started screaming again, his voice breaking as he could see fat tears fall from his chin. “Just leave!”

“I-I... Dream—“

“Is everything alright here?” Punz spoke, his head popping out from the corner of the wall, his expression looking confused. “I heard screaming.”

“Punz,” George said, biting his lip, looking at Dream with heavy guilt that now weighed on his chest. “Dream... I’m... I’m sorry... I really am. I overstepped...” George walked away from him and to the light blonde man. “Take care of him, Punz.”

He blinked. “Did you two—“

“Punz, please,” he said more firmly, gripping his arm to shut him up.

The last thing he saw before leaving the base was Dream on the floor with Punz. Punz comforting his best friend in his arms as he broke down crying, fingers clenching his black suit so desperately...

—present day, Community house—

George f**ked up bad that day...

Even though he remained as a friend to Dream, things weren’t entirely the same anymore. Sure Dream acted like himself, but he never once wanted to be alone with George, even for a second. No matter what...

No matter how many times Geoge apologized to him, and no matter how many times Dream forgave him since it wasn't intentional... they weren’t the same. A line was clearly drawn.

By now, it should be obvious that Dream rejected his confession.

..well, he deserved it. Especially after Sapnap betrayed him.

PING!

He sighed, and looked at the message he received.

{Punz} Everyone, Dream’s here!

—Past, Pandora’s vault, in the middle of the 8th month of Dream’s imprisonment, Dream’s cell, Sam’s perspective—

They stayed lazily in bed the whole day, talking about the recent things that’s been happening on the SMP, as well as trivial and nonsensical things for hours.

“I think you are capable of wearing one of my jeans as a shirt.” Sam laughed, making Dream roll his eyes, but letting a small chuckle slip from his lips. “Look at how small you are in this hoodie.” Sam tugged at the black top, Dream was currently wearing, that belonged to him. The sleeves were so long that they looked like he was doing sweater paws.

“I’m not small!” Dream complained, pouting at him when he gave a grin as a response. “You’re too big, ya giant ape! You’re literally one of the tallest people on the SMP! Besides, aren’t George and those kids shorter than me?”

“Pfft, whatever you say, shortie,” Sam still continued to give an insufferable grin. Dream would have complained but brushed it away when Sam stroked his head in a way he knew Dream liked.

Sam was hanging around Dream a lot more than he for the past 2 months. Mainly taking care of him ever since he got the fainting spells. He had this constant worry in his gut that if he wasn’t there to keep an eye, Dream may suddenly pass out while he walked and then trip, and then accidentally burn himself to death in the lava. It was a far-fetched and very unlikely scenario, but his imaginations ran wild if he didn’t check on the blonde every half hour.

One of Dream’s fluffy pillows was used as a comfortable back support for Sam, while Dream sat on Sam’s lap comfortably, his body positioned sideways so his legs dangled at the edge of the bed. His head rested on Sam’s chest as he purred while Sam’s fingers carded through the long dirty blonde hair, letting the knots come undone.

Dream lifted his head from his chest to look at the clock.

“Something wrong?” The Creeper-hybrid asked when Dream slowly moved away from his lap to the mattress.

“T’s late,” Dream replied, yawning in the process. He lifted one of the blankets. “You need to get back and rest.”

He looked at the clock. Late already? Sam hadn’t realized that.

He turned his gaze back to Dream, watching the blonde stretch his arms in the air, then run a hand through his hair, brushing it all on one side of his shoulder to expose his nape.

...

A sly grin curled on his face when he thought of something. Before Dream could lay down and cover himself with the blankets, Sam suddenly moved and wrapped his arms around his waist from behind, securing his movements as his nose nuzzled the back of his neck.

Dream yelped by the sudden action, the blankets slipped through his fingers. He tapped his forearms to let him go. “Sam, please, go to your room. It’s already bad enough you’re bending your own rules being here for me, Ant and Bad will notice your missing.”

Oh, Sam didn’t have to worry about them. For a while he gave specific instructions to them to guard outside of the Prison and never let anyone in because there was *someone* bothering him for a while. It’ll be unlikely for them to leave their post since they could contact him through their

communicators. “Another 5 minutes max,” he murmured on his skin, pressing a light kiss there.

Dream huffed from his response, but chuckled soon after. “And here I thought I was the clinging one.” He leaned his back on Sam’s chest when the other male moved his face away from his nape to his shoulder. Sam closed his eyes as he smiled.

Lately Sam was getting bolder with Dream.

It was a mental game for himself. How far he could get away with his desires, and how long was it going to take for Dream to notice that he wanted him.

Although it did start off unintentionally when Sam gave his old clothes as a clean spare, he now did find triumph and satisfaction whenever he saw Dream covered in his scent. They cuddle in Dream’s bed for hours till it gets late that Sam often ends up sleeping in Dream’s cell overnight. The small kisses he gave to Dream weren’t just limited to his head and hands anymore as his lips now touched his eyelids, cheeks and the nape of his neck.

Of course, he did establish certain rules, like never kiss Dream for real, and never make Dream uncomfortable. He had to make Dream realize it rather than Sam tell him directly. For one thing, it wasn’t fair to Dream because he was trapped in an obsidian box, cut off from the rest of the world, and the only people who bothered to visit him daily were Sam and Badboyhalo. If Sam told him how he felt so suddenly, the possibility of Dream unable to return his feelings seemed high since he was one of Dream’s limited visitors, so the blonde may feel pressured.

In the end, he took Puffy’s advice. *If you want to date him, just start all slow by making my duckling fall for you...*

Sam was okay with this. Naive or not, Dream can take his time. All he had to do was not take any action, resist the urge to not cup his face and kiss those sugar lips—

Sam bit his tongue to put a stop to those thoughts since he had Dream around his arms.

“Sam,” Dream said softly. The warden raised his head from the younger’s shoulder.

“Hmm?” He hummed in question, loosening his grip so a hand could cup one side on his cheek while placing a light kiss on the other side of Dream’s temple, then rested his chin on his shoulder as he hugged him again.

“Are you getting any sleep lately?” He asked, his tone sounding worried. “You look more exhausted than usual.”

“Hmm,” He hummed again. “I’m fine... just had to deal with troublesome stuff for a while. It’s fine.”

“...I thought I was the one that caused trouble in the prison...” Dream said, the hybrid felt his body tense.

Sam interlocked their fingers, a gentle gesture to show he did nothing wrong. “It’s not you, Dream... it’s...it’s someone else. They’ve been wanting to visit you for a while.”

“Really?” His tone changed to excitement. “Why don’t you permit them?”

Sam let him go as he sighed heavily, pulling away from the younger. Dream turned around, his green eyes glowed brightly. “It’s not that simple, Dream... I can’t tell you who wants to visit, but I can assure you that person isn’t one of your former friends.”

“Oh,” Dream said, a tinge of disappointment was there in his voice. “...Is it Tommy?”

“No,”

“...I see... why do they want to see me though?”

“That’s what I’m trying to find out for a while...” Sam let out another long exhausting sigh. “I doubt they have good intentions...”

He nodded his head. “...Is it... Fundy?” Dream asked again, though a little more warily.

That took Sam by surprise. “Why do you think it’s him?”

“... no reason... I just... “ the blonde bit his lip, looking away to the mattress.

He raised his brow. “Yeah?”

“Well... “ he still hesitated.

Sam paused, the gears in his head turning as he contemplated. “...Did you want to return the ring back?”

That seemed to take Dream by surprise as he flinched. His eyes dimmed. “Yeah...” he pulled out a small chain from his neck, and took the ring that hung from it loosely. The small diamonds glinted as he slipped it onto his finger, and that action made Sam have mixed feelings for some reason.

“I... was never in love with Fundy.” He confessed in a small voice.

He blinked. “But you two almost got--”

“I know. I know. He opened his heart out to me, but I was the jerk that didn’t love him.. however, I... I really did care for him.” He smiled bitterly to himself. “He was wonderful, he was great, and I truly loved the moments we shared but...” he sighed, covering the ring and his knuckles with the other hand as he looked at Sam’s red eyes. “I... But I... I—I’m sorry, Sam. I can’t tell you my reason yet... Fundy needs to be the first to know why I suddenly ran out during our wedding... He deserves that much after what I had done to him.”

“...I see...” Sam, nonetheless, smiled at him warmly with half-lidded eyes. “It’s alright. I’ll wait till you’re ready.” He stroked the back of his head, Dream purred but with a guilty look on his face. “Let’s rest... we both need it.”

Dream hummed in agreement, but yelped when Sam flopped them down on the bed. An arm reached out to pull the blankets over them as the other held Dream’s body close to his.

“Ugh! Sam, go to your roooooom-“ Dream whined, rolling his eyes.

“Too far, too sleepy, goodnight,” he slurred, closing his heavy eyes.

“Your starting to get lousy at your job, Warden,”

He knew that, no need to tell him. “Remind me, who’s constantly taking care of your health?” He peaked an eye open to him.

Dream huffed from his response. “And to go so far to even share a bed with your prisoner every night? What would people think, I wonder?”

“Uh... that is, that’s not what I mea—“ his ears turned red as he blushed furiously.

“They’ll think just what kind of sorcery I’ve used making the fearless and unwavering warden sleep in his prisoner’s cell, as though he was the real criminal.”

Sam stared.

Oh...

Okay... Dream didn’t have the wrong thoughts... unlike him. “but that’s not true.”

He heard the younger chuckle, “No one but you will ever believe my words, Sammy.” Dream purred, turning away to the other side so his back faced Sam. “It’s a fact... Goodnight, ya tall ape.”

He stared at Dream for sometime, thinking deeply about the words just said, before sighing the thoughts off.

Dream shifted a little, his back now touching Sam’s chest . Sam held him close, spooning him from behind as he nuzzled his nose on the nape of Dream’s neck, taking in the smell of pine and forest that lingered on his skin. It was odd that Dream still smelled that way when he hadn’t been outside in a long while.

“Night...”

—present, Sam’s home, no one’s perspective —

Sam had just finished collecting all the apples needed when the message pinged on his communicator.

{Punz} Everyone, Dream’s here!

Those words were enough for him to start running out of the door like a maniac, not knowing just where to go. He decided on the community house since that’s where they all discuss their important issues, and a lot of shit happened there.

Once Sam reached, he found a few gathered there already, their eyes fixed on Dream, who was hiding behind Wilbur nervously.

He was wearing his mask, along with clothes that were obviously too big for him.

When their gazes met, Dream waved at him silently, making Sam stiff again.

Should he wave back?

Some people were asking questions as to why Dream was here again, what happened, and is his crazy scary sister also here.

Wilbur sighed, talking to Punz and Eret about the situation while Dream held onto his coat to feel safe. He was just glad he didn’t see Jack nor Quackity appear yet, so might as well talk quickly,

and take Dream to one of the girl's homes. Phill sent him an odd text an hour back, telling Wilbur to keep Dream on the SMP. Wilbur had to agree. Being at Techno's place was not a good idea, especially when Dream somehow triggered his feral state.

3 deers, and 2 bears.... those were the animal carcasses his mad brother killed and dragged back to the house to kill of his bloodlust. And both Dream and Wilbur were equally disturbed by this, especially seeing him covered in blood from head to toe.

The last time he'd seen his brother in that state was when they were young, when Tommy and Tubbo were still toddlers, Wilbur got injured from a couple of mobs, and a Techno just... became all strong and ripped them apart.

The memory still terrified him from time to time. He was surprised he managed to get Dream out of those mountains without getting chased by Techno and his raging instincts for taking his 'mate' away.

Dream was far from that risky place now, so the chances of him getting hurt seemed slimmer now that everyone knew the truth, Wilbur hoped.

...

...

However, unknowingly to all, a pair of eyes was watching them all from the second floor stealthily.

A cat.

A cat with dark purple eyes, whose fur colour on its coat was equally divided. One side black like the colour of an Enderman, the other side white like the colour of a Ghast. It had a small golden crown atop its head.

His eyes never leaving Dream.

~~"They will break you down."~~ It said, eyes narrowing. ~~"You are mine, Dream."~~

"Hearts are wild creatures. That's why our ribs are cages." -unknown

Chapter End Notes

You guys should have realised who that cat was...
:)

Not a chapter, but need help for the next...again...

Chapter Summary

need help and ideas... again... >~<

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Guys, i am so sorry for not updating the past week—leading to think that this update was a chapter. I assure you that i am doing my best to write the next chap, but I'm struggling because the loud, wild and energetic jillion kids i look after are draining the life out of me.... i was free this afternoon, but i was so tired and my mind was utterly blank... i didn't know what the hell I should even type...

Again, I'm sorry.

I wrote the gist of what would happen for the next 3 upcoming chapters on my book, but as I thought... I need help and ideas from you guys.

From where the story is right now, Dream will stay at the SMP for around a week so during that time, I need fresh fillers to make them smoother. The ideas you all provided me last time will be used later in this story.

The scenarios or vague ideas I need is romance, *jealousy* (hoho~), mind manipulation, Nightmare's evil doings angst (if possible need to make it heavy), wholesome moments, hmmm...maybe crack.

I will be using some references, like character dialogues, from Brooklyn 99 (the show's funny, need crack around here), mangas and manhwa because i like it. So if you recognize any lines, Kudos to you :)

spoilers! (Maybe? Depends if i add all this or not) :

1) so... uhh, Dream's sisters will be visiting the SMP one by one (or in pairs) to check up on Dream, so you can give suggestions as to what they would probably do. Dream's sisters are unique not only in their appearance (most are hybrids), but are strong independent women protecting Dream in their own way (i guess). You guys can tell me which sister would be the first to visit the SMP:

Luna

Yuki

Eve

Ruby

Alicia

~~Lily~~

Drista (though I'll likely put her a little later)

2) I might bring Corpse into this! He's Raven's Protégée, and will look after Dream... uh, but i probably won't add him in the harem (probably, maybe. Not sure since the guy is like only there in the tales of the Dream SMP, and I still haven't watched those episodes). I planned to add him for a long while now, and he'll likely cause a fight or something.

3) Lastly... i've been reading a lot of fics where Dream is a parent... i don't know, i might bring a lost child into this, and Dream acts like mother. (It might be too much, but like... i want mother bear Dream, but I'm all ears for your suggestions).

anyway, thanks for reading this to the end!

:)

Chapter End Notes

:)

The obsessive stalker, the sick(ish) Blood God, the douchey goat and the upset duck

Chapter Notes

Couldn't think of the proper chapter title so *shrugs*
Thank you so much for the ideas! Helped me a lot!
Don't forget to comment and kudos!
:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I don't find anything wrong in jealousy, because I am little over possessive about those things which i call mine." -unknown

—In an old shack somewhere, Nightmare's perspective —

“They will break you again. You are mine, Daydream.”

Nightmare sat on his black throne, a cheek resting on his knuckles as his elbow was placed on the arm support. He crossed his legs, watching in glee at the images presented in the crystal ball, levitating before him.

His little bird was so clueless, not realizing he was in the place where he suffered the most. Well, no matter, Nightmare supposed it was for the best he made Dream forget those awful memories, including Nightmare's existence—since keeping such painful memories would end up hurting his bird much more. And Nightmare didn't want his love to suffer all the time.

The first time he laid his eyes on such a Saint was when Dream was 14 named Emerald back then. Back then, Nightmare's magic wasn't strong enough to possess a human, even for a brief moment, unless it was a willing host. So he took over the body of a black snake, the animal was weak and was mere seconds away from dying.

As a snake, he traveled to different places, finding something or someone to entertain him from his boredom for a while. There was peace almost everywhere he went, and that irritated him. But he still wasn't strong enough to cause discord on any land.

While slithering on a tree branch one night, Nightmare witnessed Emerald having an argument with a mortal—some pest named Jacob. The Dreamon didn't know what was going on, nor knew why they were arguing, but he assumed that they were having an affair since he only got words

like, 'how could you cheat on me' and 'leave me be'.

Nightmare was a being who lived for a long time, so trivial mortal predicaments disinterested him. However, what caught his attention was the slave collar around Emerald's neck. A slave. Now that was something he hadn't seen in a long time. Didn't the world god, Prime, ban slavery decades ago?

When the mortal Jacob, pinned the blonde to the tree, telling him that he was nothing but a mere slave who was always a burden and dependent, Emerald snapped.

A few but quick jabs on the face was enough for him to free himself and flee. This shocked Nightmare as slaves would face severe punishments if they harm someone whose status was above them unless they were ordered by their owners. The mortal passed out while Emerald ran, but not too far as the enchantments on the collar started choking him, and the broken shackle on his leg glowed red, making him yelp and fall to the ground. This was a slave's punishment.

Nonetheless, he was amazed the blonde still managed to get up and walk from the harsh punishments, limping back to the town.

Seeing someone withstand the pain from the magic on the collar without a scream ripping out of his throat, seeing a slave fight back despite knowing full well of the consequences...

That was the first time in a while a mortal peaked his interest since the wars.

Day after day, he watched him, followed him everywhere he went—learning more and more about the slave.

Other than the fight he put up the other night, Emerald remained obedient and submissive to other people. Although it should be obvious that there was nothing entertaining about him anymore, the little things he did, like singing, and his smiles and charms often snared his attention. In time, Nightmare had grown fond of him.

Nightmare didn't dare approach him, and he was glad he did not because the slave's owner, Raven, had birds looking out for the boy, and his sisters were not very easy to take care of. He would be annihilated by an instant if they noticed his threatening presence. So he watched from afar, as a bird or a snake during the day, and from the dark shadows in the night.

But things started to change when Emerald got himself adopted, and left to another server. Emerald was no longer called by his slave name, (the Dreamon was dejected by that fact since the name of a jewel truly fitted the blonde). He was no longer a slave, and was slowly becoming like a free-spirited mortal like the masses. Then, as he got older... foolish pests were slowly trying to get their hands on him. It was clear that most of them were only infatuated by his beautiful appearance, rather than being attracted to the purity of his soul, like Nightmare.

It was the same situation for Emerald and that Jacob mortal—only this time the former slave knew that he was not going to be played like a fool like before. And Nightmare was glad he was smart enough to protect that part of his well being.

Although Emerald's new sister, Drista, went through different lengths getting rid of each man that came by, to Nightmare it wasn't enough. It was getting ridiculous by the number of months that went by, and this still went on.

Enough was enough, he was finally going to take and protect what solely was his.

...

Nightmare got up from his black throne, putting the crystal ball aside on a nearby table.

The original plan was to break his Daydream out of prison, and make him forget about the extras so he could be the only one who'd be there for him, to make Emerald trust him and be dependent on him. Nightmare never held any malicious intent towards his songbird, so he knew for sure that Emerald would trust him without a doubt. Then they would be far away till they reach the edge of the server, and live together in a cottage with Ranboo (Nightmare still hadn't figured out whether he would still keep Ranboo as a cat, or have Dream mother him). He would occasionally go back to the SMP, slaughter those foolish mortals, and return back to his love.

However, there were some things he hadn't taken into account.

Firstly, trying to adjust to a mortal body was not as easy as he thought. This whole time, he'd been possessing mortals and his Daydream while the original host remained unconscious. But since he made a new body identical to his love with no host, it made it harder to take control. These past two months he'd been here, trying to get used to his new body while ordering Ranboo around to do his bidding.

The havoc he caused a few days back was a test with the body, and he supposed it went well.

Secondly, during the 2 months he was out of commission, it seemed that the SMP members figured out the truth. But that didn't seem like a big issue for Nightmare, he could always twist things up and have Emerald keep his distance from them through Ranboo. Nightmare transformed the Enderman-hybrid to a swift cat since he couldn't move too much when he first arrived here. He'd been keeping an eye on his bird since they last parted through Ranboo's eyes.

Lastly, he never had the intention of making his love a slave, nor had any idea that making him one won't have Nightmare have any ownership over him.

If his bird hadn't been so reckless and pulled off that life-exchanging magic stunt to revive Wilbur Soot, Nightmare wouldn't have rashly broken them out earlier than planned to make him a slave. The only reason he retorted to making his bird a slave was because he didn't have any other alternative. He poured enough magic on the slave collar to help Emerald sustain his life force a little longer. If Nightmare hadn't done that, Emerald would have died last month...

Although slavery does need enchanted psysical slave contracts in order to function properly, Nightmare had enough magic to form an artificial one. However, because the contract was artificial, the slave ownership went to default, making Emerald's master Raven again.

Because of how weak Nightmare was when he first started walking the earth with a human body, he sent Emerald off to his old server, knowing full well that his old family would take care of his love while the Dreamon made himself stronger.

Even though he made Emerald a slave again without the initial thought... it honestly wasn't a bad. If anything, it was a bonus.

Yes, the Dreamon liked him better like this.

Although Emerald's mind was reverted back to his 15 year old self, before he got adopted, Emerald's behaviour had always been more mature—likely because he was very observant of his surroundings and made quick judgements to survive the hell his biological mother put him through.

If his bird had his cage door wide open, he knew that his love would close it shut and stay put in his position, *willingly* . His little bird was so obedient, he never fought back—though Nightmare also liked the side of him that bared fangs at him, it was feisty.

Besides, even if he had no ownership over his bird, *yet*, he could just kill Raven to get ownership.

Then his love won't ever run from him.

Because Nightmare would be his master, and his pet knew just how *perfectly* he should play his role.

"I think i should pay one of them a visit," Nightmare murmured thoughtfully.

—Evening, Messages—

{WilburSoot} Rules to follow when you're around Dream:

{WilburSoot} 1: Don't mention anything about the Prison

{WilburSoot} 2: Don't force Dream to remember, it may hurt him

{WilburSoot} 3: Make sure no harm comes to him during his stay here, otherwise his sisters will start a massacre

{WilburSoot} 4: Don't leave Dream alone by himself, BY ANY COST! I don't know the reason, Phill was very dead serious about it

{WilburSoot} 5: If Technoblade comes by, someone give him a mask or something!

{Tommyinnit} what?!?

{Punz} What?

{Fundy} what happened? Is he sick?

{WilburSoot} uh... he is currently suffering from... summer allergies

{WilburSoot} When I visited him, he was... sick and...

{WilburSoot} I think the cold he got from the blizzard storms got to him

{Puffy} ?

{Puffy} Didn't you say he was suffering from summer allergies?

{WilburSoot} I mean, well, he currently— the point is that Techno is really sick and cannot get out of bed for a while. So if he does get well and visits the SMP any time soon, make sure he has his nose covered.

{WilburSoot} His, uh, cold may spread...

{Tubbo} Did he ever have a problem like that before? I don't remember that?

{Eret} By the way, Will, how did you find Dream?

{WilburSoot} ...

{WilburSoot} ... After I left Tech's house... I found Dream stuck in one of the snare traps Techno setup for ... deers

{Fundy} Dream was caught in a deer trap?

{Tommyinnit} how in the hell did he not see that?

{Tommyinnit} No, better yet. What was Dream even doing at Techno's mountains? Didn't he go home?

{WilburSoot} I... don't have the answer to that, mate.

{WilburSoot} Anyway... for tonight, I'll drop Dream and let him stay with the girls. We're on our way right now

{WilburSoot} Puffy, you're fine with Dream spending the night at your place, right? Phill instructed me to not have him spend the night in a house full of males for some reason (again, he was dead serious)

{Puffy} ...

{Niki} Puffy?

{Puffy} sure! I won't mind. But my other son, Foolish, lives with me. Is that okay with Phill?

{WilburSoot} I guess?

{WilburSoot} He clearly said not to let Dream spend a night with someone who has... uhh...Frisky tendencies...

{Puffy} ? Since when did he suddenly start acting like a responsible parent?

{WilburSoot} I know, right? Given the way me, Techno and Tommy grew up into a mess, we figured Phill had given up on parenting.

{Tubbo} ...Frisky tendencies? Huh?

{Tommyinnit} yeah, What? What does that mean?

{Punz} ...Tommy, Tubbo, Purpled—leave right now

{Tubbo} what? Why?

{Punz} You kids wouldn't understand until you guys start drinking

{Tommyinnit} ... is this related to sex?

{WilburSoot} TOMMY!

{Tommyinnit} IT IS ABOUT SEX, ISN'T IT!? PHILL'S WORRIED THAT SOMEONE'S GONNA FORCE AND HAVE SEX WITH DREAM!?

*{Purpled} who in the f**k would be sick enough to do that!? Isn't the fact that Dream has amnesia bad enough?!*

{Badboyhalo} LANGUAGE!

{Tubbo} and that he's a slave for some reason? Hasn't Dream suffered enough?

{WilburSoot} LOOK! I agree, but this is all part of Phill's instructions when he texted me earlier. Apparently Dream's mom on the other server is an old friend of Phill. And she doesn't entirely trust us with Dream being here, can't blame her really. She only allowed him to stay to prevent the server from dying quickly since his presence makes the server repair itself, or something

{Sapnap} But we won't hurt Dream! We know the truth now!

{WilburSoot} she's just being cautious, after all, we did sort of... make Dream suffer and had him locked up. And after what happened back at the hostess club with Quackity? Yeah, she's

still mad

{Georgenotfound} Wait a sec... Phill said not to have Dream be alone with someone with frisky tendencies, right?

{WilburSoot} the wording is a little different, but the context is somewhat similar. Yeah, why?

{Georgenotfound} ...

{Georgenotfound} Didn't you... come down the mountains alone with Dream for a while?

{WilburSoot} umm... that, that—

{Puffy} Wilbur, did you do something—

{WilburSoot} No! NO! All I did was help him by giving Dream to drink the regeneration potion since his leg was a little injured. Then we came back to the SMP. Nothing happened! Honest!

{Eret} oh, so you 'helped' him drink the potion, huh?

{Eret} did the 'helping' involve lips?

{Eret} ;)

{WilburSoot } that is NOT the kind of 'helping' I meant, Eret. You know that! I didn't French Kiss him like Punz did

*{Punz} F**KING GODAMNIT PEOPLE! HOW MANY TIMES DID I TELL YOU DREAM WAS SAVING ME! AND THERE WAS NO TONGUE INVOLVED!*

{Badboyhalo} LANGUAGE!

{Punz} AND I DIDN'T INITIATE THE KISS, DREAM DID, WILBUR!

{Tommyinnit} yeah, yeah, yeah. Will does seem to be a frisky kind of guy. You wouldn't believe how many flings he had with people he met at the bar

{WilburSoot} TOMMY!

{Purpled} oh, so French kiss involves tongue? Is that what I saw when Dream kissed Punz? Didn't see any tongue interaction, though?

{Tubbo} maybe it's all inside of the mouth? Ugh, still sounds pretty gross, though

{Punz} dskjgkdjabvhjrwbg hv cnsdbvgs!!

{Punz} why are you dumbasses creating an indecent misunderstanding with the minors here!?

{Badboyhalo} LANGUAGE!

Meanwhile, up in those mountains, Techno's cabin—

Technoblade huffed as he read the messages.

He rolled to his front, sighing heavily as he tossed the communicator somewhere in a vague direction as he buried his face on the soft pillows.

He sighed in relief and satisfaction...

Wilbur was right in a way. He did feel sick and giddy, and he was definitely was bedridden... with the pillows from the guest bed!

PILLOWS FROM THE DREAM'S BED!

He groaned in frustration as he buried his nose deeper into the soft material, inhaling the sweet scent that still lingered around.

How in the world did this happen?

The last thing he remembered was Dream crying and pleading to him to not let Sappnap kill him. Then his mind blacked out... the next he knew, he was outside when the sun was about to set, and he was covered in blood with a pile of animal carcasses next to him.

What the f**k?!!

Why were there dead deers and bears on his lawn?

Why the hell did he kill them?

It was clear that his sane mind blacked out when his feral mind mode was triggered. The feral side of him was what truly made him the blood God. The first time that happened was when Wilbur and Techno were young. When he saw Wilbur on the ground, helpless as the mobs swarmed around him, ready to finish him off... Techno snapped. That night when Phill wasn't around to help him, Techno's hybrid instincts awakened. According to Wilbur, his eyes glowed darkly red while the whites of his eyes turned pitch black.

With small bare hands that turned into sharp claws, he tore them down and ripped their bodies to ribbons. It was only after Phill came back that got him to calm down. The scary part about that feral state was that not only did he have no control over his actions, he'd also have no recollection about *what* he did.

And to know that Dream was the one who had triggered that side of him made him shudder.

There was no sign of Dream nor Wilbur in the house when he came back to his senses, but his brother left a note saying that he would take Dream back to the SMP. The moment he read that line however, the voices started screaming immediately to bring his 'mate' back.

It became a massive headache, and he managed to keep chat at bay by taking the pillows from the guest room. God, he'd been inhaling the scent Dream left behind in order to stop his urges to not chase after Wilbur and bring Dream back (Wilbur would likely be beaten to a pulp because of Techno's bloodlust and he did not want to do that).

Normally Technoblade believed his instincts (the mind that is bloodlust and hybrid-desires) and him (the mind that is sane) each had a hand on the wheel, having an equal respective relationship (though he made sure he was the dominant one). But this time it's like his instincts had the keys and he was forcefully shoved and locked at the back of the trunk.

The rational part of Techno hoped that today was the last time he meets Dream, he didn't have the mental strength to lose himself and repeat the cycle all over again—

A sudden knock on his door made him jolt up.

Now what?

He growled, clearly pissed and irritated as he needed some peace. It better not be Phill, he was so not in the mood to see his dad.

As he opened it...

nothing...

“Who the—“ before he knew it, he was shoved forward, and his face was slammed down on the

wooden floorboards. An arm twisted behind him, a person's knee pinned his back on the floor while a hand grabbed a fistfull of his hair to keep his head down.

"So this is the infamous Blood God some servers are wary about... quite a disappointment, I'd say." Someone, a woman's voice, said behind him as she shoved his head down with more force. "You didn't even notice my presence. "

What the hell was happening here? How did he not smell her trespassing into his turf?

Was he so engrossed inhaling Dream's scent, that he put his guard down completely?

SHIT! His instincts would be the death of him at this rate.

"Who in the hell are you breaking into my house!?" He growled, trying to shake the hold off, but she wouldn't budge.

Great , in this position he couldn't even open his inventory either.

"I'm the daughter of your father's friend, and a sister of the boy you tried to bite." Techno's eyes widened. "My name's Ruby, one of the six older sister's of Emerald."

Emerald—as in Dream. Dream's sister? What was she doing here?

"I think you got the wrong address," Techno chuckled dryly. "Dream left for the SMP a while back. He ain't here."

"I know, my two other sisters, Luna and Eve, are visiting in a few days to check on him... but my business is only with you, Technoblade."

"Me?" He huffed. " What did I do to deserve this?"

He heard a low growl, an animalistic one, from her. Was she a hybrid? "I'll be honest with you, when my mother told me you were trying to court Emmy, I wanted to skin you alive."

"What's holding you back?" He said, trying to sound unamused in his monotone voice.

"My mother's instructions. She told me to come here to train you."

"Train me!?" He couldn't help but scoff, feeling his pride get wounded . "Thanks, but no thanks, lady! I already have enough experience from all the other wars I fought in different servers—" he grunted when she pulled his head up briefly, only to slam it back down harshly.

Ow... was he going to bleed from this?

"Not *that* kind of training, smartass." She hissed. "I mean the kind that specializes in controlling your instincts."

Instincts?

...

How did she know that he was having trouble with his animalistic side, lately?

"You can play dumb if you want, but my mother's birds know what they saw... You tried twice to make him your official mate the moment you opened your mouth." Techno gulped. "You were lucky so far, and I'm grateful that you held yourself back. But if you don't do something about it

soon, your instincts will be the one to dominate you, especially since The voices in your head are delusionally believing Emmy's your true mate."

He could feel her weight on him get heavier, likely getting closer to his ear as she whispered, "If you keep this up, there's no telling how many people would be in harm's way—all because you let your instincts get the better of you."

Techno froze, the flashback of when Wilbur and him were kids... when he tore up the mobs in his feral state, and when he regained consciousness, Wilbur looked at him all scared.

Like Techno was a monster who was going to hurt him next.

He hated Wilbur looking at him like, the memory came around from time to time. Likely reminding him to never lose control again.

....

...

He took a breath.

"How do you know about the voices?"

"I have them too," she finally let him go. Techno got up and turned.

A black cloak from head to toe, but she had dark chocolate brown hair, tied to a pretty curly but elegant bun with a few loose strands to the sides near her ears, and vibrant violet eyes. Compared to Dream, she was much taller than him, reaching Techno's height.

"A hybrid who tends to be more animalistic than human, with a high amount of bloodlust all pumped by adrenaline—please. Only those kind of hybrids are the ones to have voices in their heads. And we're those kind hybrids... We're different... more dangerous."

He stared at her, he was surprised the voices in his head still remained quiet. They weren't afraid of her dominant like presence now, were they?

"...Why do the voices believe Dream is my mate just from one whiff of his scent?" He asked.

She smiled, crossing her arms as her eyes narrowed. "Honey, I think the question you should be asking is just why Emmy is attracting hybrids like you, believing that he is *their* mate?"

"What?" Wasn't... wasn't a hybrid's mate supposed to be one person who won't ever be shared by other hybrids, or full blooded animal-like beings? Whether it's destiny or not, everyone's mate will be paired with that particular hybrid... it-it's not like a poly relationship that mates are shared?

"This isn't the first time a hybrid tried courting and marking Emmy, believing he was their mate. There were dozens of times when that happened when Emmy turned into a teen. But I'll tell you this... you aren't attracted to Emmy, your instincts are. And this situation isn't normal... not after what Emmy's mom did to him in one of her experiments."

—forest—

"What are you up to, Schlatt?"

"What do you mean, Flattypatty?"

“I told you, you don’t get to call me that anymore!” He growled, kicking a poor rock near him to a lake. “Why didn’t you tell me you knew where Dream was from the start!?”

The ghost raised a brow. “Now where’s the fun in that?”

“Fun!?” He scoffed, incredulous . “You think this is fun? Dream’s letting this server die on purpose — he wants to kick us out! Dream’s manipulating everyone again, acting the victim! He —“

“Chill out, Quackity.” Schlatt sighed, waving a hand to brush him off . “You’re way more worked up about this.”

“Aren’t you gonna help me at all!? Your one ticket of getting your life back is somewhere in that green bitch’s head!”

“I’d gladly wait for another year,”

That made him shut up.

“Like I said, where’s the fun telling ya where Dream was? Dream became my personal favorite entertainment since I died. He doesn’t judge, he doesn’t yell and argue with me, he pours my drinks and laughs along with me and Mexican Dream when we play our little games.”

The black haired man still continued to stare with wide eyes.

He didn’t... Schlatt didn’t... Did he?

“You know, when I found that hostess club, I was as shocked as you were seeing him work as a bartender. But unlike you, I played along to see where that would me. He really did lose his memories, Quackity. He doesn’t remember any of us. And the slave thing?” He made an explosion sound with his mouth as he splayed his hands in the air . “Never saw that coming. Never in a million years. Who would have known that the ‘villain’ everyone was terrorized by was formerly a guy who ranked at the bottom of the food chain. Kinda makes us look bad, doesn’t it?” He grinned. “Actually he is currently a slave again.”

Quackity gaped at him. “Schlatt... did you... are you on his side?” His voice was wavering a little. “After all I’ve done for you?”

The ghost laughed at him. “All you’ve done for me?” He questioned, rolling his eyes . “Please, Flattypatty, you haven’t even started the first step trying to revive me. And as for being on Dream’s side...” Schlatt gave a cruel smile, a smile that made a shiver crawl up. “....Let’s just say I fell in love~”

“What?” He demanded, he choked.

Schlatt pointed to his own face. “I know what he looks like. I know the pretty little features Dream hides underneath that mask... it’s not really a big secret on the other server, but his sisters made a big deal with the people always looking at him. Me in particular. Kinda makes me regret not having him as my Vice President instead of you.”

Quackity eyes locked with his, still in a state of shock at what his former lover just said.

Quackity didn’t love the drunken addictive alcoholic anymore, but now that Schlatt was a ghost he thought that at least they could do some form of business together and be more co-operative.

But now...

Schlatt was just making a fool out of Quackity. Using him as he pleased and messing with him , just like back when he was the President of Manberg.

He bit his lip, trying not to let any tears rise as his frustrations with the man grew. “You know what? F**K you! F**K you, f**k you, Schlatt! I ain’t gonna do this anymore! Stay dead! Stay dead for the rest of our f**king lives! Make Dream your new plaything, and don’t come to me again!”

“If reviving me ain't gonna cut the deal, then you still owe me something since you lost the bet—“

“F**k that shitty bet!” He stormed off.

Goddamnit!

This wasn’t how it was supposed go! If Sam wasn’t such a stubborn asshole of a warden, Quackity could have speeded things up by torturing Dream and gotten what he needed to finally not deal with Schlatt anymore.

Damnit, he hated the entire mess he was in now. F**king Schlatt.

This was Dream’s fault!

“From the deepest desires often come the deadliest hate” -unknown

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it. :)

Day 1 on the SMP: Tour and greetings

Chapter Notes

Note: Dream is friend and (sort of) platonic son to Puffy. He isn't actually her real son, but Puffy likes to mother him. Foolish is her actual adopted son.

Don't forget to leave comments and kudos. Hope you enjoy it!
:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

...

...

...

Dreamy?

Forget not, they feel nothing for you.

They are only helping you to make themselves feel better.

Only I am here for you.

Remember that

:)

— In the guest room in Puffy’s house—

Emerald awoke with a gasp, feeling his body covered with sweat.

What was that?

The feeling felt familiar, but he couldn’t recall where he felt it from ...

His body was shaking, he felt scared.

Who or what was making him feel this way?

It was one in the morning, and he was sure Miss Puffy and Foolish were still asleep. He shouldn’t disturb them.

He stared at the ceiling blankly for some time, relaxing his body back to the mattress.

...

...

...

He took a breath, breathing in and out to calm himself down. He should go back to sleep now. It was just a nightmare, nothing new.

Emerald jolted in surprise when something moved under the blankets, and felt something soft brush his leg. When he lifted the blanket, glowing purple eyes stared back at him. Without him realizing, Emerald’s green eyes changed to a violet colour, his mind Became a daze as his eyes softened.

“Patches!” He smiled at the cat, as though seeing him there was completely natural. He gently pulled the cat out of the blankets and cradled the cat close to his face. “Where were you? I haven’t seen you in a while.” He giggled when the animal licked his cheek and purred in his ear.

—The next day, Puffy’s house, Puffy’s perspective—

“Breakfast is ready,” Puffy said, as she served the food on the table.

“Thanks mom!” Foolish said happily, putting a piece of bacon into his mouth with a fork.

Wilbur dropped Dream off last night, and Puffy had to frantically get the guest bedroom ready for him at the last minute. Dream had dropped by her house a couple of times before, but he didn’t exactly tell his reasons to her. Nonetheless, her door was always open for him. Dinner last night was painfully awkward for them. The reason? Dream showed his face like it was not a big deal. Puffy had never once seen his face before because she respected his privacy, but last night...

Oh god, she couldn't handle it.

With or without his now long dirty blonde hair, Puffy would have truly mistaken him as a girl. His soft facial features, warm vibrant emerald eyes, and slender-like body (oh, god how did Dream hide a body like that from her? Now she wanted to play dress up with him) made him look so endearing.

Neither Foolish nor Puffy could stop staring at his beautiful appearance.

Fortunately Dream didn't notice their staring as he showed keen interest and curiosity at Foolish because he was a hybrid... a totem-hybrid.

The sheep-hybrid couldn't sleep a wink last night. She had a million questions that prevented her from doing so.

Was Dream eating well these days? Was her duckling seeing someone? Who would refuse a face like that? No, that could be dangerous since he's a slave. He needs to be protected. But god, Puffy wanted so badly to squish his cheeks and dote on him.

The blonde turned his head to her after chewing and swallowing a piece of the bread. "Yes, thank you so much for your hospitality, Miss Puffy," Dream said, smiling at her. "My stay here will be a week max."

Puffy held herself back from wincing when he called her 'miss Puffy', though Foolish and Niki noticed her split-second change in expression. "It's alright... Um... you can call me Puffy."

His green eyes widened from surprise. "Oh, alright. Was I making you uncomfortable in any way?"

"No,no,no,no,no!" The hybrid said, quickly going to his side and placing a hand on his shoulder. "It's not that I'm uncomfortable, it's just... that I'm not used to being called that from you..."

"Oh... I see..." Dream contemplated for a bit before looking at her again. He tilted his head to the side, a red blush dusted over his light freckled cheeks as he nibbled his bottom lip nervously. "Then..." he said shyly, brushing a strand of dirty blonde hair behind his ear, "thank you, big sister Puffy..."

They all gaped at him dumbfounded.

Niki dropped a glass to the floor before a squeal came out from Puffy's mouth.

—Meanwhile, Phill's place, Wilbur's perspective—

The moment Wilbur opened the house door to set his foot out, he was greeted by his son, Fundy.

"Can we talk?" The fox-hybrid said, making Wilbur blink.

"...Yeah, sure," he said, letting him in. He shut the door, nervously looking at Fundy over his shoulder. He hadn't talked to his son for a while, not since Dream showed up this week.

"So," he said, trying to sound as casual and cool as he could, "I thought you were on your way to meet Dream with everyone."

"... I can't,"

"What?" He turned to fully face him.

Fundy crashed on the couch, sighing heavily. "I can't meet him...I'm wary...I'm scared to talk to him."

Wilbur stared at him, making his way and pulling a chair in front of him. "What do you mean you're scared, Fundy?" His eyes wondered to his son's fingers, and widened when he saw an engagement on his finger... the ring Dream and Fundy shared... he..he still had it?

Fundy took a shaky breath, his eyes moving to Wilbur, then to the wooden tiles below his feet, then back again.

"...Am I selfish? Wanting Dream all over again when he doesn't even remember all the terrible things I've done?"

"..." Wilbur stared at him, wordless as he didn't have any answer.

"Am I a terrible person?" He asked again but with gritted teeth, "The reason why I tried to visit Dream in prison was because I wanted to stop my yearning for him. I prepared myself that day. Whatever excuse that would come out his mouth—I wanted to use that excuse to hate him even more and be done with him. If.... if Nightmare hadn't broken Dream out that day, and if it was the real Dream i was having a conversation with... I know that I'd refuse to believe anything he'd say. I just wanted to hate him even more to stop my yearning... But now..." he shook his head. "Now that I know that Dream was never the one to blame, my side switched, and all I want to do is to love him more; Be with him, hug him, kiss him... I want to have him in my arms again and listen to him sleep soundly in my bed... I want him to be safe and warm at my place as I believe I can protect him. I can't let go of him again... I can't this time..."

Fundy took a shuddered breath, then laughed to himself bitterly as Wilbur saw tears fall.

"But Dream deserves the whole world. He has to be treated like royalty, get anything he wants after all the hell Nightmare put him through. I don't deserve him... I can't stay near him with all these ugly selfish desires in me... He suffered all alone for so long. I had my chances long before when we were engaged, but I failed to see the signs," he ran a hand through his hair, biting his lip. "What if...what if I hurt him? Wh-what if I say something wrong that terrifies him? He's more vulnerable than before. He became a slave again, he doesn't remember us and I can tell that he blindly trusts us just like that... one wrong move, and this time Dream would be gone for good..."

The brunet stared at his son as he listened, the hybrid's face now buried in his own hands.

He took a breath. "Fundy, " he said as calmly as he could, finding the proper words that could bring his son some comfort. "Not everything is your fault, we are also to blame. Don't take all the burden that isn't yours. Okay? Dream... I agree we have to be careful with what we say and what we do around Dream, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't speak to him at all, Fundy. At least once. At least one long conversation with him before he leaves by the end of the week. I think... he deserves that much..." Wilbur gently took his son's hands to his own, making him look at him. "And so do you..."

Fundy didn't say anything, his tears still falling as his body trembled.

"Dad... seeing him again, looking healthy and happy—blissfully oblivious of the truth... I don't want him to remember. I'm not saying this so we could all start fresh and put everything to the past so easily...no, I'm saying this because I don't think I can sit still if we end up hurting Dream again. I don't want him to be scared, I don't want him setting up so many walls between him and us again. I want our trust to rebuild."

“I know, Fundy, I know,” he hugged him, rubbing his back in a circular motion. “But as much as we want to avoid the truth, hide it from Dream. It’s impossible to keep the truth away from him forever. If he wants to know what happened here, we have no choice but to tell him. All we have to do is brace ourselves for the worst. And if Dream wants to leave the server for good... we have to let him go. Alright, Fundy?”

His son sobbed hard on his shoulder.

—later, Community house, no one’s perspective—

“I don’t understand, how does a cat be the death of us?” Eret questioned, folding his arms.

“According to Ray, that creature is dangerous. If anything, I suspect that it’s Nightmare possessing an animal to keep an eye on Dream.” Phill said. “So keep your eyes peeled.”

Punz scratched his head in question. “Shouldn’t we tell the others? You know, raise awareness?”

“I don’t want Sapnap to go and start a brutal mass murder of pets again, Punz. Did you forget that his actions instigated a war over pets, too?”

“True,”

Phill looked the other way. “There they are,” the avian hybrid pointed at the awaited group coming their direction.

“What the-?” Eret gaped as both Niki and Puffy had their arms around Dream lovingly as they walked, while Foolish followed from behind with an incredulous look on his face.

“Hey, Dream,” Phill said, unaffected by the scene before them. “How was your sleep?”

They couldn’t see him smile because of the porcelain mask he wore, “I slept well, thank you very much, Mr. Pancake!”

The girls gave a look of question at Dream while Phill spluttered.

“Pa-pancake—Dream, my name’s Phill.” He said in defense.

“I’m aware, but Miss Raven insisted on calling you that.”

“... That Harridan...” Phill grumbled before clearing his throat.

“Um, if you want, I can call you grandfather Phill.”

“Nope!” Phill said quickly, he won’t admit out loud that being reminded that he was that old offended him. “Phill will do. So... uh, i know you’ve met Punz before,” he raised his hand to the SMP leader. The white hooded man blushed when Dream’s gaze shifted to him.

“Of course, I saved him.” The girls let him go as Dream stepped closer to his former employee. “How is your health?”

“Uh, um... uh,” he replied stupidly as his brain failed to help him form proper sentences as his eyes were looking at the lower half of Dream’s mask, imagining the soft lips—

From the corner of his eyes, he could see Eret smirking at him, clearly amused from his reaction to Dream.

How the hell was Punz supposed to be normal with Dream after being kissed by him?

Dream seemed to have noticed that something was wrong with Punz when his face was turning red. “Punz, are you still unwell?” Right when Dream reached out a hand to touch his head, Punz reacted and caught his hand to stop him.

“Punz?” Puffy said, her eyes narrowing.

“Ah—sorry, Dream!” He said immediately let him go, but started walking backwards. “I have work to do!” His body hit the edge of the nearby table, making him groan a bit from the pain. “I gotta go!” Right when he turned, his shoulder hit the door frame (they all flinched from the loud thud as it sounded painful) but Punz still nonetheless ran away from Dream at the speed of light.

...

...

...

“Is he still sick?” Dream looked at Eret, his tone changing to concern. “I can make more antidote potions.”

“Nah, he’s just a little shy. That’s all. I’m Eret, the king of the SMP.”

“King?” Dream curtsied to him, head down. “Your majesty.”

Their eyes widened. “Dream, no,” Niki said quickly. “That’s not how it works here. We don’t have a strong monarchy system.” Oh dear, they’d have a lot of explaining to do to Dream now that he’d forgotten everything.

“Yeah,” Eret agreed, “I’m not that kind of King. If anything, I’m kinda like a figurehead. Respect doesn’t run too deep since we’re all friends here.”

Dream tilted his head in confusion. “Figurehead? That sounds mean. Who made you do that?”

Eret didn’t reply as his grin melted away.

“Eret?”

He didn’t know how to respond, especially since the guy (or the once possessed guy) who was responsible for it was looking right at him all confused.

Someone cleared his throat to get their attention. Sam stood at the entrance, waving a hand. It was odd seeing him wear casual clothing, black inner vest and jeans, since they were all used to his warden attire of full on netherite armour. Instead of the task mask, he was wearing a plain paper creeper mask that covered his eyes.

“Morning, guys.” He greeted them.

“Sam!” Puffy greeted back. “You’re here early?”

“I figured if I started the tour early, we could have this all done before nightfall. This server is pretty big after all,” he said, but didn’t break his gaze at Dream who smiled cluelessly at him. Puffy noticed, and she started giggling.

“Alright then. Dream, this is Awesamdude, but we all call him Sam. And as you can see, he’s a

creeper-hybrid. But other than his green hair and pointy ears, he's mostly human. He's going to give you a tour around the server. Now get going," Puffy pushed the blonde towards Sam's direction, Dream yelped when his face got shoved at Sam's chest. She then had them ushered out of the community house and had them on their way.

Eret raised a brow at Puffy, whose face was beaming with joy. "You sure it's a good idea to let Sam look after Dream?" He questioned her. "You know, since he was a warden of the prison."

"Oh, don't worry, Eret. Sam's a good lad. I'm sure he can take care of Dream. Let's just have them enjoy their date, okay?"

"This was a date setup?" Phill questioned.

The sheep-hybrid turned to him with a smug smile. "Mr. Pancake?"

The avian-hybrid groaned. "I made a stupid mistake a long time ago, and that woman hadn't let that go since then! Do NOT ask me what I did with a pancake!"

—Hours later, no one's perspective—

(Sorry, kinda forwarding a bit and not going into details because my brain is shit as I've been unwell for a few days. Sorry again. I might be rushing this chap :()

Dream enjoyed himself.

The tour around the SMP was wonderful. Although he had a vague feeling that he was already familiar with his surroundings from before, having Sam take him around and explain which house or establishment belonged to whom.

Sam had been so kind to him. So sweet. He was gentle. Although he was mostly straightforward, he did joke around here and there making Dream laugh.

Sam introduced almost everyone to him.

First were the minors. Tommy, Tubbo and Purpled. Although Dream had a heavy feeling of guilt and regret in his chest, he kept the atmosphere positive.

"It's nice to see young 12 year olds full of energy," he said to them, and they gaped with wide eyes.

"We turned 17!" they all cried in union, startling Dream.

They forgave him, believing that it was a genuine mistake (though this had them questioning whether Dream had always seen them as such minors rather than teenagers close to adulthood.)

The next group Dream met up with was Antfrost, Badboyhalo, Ponk. The conversation went more smoothly than Sam anticipated. Especially around Ant. The siamese cat held no grudges against Dream, even after his sisters sedated him with Quackity and Jack.

Dream apologized to him profusely after what his sisters did to him, but Ant forgave him saying that his sisters treated him much better compared to Jack and Quackity.

The rest of the talk was to clear doubts of Dream's questions from his obvious fascination with

hybrids.

There were plenty more people that met with Dream later that day, some went well, some were awkward. However, amongst the group, Sam was confused as to why he didn't find Sapnap and George, and most importantly, Fundy.

Was there a sudden change in plans?

On their way out of church prime, Sam noticed Dream staring at the lake outside the borders of the holy land. "Something wrong?"

Dream didn't respond at first, still staring blankly at the lake as his mind was... searching for something, a memory that could explain why that place seemed more special compared to the rest of the server. "Sam, does anyone live near that lake?"

"Not that I'm aware of." The hybrid replied, still side-eying Dream with worry. Was there something over there near church prime?

"Well, anyways," Sam cleared his throat, making Dream look at him. "That's the end of the tour. I hope it ... I made it enjoyable for you. I just hope I didn't tire you too much—"

Dream, however, couldn't listen to his next words as his hearing suddenly went deaf and his vision blackened.

...

Huh?

...

No. Not again. Not now.

The blonde's knees buckled suddenly as he blacked out, and a Dream would have fallen if Sam hadn't caught him.

"Dream?" He panicked, holding the blonde from his waist. Fortunately for the two of them, Dream lost his consciousness for a few seconds before gasping.

"It's alright. I'm-i'm fine. This is normal for me." Trying to calm Sam down as he managed to get his breathing again. "My mind feels a little fuzzy, but I'll be fine."

"Are you... are you still suffering from fainting spells?"

Dream's eyes widened from underneath the mask. "How do you know that?"

"You... before you suddenly disappeared, you were suffering from that for 2 months. I was mostly taking care of you."

The blonde stared, speechless.

"I thought your sickness receded." The older helped him get up, steadying him on his feet, having Dream lean his body on Sam.

"... I... one of my sisters gives me a special medicine to stop the fainting spells for a while. I haven't had my medication for a few days. But don't worry. I'll be fine. It's not like these fainting spells are fatal to my health."

Oh, Dream if you only knew. Sam thought as his lips thinned. He needed to complete the elixir soon.

“Ey, careful Sam.” A new voice said suddenly, making them jump and look. Quackity “If you keep holding him like that, you’re gonna make me think you have a thing for him or something.”

Coming from the entrance, the man walked towards them, dragging an axe on the ground as he went while his hand clenched to a fist. He wore a white collared shirt with suspenders.

Dream froze immediately, his body trembling with fear from seeing the same man who attacked in the hostess club. Sam felt his body tense, and knew it had to be from the Raven haired man’s presence.

“Quackity?” Sam narrowed his eyes. “I thought you didn’t have any plans meeting with a Dream?”

“Had a change in plans,” he drawled, glaring at Dream. “Of course, that doesn’t mean that’s a good thing.”

Sam gave a low growl, his eyes went to Quackity’s axe. “I don’t know as to what reason you brought a weapon, but violence is strictly prohibited on the holy land.”

“Whatever,”

“What are you doing here?”

“I just told you, I’m here to see him.” He beckoned his head to Dream. “To have a little chat.”

“I’ll let you talk if you put the axe away,”

“Yeah, no can do, Warden. This isn’t Pandora’s vault. You have no authority nor control over here this time.”

“challenging the World God, Prime, Quackity? Awfully brave of you if you don’t fear his wrath.”

The man clicked his tongue in annoyance. “Since when do God’s take care of their creations? Come on, Sam, we know from all the shit we’ve been through together that this religion is absolute shit, and we are on our own.”

“Umm... “ Dream said in a small voice as his body quivered, their attention went to him “Hey, look about what my sisters did--I’m sorry about what they did to you--”

Quackity scoffed, making Dream flinch with the sudden interruption. He raised his axe over his shoulder as he glared at him. “Save it, bitch. I don’t trust a single word that comes out of that filthy manipulative mouth of yours.”

Sam stepped forward, shielding Dream with his body. “Quackity, I know well that Punz already explained what really happened to Dream. The truth. it ‘s not his fault!”

“Oh, I heard alright. But do you expect me to believe that I would switch sides so quickly just because he’s acting all innocent and cute? Oh hell no, I’m not gonna be convinced by just one talk.” he pointed at Dream as he gritted out his next words, “this bastard somehow got that drunk-ram infatuated with him. And getting Schlatt, out of all people, into him so quickly isn’t normal when all that he saw me was as petty amusement.”

Quackity took a breath. “However, depending on what he says next may make me change my

opinion. **May.**” he looked at Dream again. “So just answer one, simple, easy question, okay, Dream?”

“...Okay?” Dream said with hesitance, wrapping his arms around Sam’s muscular long arm, trying to ease his nervousness.

Quackity smiled at him as his face darkened, sending shivers down Dream’s spine. Sam glared at Quackity. He still never figured out what Quackity’s true intention was to visit Dream in prison, and his current attire he wore was the same every time he dropped by at Pandora’s vault. But a friendly chat was definitely not the case, not with his eyes burning with disgust and anger.

“Dream... What do you think about attachments?”

—Meanwhile, Phill’s home, Tommy’s perspective—

Tommy sighed heavily as he closed the door to his room.

“Hello, Tommy,”

Tommy jumped, startled. He blinked when saw a man with a familiar black porcelain mask in his room.

“Dream?” Didn’t he see him earlier with Sam today? What was he doing here in his house?

He laughed, and the chaotic voice sounded awfully familiar. “ ***Oh, surely you jest, Toms. Did you not take a good look at me the day I had you poisoned?***”

The blonde immediately froze on the spot.

“Nightmare...?” Dread was written all over his face as his body began to tremble with fear. He turned.

“Not so fast, boy,” he heard the sound of fingers snap, and the door immediately shut in front of his face.

“No, no, no, no, no, no,” Tommy tried opening the door, but the handle wouldn’t budge. His breathing quickened as he felt himself start to sweat.

“ No worries, Tommy. I will not harm you today. I am far more generous compared to what you all think of me.”

The colour drained from Tommy’s face when he felt a hand grab his shoulder.

“ Care to have a friendly chat with me for old times sake?”

Two cliff hangers :)

Sorry if the ending seemed rushed, will edit and add more, just a little sick today.
Anyways, hope you like it.

:]

Day 1 on the SMP: Tour and greetings—part 2

Chapter Summary

The title says it all

Chapter Notes

This part was supposed to be added with the previous chap, but since i was sick that day, meh.

It's short, but i hope you love it ;)

Don't forget to leave comments and kudos

:)

Enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Care to have a ~~friendly chat~~ with me for old times sake?”

The boy was trapped and cornered by Nightmare. One wrong move, and Tommy was sure his head may go flying off. What the hell was the Dreamon doing here? A friendly chat? Please, taking Dream back with him would have convinced him otherwise. But to see him out of all people—

“what the f**k do you want, bitch?” He hissed, trying to sound strong and manly like he always did, but he his legs failed to hide it as it noticeably shook down below.

The Dreamon chuckled, he removed his angry black mask to the side of his head, showing his tanned face to the younger. The kind of smile he gave to Tommy sent a shiver down his spine. He was facing with the real monster alone.

“Still the foulmouth child as always, huh, Tommy?”

”I’M A MAN!”

”Of course, of course, mate. I am well aware, you have said it countless times before.” The grip Nightmare had on Tommy’s shoulder tightened, making the boy whimper from the pain. *“And as always, your presence never fails to displease me.”*

“what do you want, Nightmare? Poison me again?”

“I admit, I was tempted, but you will be cured once more by my bird. so my attempt would be useless. And as I said before, if you were ever listening, Gremlin, I wanted to have a friendly chat.”

Tommy scoffed, feeling absolutely disgusted and mad at the Dreamon before him. “What’s there to talk about? We already know the truth, Nightmare. We know that all the shit that caused misery to everyone was all from **you**! It was **you** who wanted and went after my discs forever ago. It

was **you** who tried to get Tubbo killed multiple times! It was **you** who burned down the community house and dethroned George! You framed the real Dream knowing that we pushed all our hate to him so you can have him all to yourself!"

"Ah, so you are aware of that much." Nightmare's red eyes gleamed from amusement, his height towering over Tommy, making the younger feel more smaller. **"Yes, it is true. Almost everything that you said was all orchestrated by me. Almost."**

"Almost my ass," he sneered, grinning with confidence. He must really have a death wish trying to be bold with his manipulator.

Nonetheless, Nightmare still smiled at him in a dark way. **"It is not a lie, Tommy. Almost. Yes, I kept going after your attachments because they were the key to your weakness, and I could discipline you with that kind of leverage. Yes, I threatened and tried to kill you little brats on several occasions. And yes, I burned the community house down, the special place that was built by my bird, Sapnap and George, and had you take blame. However, I am not the one who dethroned George."**

Tommy stilled, eyes widening from what Nightmare just said.

...What?

"You... you're lying to me again, bitch."

Nightmare shook his head. **"It is understandable if you do not believe me, but it is the truth. My songbird wanted to dethrone George, and i let him personally take the crown from the Brit since I used that opportunity to make Eret a figurehead again."**

"Why...why would he do that?"

The Dreamon looked at him, tilting his head as he stilled smiled. **"There are loads of things Dream has done which raised questions, including me. My little bird, as you know, is not a sharer in his thoughts and secrets. For instance, the location of his home."**

"Please, we all know Dream is homeless,"

"He is not," He insisted, letting his hold on Tommy loose, gradually letting him go. He turned and sauntered around the room freely, splaying his hands wide apart in the air. **"Do you honestly think that the administrator of this server sleeps roofless and under the care of the stars? Have you ever wondered where he ever disappears off to for a while when no one is looking for him?"** A grin formed. **"He stays at home alone. He never shared his location to anyone else, not even to his closest friends. My bird has always been...secretive. "**

The younger shifted uncomfortably, his hand still on the door handle. Damn, doors still jammed.

"Although there is a glaring difference between him and I, there are little things about us that are similar. For example," Nightmare looked at him over his shoulder, and grinned at him like the psychopath he was, **"Our thoughts about Attachments..."**

...MY DISCS!

Tommy head instinctively whipped at the wooden chest that rested at the corner of the room,

Nightmare's gaze followed him. The young boy immediately darted to the chest, slamming it open.

Empty...

"Looking for these?" to Tommy's horror, Nightmare held the two discs he treasured dearly— Cat and Mellohi. The same discs that were always stolen from him, used as leverage against him by his abuser again and again.

"Give them back, bastard!" he lunged forward, only to be kicked at the the stomach harshly. He whimpered at the pain and curled into a ball.

The Dreamon laughed, a chaotic sound came from those horrible mouth of his. He started tsking at him in a mocking manner. **"Oh, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy... you never learn, do you? Shall I discipline you once more? Play our little game of cat and mouse?"** The Dreamon huffed at him when the boy could only give a whimper as a response. **"As I thought, you are starting to bore me being so pathetic... Well, putting that aside, I will tell you why I am here."**

"My discs," the boy managed to grit out, using his forearms to lift his upper body a bit. Shit, the pain still hurt.

The Dreamon, however, rolled his eyes, unamused. **"Must everything be about you and your discs?"**

"If it isn't about that then give them back!"

"No,"

A flat rejection.

Nightmare squatted in front of him, waving his discs in the air as though he was fanning himself.

"As you can see, I will be keeping your treasured attachments again. But only this time I will not be using them to discipline you. No. I understand well enough that your stubbornness is beyond repair. You are utterly hopeless."

"Hey!"

"But nonetheless, I will be seeing you soon again to return them, depending on your answer is to my question that is."

God, his endless mind games, when will his misery end? "Then ask me now, bitch!"

"Patience, child. My question relates to my little songbird. You do not seem convinced with whatever I say about my bird, so how about you keep a close eye on him, watch him, spend time with him... only then will you acknowledge that my love and I are similar," he tilted his head a his red eyes gleamed, **"Once you realise that, will you still keep protecting him from me?"**

Tommy... didn't know how to answer that. For one thing, he found it very hard to believe that Dream and Nightmare was similar in a way when all Dream wanted to do was protect them, while Nightmare wanted to control them. He managed to sit up right, grunting at the pain from hi stomach. Yeah, he was sure it was bruised. Badly.

Nightmare got up and pulled out a potion from his inventory before drinking it. **"I look forward to**

your response, Tommy. Till me meet again.”

And with that he disappeared, the window of his room slammed open with a gust of wind blowing in.

Then nothing...

An invisibility potion. Of course.

—later, that night, Community house, no one’s perspective—

Quackity attacked Dream. That news spread to everyone on the SMP thanks to Sam and his communicator.

However, Punz decided to have the meeting with only a limited number of people. While Foolish and Niki stayed at Puffy’s house, looking after a rather shaken Dream, Puffy, Sam, Quackity, Punz, Sapnap, George and Phill attended the meeting at the community house. And after much nagging and complaining, Phill ended up surrendering and brought Tommy along, too.

“Explain,” a very livid Sapnap growled at his fiancé, hands clenched tightly to a ball as though he was going to punch Quackity right then and there. Though, there was no need for that as Sam had already done that. A cut on the lip, and a bruised jaw under that, something a healing potion could fix later.

Quackity raised his hands in the air defensively as he took a couple of steps back. “Sap, come one, I know Dream’s your old friend and all—but are you seriously going to start trusting him that easily again!?”

”Are you f**king kidding me!” George yelled out making everyone flinch . “We just got him back! Quackity, we’re trying to fix our mistakes with Dream, we want to help him and make up our error for falsely imprisoning him for almost 8 f**king months in Pandora’s Vault, and then you come around suddenly and attack him! What the hell?! I know you’re pissed about Dream, but you didn’t have to go that far! What if you scared him off! We’re trying to build trust here.”

“George, he could be acting and faking all of it! I know you want to believe that Dream’s a victim here so you can get your old friend back, but I know for sure he’s faking it!”

Punz stepped forward. ”Quackity, I already explained that Dream is not at fault! His dairy and Drista clearly—“

“Are we seriously going to believe the things that favors that green bitc—“ he held himself from calling Dream that because Sapnap was in front of him, “that favors Dream? He could have purposely left that journal there for us to find it later to make himself innocent!”

“We never found the journal, Quackity.” Puffy stated. “The journal was hidden in a special place in the prison until Drista found it for us.”

“And that’s another thing! Dream’s sister! That little girl is that psychopath’s brother! Of course she would side with him—“

“What about that collar around his neck, hmm?” Sam said strongly, they could see him gritting through his teeth. “If you’re saying Dream’s manipulating us again, why would he make himself a slave?”

“Hell if i know!” Quackity raised his arms in the air, clearly pissed and frustrated by the way everyone still sided with Dream. “But don’t you think this oddly favors him, too? His master is his mother! And that mother and Dream’s big scary sisters would do anything for him as they are *family*. Me and my group got drugged on their server for crying out loud! ”

Phill sighed heavily, rubbing both sides of his temples with his fingers as he closed his eyes. “Look, Quackity, regardless of what you say and what we think, we still need Dream. In case you didn’t notice at all, ever since he arrived our grasses are getting greener, and the animals are coming back to the forests. His presence helps the server repair itself. So we don’t need you attacking Dream like that out of the blue. Not to mention, I would have my wings cut off if Ray believes that I’m doing a terrible job looking after her son. Come one, mate! It’s just the first day, and this happens! Cut me some slack here!”

“Dream’s the admin of the server, it’s possible for him to change the weath—“ Quackity stopped himself when a thought came to his head, he looked back at Sapnap. “Wait, do you even know *why* I attacked Dream in the first place?”

Sam stiffened.

Everyone looked at each other confused.

“Wasn’t it because you don’t like him, and this is your way of getting back at him after the incident at the hostess club?” Punz said.

Quackity stared at him, then looked at the rest of them. He shook his head as a grin formed. Then he started laughing loudly to himself, as though someone played a hilarious joke on him. They all stared at him confused. Especially Sapnap, narrowing his eyes.

“You’re kidding. Are you guys all f**king kidding me right now?!” He pointed at the warden, who stood at the corner of the room. “So Sam told everyone here that I attacked Dream like a bad guy, that I attacked Dream in front of Sam with no reason at all?”

“Like I said, we thought—“

“You all thought f**king wrong!” He hissed, shaking his head, he couldn’t believe this. “Then what happened?” Sapnap said impatiently. Quackity side glanced at him, hurt a little bit. His fiancé was already fooled by that green bitch.

“I went to look for Dream to ask a simple question...”

—few hours earlier, Quackity’s perspective—

“Dream... What do you think about attachments?”

“Attachments?” Dream tilted his head. “What do you mean?”

Quackity frowned at this.

“You know, things that you get attached to easily. Like animals, objects, people— something so dear to you that you wouldn’t let go.”

Dream looked at him while he contemplated, his hold on Sam’s arm never loosening. The stupid smiley porcelain mask was something Quackity never liked, mainly because that simple crude

smile looked like it was mocking and taunting everyone. Looking down on them like lowly animals.

Quackity knew that Sam was glaring at him, observing his axe in particular. He huffed. If anything, Quackity didn't put his weapon away as he wanted to intimidate Dream, but earlier he had been using it to cut down trees and kill animals for food. Really now, Sam must have bonded with Dream during those 8 months quite nicely—making the warden kick Quackity out of the prison every time came by. He didn't know what kind of lies and deception that monster used to make Sam this protective over Dream.

“Well?” Quackity said impatiently, Dream was taking way too long to answer him. That question should be easy enough to answer if it was him.

Dream let go of Sam's arm, moving away from his body. “I think that...” he stuttered, “I think attachments...”

He waited... but as Quackity had predicted, the man in front of him...

Dream...

“... *are unneeded*...”

...had not changed.

Furious, Quackity lunged at the green bitch with his axe raised high. His attempt failed miserably, however, as Sam quickly scooped Dream in his arms and gave a high round kick to Quackity's face.

—Present, Tommy's perspective —

Tommy's mind went blank, staring at Quackity with disbelief .

The same for everyone else. It was quiet. So quiet...

“Are you absolutely certain that Dream isn't manipulating you all again?” Quackity said to all of them, and this made Tommy flinch.

The younger one recalled what Nightmare told him earlier...

Although there is a glaring difference between him and I, there are little things about us that are similar. For example...Our thoughts about Attachments...

...

Nightmare was the villain who manipulated him and made him suffer hell.

Dream never wanted to hurt anyone, but his thoughts about attachments were similar to Nightmare's....

Nightmare expressed his thoughts through words as well as actions.

Dream expressed his thoughts through words... that could still manipulate people.

...Who should he trust right now?

Attachments are unneeded, Dream said... the Dream they falsely imprisoned and mistreated—

Wait... if Dream and Nightmare were similar... then was it really wrong to imprison him?

As soon as that thought crossed his mind, Tommy's eyes widened in horror. What the hell was he thinking right now?!

Phill cleared his throat, getting everyone's attention. "Well... I...I don't know the reason behind Dream's answer to your question Quackity, but I do know for certain that..."

"That?" Tommy said, hoping, believing that Dream lied. Because he didn't want to believe that Dream, the real Dream, said attachments are unneeded. Please, please, please, no—

"That Dream was being *honest* with you,"

Tommy's heart sank.

The look on George and Sapnap's face looked crushed as Quackity's expression darkened.

"Because slaves are incapable of lying."

Punz raised a brow, "What do you mean?"

"It's just as I said. Even if Dream wanted to lie, he cannot because the slave enchantments on his collar would react and punish him if he did. This also includes manipulation, or any kind of deception. Unless ordered by their owner, chances of him faking the whole thing for his own gain seems pretty slim."

Tommy noticed Sam and Puffy sighing in relief.

Quackity, on the other hand, growled. "Whatever, slave or not, I'm not buying it!"

Right when he turned his heel to leave, Sapnap caught his arm.

"Sappy, let me go. I want to be alone."

"Quackity, we need to talk!" The arsonist firmly said, "I get what you're saying about Dream and the attachment stuff, but you still attacked Dream with an axe!"

"Talk?" The ravenette turned to him fully as a said smile formed on his face, "sure, I'll talk. How about you tell me why you made another country without even saying anything!?"

This caught everyone off guard.

Sapnap looked surprised. "...What?"

"Why did you, Karl and George make another kingdom without saying a word to me first!?"

Tommy could clearly see tears watering up his eyes, but none fell. At least not yet. "Before Dream disappeared, for 3 months, Sam and I were working and making a new country. I made a new country for you guys... only to find out that you left me behind to make one of your own, excluding me... Sapnap, we hadn't talked... we hadn't had a proper conversation in MONTHS! We had seen each other from time to time, but you guys never spoke to me about your Kinoko Kingdom. We meet in these kinds of meetings lately when it comes to DREAM! EVERYONE'S BIGGEST MANIPULATOR AND ABUSER SEEMS TO BE YOUR BIGGEST CONCERN, RATHER THAN YOUR OWN FIANCÉ!"

Quackity yelled at the last part as tears fell.

“Hell, you nor Karl never came to me immediately out of concern or to comfort me when I returned when you knew that I had been sedated on the other by DREAM’S family! Schlatt looked for me, but only to mess and mock at me, spouting on that the green bitch became his new plaything!”

They all stared at them, some uncomfortable, some awkward as they knew this was a private personal conversation between lovers... if that’s what they were supposed to be.

“You said you would kill Dream if he ever escaped prison, but it seems that you’d rather kill me instead. You choose that monster over me. You don’t keep your promises, Sapnap.” Quackity gave a weak smile. “If you care for that psychopath so much, why not marry him?”

“Quackity, I—“ Sapnap started, only to be brushed off as Quackity yanked his arm back.

“I need some time alone,” and with that, he stalked off out of the community house, into the night.

Tommy watched his figure get engulfed completely by the darkness.

Sapnap looked like he wanted to go after him, but instead he chose not to.

Guess everyone had secrets...

...

...

Including the real Dream...

Chapter End Notes

My, oh my...

Day 2 on the SMP: Visitors

Chapter Summary

A sudden morning visit from a stranger Puffy and Foolish never expected. The messages are as chaotic as ever. and the sisters finally visit!

Chapter Notes

Hello!

Sorry for the radio silence this week, on one of those days was a special day for me, so my family and I had to clean the house and go shopping and stuff. Also, we went for a family trip and I could not type a fudge as the internet wasn't so good for me to type on google docs.

Regardless, I enjoyed the trip and thought of new cracking ideas.

I'm back now, and my internet rocks.

Enjoy!

:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

[WARNING! This chap may contain, uhh, sexual jokes? It's not serious, but please, I wrote this for laughs and wanted to embarrass some boys. So brace ourselves!]

Enjoy!

—Next day, Puffy's house, Emerald's perspective—

The blonde yawned as he stretched himself after climbing out of bed. He changed into the spare clothes prepared for him; familiar long black pants, fingerless gloves, a black turtleneck shirt, and green hoodie. He looked at his own reflection in the mirror, looking at himself with awe. The clothes... were similar to the ones he wore when his sisters found him floating in the town's lake 2 months ago.

...Was it coincidence that sister Puffy had clothes that were similar to his old worn ones, with the exact same measurements?

He shrugged the thought off as soon as it came since it didn't seem like an issue. Emerald carded his hands through his hair, gathering it all and tying his long dirty blonde hair to a messy side braid, few short strands curled to the sides of his face.

He left the room and sat on the dining table, stretching his limbs once more on the chair.

Yesterday's events were... something.

Sam was very kind to him. He made sure he was okay as he safely guided Dream around the server. The fact that Sam was aware of his fainting spells, and was the person to take care of him before he lost his memories wasn't something Emerald expected. Knowing himself, Emerald never liked burdening people with his issues.

And that place, the lake, located right outside the boundaries of the holy land... something was in that lake. Something familiar, and his gut was telling him he had to go and jump into the waters to find out.

But before he could, that man, Quackity, appeared.

There must have been something he had done wrong, otherwise why would the ravenette lash out on him like that with pure grudges and disgust burning in his eyes.

Dream... What do you think about attachments ?

He frowned.

Why did Quackity ask him that? And why was he so outraged by his honest opinion?

Attachments were truly unneeded...

...Well... at least for--

"Morning, bro," Foolish appeared, smiling at him as he climbed down the ladder.

Foolish was a totem-hybrid, but he looked a lot more human and was tall as Sam, and muscled, too... Compared to his scrawny body.

He pouted from the thought.

"Oh, uh, good morning...um..." Sister Puffy didn't like being called miss by him, so... "big brother foolish?"

The hybrid's eyes widened. He immediately darted to Emerald's direction, startling the blonde as foolish clasped both his hands with his. "Say it again!" He said with stars in his eyes.

"Huh, um... good morning, big brother Foolish?"

His grin widened and he immediately hugged Emerald. "You've never considered me as a brother, especially an older one! Oh, god, please stay cute like this forever!"

This confused Emerald more, hugging the taller and muscled male. Had... had he never called them sister or brother before? Was that all this about?

... oh right... he's mind was reverted back as a 15 year old but he's currently in his twenties, so he's likely around the same age as everyone else on the SMP. All except the minors and Mr. Pancake.

"Morning, boys," Puffy appeared from the kitchen, wearing a rainbow coloured robe with a cup of coffee in one hand.

"Morning, mom!" Foolish chirped as he let Emerald go. "Mom, Dream called me 'Big brother Foolish'!"

Puffy's eyes widened. "Did he, now?" She then looked at Emerald's direction. "That's something considering that you're younger than Dream."

Huh? Really?

Maybe it was because of Foolish's height that made him think the hybrid was older.

She hesitated, Emerald noticed right away, before flashing a warm smile at him. "Good morning, Duc—I mean, Dream, were you able to sleep well last night?"

"Good morning, sister. Yes, I had a pleasant night."

She hummed. "That's good..." again, there was that hesitant look on her face again.

"Is something wrong, sister?"

"Oh! Um, no... Dream... can I ask you something?"

Emerald blinked. "Of course."

"When... you told Quackity that attachments are unneeded—"

Ah, so it was about that. Attachments...

"—what did you mean by that exactly?"

Foolish looked surprised, looking back at Emerald... warily?

He still didn't get it. "It's... exactly as I said. Attachments are unneeded."

The blonde instantly knew from the look at sister Puffy's eye that she was hurt. What? Did he say something wrong?

Did he mess up?

Sister Puffy gently shook her coffee in a circular motion, likely using the little force to make the liquid stir itself. "I... I see. Can you tell me why you believe that attachments are unneeded to us?"

...

What?

"Dream, I don't know why you believe that things that hold dear to us are unneeded. To some, having something or someone worth protecting makes us stronger. We—"

"Wait, no," Emerald interrupted, getting up from his seat. "You got it all wrong."

The sheep hybrid's ear flicked as she looked at him, confused. "What do you mean?"

"When I said that attachments are unneeded, I didn't mean everyone doesn't need attachments. If anything, anyone can have as many things that hold dear to them as much as they want, or people for that matter. I was talking about myself when—"

The sound of footsteps approaching behind Emerald abruptly cut him short as a pair of arms hugged him from behind before a familiar deep voice spoke.

"You're letting your guard down way more than usual if you didn't sense me, Emmy,"

Emerald gasped before his face broke into a smile.

“Corpse!” He turned.

Familiar black curly hair, a black mask with fangs drawn like shark teeth, black hoodie with a white t-shirt underneath it with ripped jeans at the bottom. His dark red eyes softened as he looked at Emerald.

The blonde wrapped his arms around the taller man's neck. “It’s been so long, I missed you!”

Corpse chuckled softly. “I was only gone for 2 weeks.”

“Felt like forever to me!”

“D-Dream?” Foolish said flabbergasted, looking at the man hugging him. Oh right, they don’t know him. “Who is this? And how did he get into our house!?” He yelled looking at the direction Corpse came from, while sister Puffy’s jaw dropped.

Corpse looked at Foolish from head to toe, loosening his hold on Emerald. “A totem hybrid? Is that even possible? Man this server has a lot of peculiar hybrids.”

“So, uh,” Emerald turned to face them, and Corpse held him by the torso, “Sister Puffy, brother Foolish, this is Corpse. He’s my master/mother’s protégé. He works as a club bouncer most of the time.”

“Sup.” He raised a hand lazily while the other didn’t let Emerald go.

“Oh, I see.” Puffy said, looking at her attire and blushing. “Hello. Uh, I’m not properly dressed yet, but—h-hi! What brings you here?”

Corpse looked at her with lidded eyes, resting his chin on Emerald’s head. “Needed to make sure freckles was doing okay. I’m sure yesterday’s incident would have shaken him.”

They froze.

So that’s what this was about, Dream thought before rolling his eyes. “Corpse, I’m fine,” he promised, looking up. “I’ll admit, I was startled, but it’s nothing I can handle.”

“Still,” he sighed heavily,

“How do you know that?” Foolish asked.

“We’ve been watching you the moment he stepped on the server.” Corpse ruffled Emerald’s hair playfully, and the younger could feel the black metal rings he wore gently touching his scalp.

Emerald purred loudly like a cat from the petting.

“Sorry, Miss Raven doesn’t take any chances when it comes to this guy. Now,” he looked at them seriously. “Miss Raven is willing to let last evening’s incident slide, as long as you people can keep that hypocritic duck away from him. Also,” Corpse looked down at him and said, “Emerald, your mom says it’s up to you when you want to leave this place.”

“...really?” Odd, he figured his mom would drag him back to their home if something happened given how protective she could be. “Okay?”

“Good,” Corpse nuzzled his nose to his neck affectionately, raising brows from Puffy and Foolish.

“Oh, by the way, Eve and Luna will be coming today to check on you.”

He froze. “What?”

He chuckled from his reaction. “Yeah, good luck with them.” He removed his mask quickly, nipped Emerald’s neck before letting him go and leaving the house.

Puffy dropped her mug of coffee looking flabbergasted, while Foolish had his jaw dropped. Now why were they looking at him like that?

Never mind that now.

God, Emerald had to get ready and brace himself for the worst. He didn’t hate his sisters, he loved them very much. But sometimes he didn’t want them around him all the time, especially around men, and this server clearly consisted of a lot of males. They get so overprotective, hissing and glaring at people the minute he looks the other way. Last time, one of his sisters nearly grilled a man alive if Emerald hadn’t caught them and cleared out the misunderstanding.

Yeah, it was that bad.

His sister, Luna, was a canine hybrid, a very territorial predator protective and sometimes possessive about her things and, in this case, him. Her smelling senses were rather sharp and strong, so if she caught a faint unfamiliar scent on him, she’d start hunting without bothering to check with him that he’d just had a chat with the neighbors next door.

Sister Eve, by contrast, was more of a calm and soft sister. She wasn’t so absurdly protective over him, but she did do certain scary things in a very calm manner whenever she believed it was her turn to intervene into a serious matter. Despite her calm and sweet appearance, she was one of those, ‘looks like a cinnamon roll, but can actually kill you,’ kind of girl.

Emerald prayed they don’t do anything extreme during their visit to his server.

—messages—

{Puffy} Is anyone aware that we’re having visitors today?

{Philza} shit, I totally forgot about that!

{Wilbur Soot} what? Is this about Dream?

{Wilbur Soot} What other details did you forget to tell us this time, father?

{Philza} Two of Ray’s daughters are visiting!

{Foolish} They seem like bad news given that Dream's been frantically pacing around the house for the last half-hour.

{Foolish} uh, also Fundy?

{Fundy} Yeah?

{Foolish} Run for the hills

{Fundy} what? why!?

{Foolish} Does the word 'Castrate' not send terror to your heart?

{Fundy} HUH!?!

{Wilbur Soot} what?!?!

{Foolish} Dream just told me that if he has or had a lover before he left, their life's on the line. They need to leave now!

{Foolish} Apparently his family weren't too happy when they saw the engagement ring Dream had on him. The ring you're wearing right now...

{Foolish} so they'll have you castrated

{Fundy} WHAT?

{Wilbur Soot} oh my god—Isn't that a bit too far for a disapproval!?

{Wilbur Soot} My son has still yet to lose his virginity

{Fundy} DAD!!!!

{Fundy} WHAT THE HELL, TOTALLY UNCALLED FOR!

{Sapnap} No one wants to know that kind of information here!

{Tubbo} Great, now how can I unsee this message? - ____ -

{Foolish} Wilbur, really?

{Wilbur Soot} I'm serious! I am deeply concerned about my son's life as much as you are, Foolish!

{Wilbur Soot} I don't want my son to die without his manhood

{Badboyhalo} Don't say the m-word!! Gosh!

{Punz} Wilbur, no one says that here. You should know this since Tommy always says d—

{Badboyhalo} DON'T SAY THAT WORD!!!

{Wilbur Soot} The point is, unlike some of us, I know my son hasn't sinned yet. Can someone please hide Fundy somewhere so Dream's sisters won't destroy his money maker?

{Badboyhalo} GOD!!! WILBUR! MINORS!

{Fundy} DAD! COME ON!

{Eret} No, no, Wilbur, keep it going. My popcorn is getting ready ;)

{Punz} Your majesty, you're not helping! >:(

{Jschlatt} I get what Will's saying here. I would know since I died a virgin

{Tubbo} The hell, Schlatt!?

{Purpled} when did you get a communicator?

{Jschlatt} Always had it with me ever since I died, though I chose to remain quite this whole time

{GeorgeNotFound} Would have appreciated it if you told us 2 months back where Dream was

{Jschlatt} If i had done that, then almost everyone on the server would have died as virgins by the hands of Dream's family. Fundy included

{Jschlatt} I delayed all your deaths. Your welcome

{Awesamdude} GUYS! How did we deviate from talking about Dream to everyone's sex life?!

{Jschlatt} What? We're just discussing how we should defend Fundy's honour as a man!

{Jschlatt} Or what? Are you suggesting we should let the furry die with no experience of his first time ever?

{Awesamdude} Can we stop now? I can see Fundy literally trying to break his skull on the wall

{Punz} Sam's right, we're getting off track

{Foolish} oh, right! This morning, some tall guy came by to see Dream.

{Eret} Tall guy? Was he shorter or taller than Sam or you?

{JSchlatt} Tall guy? You mean Corpse?

{Foolish} You know him?

{JSchlatt} yeah... Tall guy with an ugly mask... Not that good looking.

{Puffy} He's quite a hot fella, now that I think about it. Dream said he was his mother's protégé. What's his relationship with my Duckling exactly? Are they dating?

{JSchlatt} Fortunately, no...

{JSchlatt} ...But he sees Dream as food

{Puffy} Excuse me!?

{Sapnap} WHAT?!

{GeorgeNotFound} huh!?

{Purpled} I ... don't even want to know anymore...

{Foolish} Food!?

{Badboyhalo} HOLY MUFFIN!

{Fundy} what the hell? Is he a cannibal?!

{Jschlatt} I... honestly don't know... the odd thing about it is that Dream's family don't even care. Half the time I see that stud looking at Dream like he's fine meat when he's sisters make a big deal about me just trying to talk to Dream

{Jschlatt} Hell, he even hogs Dream all for himself in front of everyone, teases and kisses Dream very openly showing his shitty affections. And his sisters don't bat an eye

{Awsamdude} ... when you say kisses...

{Jschlatt} I don't mean on the lips. But his methods as to how he gets away with this seems rather uncanny

{Foolish} I don't... quite like him now...

{Puffy} Well, that explains the mark he gave to my Duckling's neck

{Sapnap} HE DID WHAT!?

{Wilbur Soot} HE GAVE DREAM A HICKEY???

{Fundy} !!!???

{GerogeNotFound}...Can I kill that son of a bitch?

{Sapnap} uh, Gogy?

{Punz} OOOKKKAAYYY. Feel like we're getting off track again. Dream's sisters are coming here soon. So what do you think we should do and say and what not to do and say?

{Wilbur Soot} well my first priority is to hide my furry son somewhere before he gets buried to the ground

{Awesamdude} hmm, maybe put Quackity and Jack far, far away from here until they leave?

{Puffy} Good idea. I'm sure by now they're aware about last evenings incident

{Philza} jhcjv—WHAT!!!?

{Puffy} Corpse said surveillance was set up long ago

{Philza} shit, my wings are gonna get clipped at this rate. Guys, I am begging you—PLEASE DON'T SCREW THIS UP!

{Punz} Phill...

{Punz} we can't promise that, old man

{Philza} Oi!!!

{Sapnap} Do you think we should hide George, too? I mean... back at Dream and Fundy's wedding.. he... you know...

{Punz} now that you mention it, that is true... just to be safe, George, hide in one of your mushrooms in your mushroom kingdom

{Karl} it's called Kinoko kingdom!

{Punz} Potato, potato

{Niki} Truth about Nightmare?

{Punz} we'll have to tell them about that no matter what... but don't mention the prison.

{Philza} Sam, can you give them a tour and show them around the server so that they won't go on their own and find Pandora's vault?

{Awesamdude} on it!

{Eret} And lastly, no one says a word about Punz's steamy session with Dream

{Punz} STEAMY!?!?

{Sapnap} Steamy?!?

{Purpled} Steamy—wtf are you saying!?

{Eret} Fine, heavy make out

{Punz} Eret, I'm TIRED of telling you that you're over-exaggerating this incident! It was a one time thing Dream did to me, and there was NO TONGUE!

{Eret} Tell that to his sisters. The moment they hear about this, they might overthink it and believe you had--

{Punz} ERET!!!! MINORS HERE! SHUT UP!

{Eret} ...

{Eret} ;)

{Tubbo} okay,I'm gonna leave and maybe wash my eyes out

{Purpled} will be joining you. Maybe I'll pluck them out instead

{Punz} ...

{Punz} BITCH, you're dead!

{Badboyhalo} LANGUAGE!!!!

Eret was fireballed by Punz

—later, community house, Emerald's perspective—

An attractive and familiar woman with long wavy violet hair and deep sea eyes, wearing a navy blue blouse and white long pants appeared at the doorstep of the community house.

Sister Eve showed up earlier than expected, alone though. Which was odd.

“Emmy!” His sister embraced him to a tight bear hug. “Oh my god, baby,” she cooed, but Emerald was starting to suffocate given that his face was shoved right at her chest. “I was so worried about you. When Lily said you got ambushed and kidnapped, we were all in a state of panic!”

“MMN NNN MMMM!!” He tried to say something, but his words were muffled.

“I know, I know, you must have been so scared when you found yourself in that dress. You did good running from them.” She stroked his hair gently, but still never letting go.

“Wait—he can’t breathe!” He heard sister Puffy’s voice say. Thank you sister Puffy!

“Oh?” She finally let him go, and he gasped for air.

“I’m sorry for worrying you, big sister Eve. I should have told you what was going on.” He lowered his head from shame, he felt his cheek burn lightly.

She smiled and planted a gentle kiss on his head. “It’s alright, puppy. We forgive you.” She turned to look at the rest of the SMP members. “Pleasure to make your acquaintance, my name is Eve. Thank you for looking after Emmy for a few days.”

“Um” Punz and Eret shared a look, Emerald could tell they weren’t this formal with other people. “The pleasure is ours,” Eret said, bowing. “My name’s Eret, the king of SMP.” He raised his hand to the icy blonde man. “And this is Punz, the leader of the SMP.”

Punz cleared his throat. “After a while of resting, would you like to.. uh, have a tour around the server?”

“Why yes,” she clapped her hands with glee. “I would like that very much. I heard that Emmy’s the admin of this place, I’d love to see every inch of this place if i could.”

Okay... smooth. Good. Looks like first impressions are going well. Now Emerald prayed things would go smoothly the entire day.

“Oh, and Emmy?” He turned back to her. His sister smiled and she summoned a chest out of her inventory. “Considering the short notice, we brought your clothes and things.”

“Really? Thank you so much sister!”

He was starting to worry whether he had to borrow clothes from someone else considering his week-long stay here. All he had was the wedding dress Evan put on him, the clothes Techno lent to him, and the attire he was currently wearing.

His smile turned into confusion when his sister also handed 5 long but wide strips of paper with some writing on it that clearly showed that they were enchanted with magic. “These are..?”

She smiled warmly as she said, “Magic talismans you can use to protect yourself from any dark ghosts or spirits that haunt you.”

Huh?

“But... But I’m not being haunted—“

“Emmy,” Her smile darkened, “as your big sister, I want you to stay safe. You may never know when you might get tormented by a flirtatious shameless ghost who’s after your body!”

“...Sister, that’s oddly specific,” he tried his best not to look unamused as he forced a smile.

Everyone looked at him and sister incredulously.

...

Please go well, please don’t let anything bad happen! Emerald prayed

“By the way!” He said quickly. “Where’s sister Luna? Wasn’t she with you?”

“Oh, don’t worry, she’s here. She just had to go and check something.”

“Something?”

What was this bad feeling?

“Well.. I suppose you say she went fox hunting..” she giggled from her own response, while everyone else had their smiles melt away, understanding instantly from the meaning.

...

...

No...

No way. “Sister..”

“That’s not good,” Emerald heard Tubbo murmur, taking out his communicator.

—meanwhile, outside Phill’s house, Wilbur’s perspective—

The message Tubbo sent to Wilbur was sent rather too late as a very tall woman— with long voluminous grey hair swept to one side, wolf ears atop her head with black piercings, and leather jacket, pants and boots and a grew/black bushy tail wagging behind her— was standing on the roof, looking down on them with a nasty grin.

Her blood red eyes looked at them, well, Fundy in particular, as though she was looking at him straight to his soul given how stiff Fundy was. His fox ears faltered while his tail hid under his legs.

“Who are you!?” Wilbur demanded. This woman just showed up out of nowhere, damaging the tiles of the roof from the force of her landing from the sky.

“The name’s Luna, dorks. Nice to meet you,” she said with a sneer. “Now with the pleasantries out of the way...”

She closed her eyes for a moment and looked at them again, this time the sclera of her eyes were pitch black her irises glowed darker to a deeper shade of red.

The way she looked right now was something that made Wilbur’s blood run cold, reminding him of the day Techno had the same look in his eyes before tearing the mobs down to save him.

It was like they were facing a demon...

Fundy completely froze up.

“Let’s get down to business, shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

Part 2... will hopefully come out soon (I’m just lazy sometimes, lol)

By the way, although Punz killed Eret twice in the fic, it is not taken seriously and Eret's cannon lives remain untouched whatsoever.
Eret's not one who's gonna die after all..

Fun fact, the luna here is inspired by the helluva boss luna (or loona, i don't know) so hope you like here :)

Also, Shout out to soraetswaifus and their amazing fic with 10k words °\(^▽^)/°
°\(^▽^)/° °\(^▽^)/°

Again, take all the time you need and rest well. your story is amazing! Pogchamp!
:)

Day 2 on the SMP: Visitors-- Part 2

Chapter Summary

Wilbur and Fundy's unexpected confrontation.

Sam giving a tour.

Eve is more terrifying than she seems...

...

:)

Chapter Notes

it's finally here!

Hope you enjoy the chapter

Don't forget to leave your comments and kudos :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

--Wilbur's perspective--

The woman landed perfectly on the ground, taking long strides towards them as her eyes fixed on Fundy.

"What do you want from us??" Wilbur said, shielding his son from the hybrid.

She rolled her eyes. "Relax, I'm not gonna hurt you..." she narrowed her eyes, "yet... depending on how you react, that is. "

React? React to what? What the hell? What was she up to?

Luna tilted her head as she stopped in front of them, looking at every inch of his son from head to toe. Oh god, she was almost as tall as Wilbur was. "You're... the only hybrid that isn't demon nor mob based, correct? If you don't include the pig up in the mountains, and that siamese cat."

"Umm, yes?" His son said nervously.

They know about his brother? He questioned himself in his mind. How? Techno's not even here, and Dream's other sister, Lily, never met—

Unless...

His eyes widened from realization.

He remembered from the message earlier that surveillance was set up...But on them, or on Dream?

Not to mention, Dream spent a few days at his brother's cabin... meaning they know about THAT incident. Dream's family... he can tell they are not forgiving... so it's likely they did not leave his brother alone knowing the now faded mark on Dream's neck Techno gave.

Shit.

He should get a shovel and some flowers just in case Wilbur visits him again.

“Good,” Luna scratched her ear, still eyeing Fundy. The blood red eyes still remained, as well as the pitch black scleras. “Then let’s get this over with.”

“What are you planning to do with him?” Wilbur demanded, still trying to protect his son.

She smiled darkly. “I want that dork...” she summoned an orange oversized t-shirt and held it to them, “to sniff this.”

...

The Brit blinked. “What?”

“Huh? Fundy looked at her incredulously.

Luna rolled her eyes as she sighed exasperatedly. “You heard me, sniff!” She held the shirt, shaking it with her hand to take it.

“Um, excuse me,” Fundy raised his hand, still looking incredulous, “although I am a hybrid from the canine family, I am not a dog, and I can't track people down from their scent like a dog.”

“Yeah,” Wilbur agreed. His son may be a furry, but definitely not that kind of furry. To be exact, Luna was more of a fitted dog person. His eyes narrowed when he examined the fabric. “Also, isn’t that a women's night-shirt?”

The furry looked even more reluctant after Wilbur said that. “No, no, no, no, no! No way, I don’t wanna take in a scent—it-it’s seems like I’m violating a girl’s privacy—“

“Sniff!” She shoved the top to Wilbur’s chest. “Just...just do it so I can get this over with. Believe me, I don’t wanna have you males touching this precious top, but the situation is inevitable if I don’t have you sniffing the real thing.”

“Real thing?”

“Just...” she sucked her breath through her teeth, clearly showing that she was getting impatient. “Do... it...”

He stared at the orange top... and took it.

Wilbur didn’t see any harm on the clothing, so it should be safe right?

He turned to Fundy.

“Fundy, sniff.”

—Fundy’s perspective—

The fox hybrid was glad he put the ring back in his drawer before Miss werewolf showed up, but why was she after him in particular? And what did his hybrid status have to do with this?

“Are you insane!?” He yelled out. His face heated up. Wilbur tried to press the fabric to his face, but the hybrid kept dodging .

The Brit groaned. “Don’t start being difficult, son. Sniff it once, it’s not gonna harm you!”

“That’s not the problem, I’m—mmhnnn!!!!” The top was shoved at his face, and he accidentally inhaled the scent.

His eyes widened.

...

...

Fundy expected the fragrance of some perfume or pollen from flowers or something, but instead, his senses were engulfed with the scent of freshly baked cookies mixed with the faint smell of burning firewood, which oddly was a great combo.

It reminded him of Christmas, and the scent made him feel... warm... safe...

“Fundy?”

He snapped back to his senses and his thoughts collected as to what just happened. He then realized that he was the one holding the shirt this time, still pressing the fabric to his nose.

He quickly pulled away.

“Well?” Luna demanded impatiently, raising a brow.

“It’s... nice?” He flinched when he heard a low growl from her, he panicked, thinking he said something wrong, so he began to ramble, “I-I mean the smell is really nice! Is the owner of this shirt a baker? I can smell cookies and burning firewood from this! She must be a very nice person!”

“Cookies?” Her eyes narrowed. She blinked, and the glowing red irises of her eyes dimmed as the scleras returned to normal. “You smell cookies?”

“And burning firewood,” he added.

“Don’t start sassing with me,” she hissed with a glare, “are you sure that’s what you smell? You don’t get anything... sweet? Like a sweetness you would be addicted to? Do you feel anything odd?”

He looked at her in confusion. “Uh... no? But I do get a warm feeling?”

“Warm...” she repeated, and he nodded quickly. “Warm... I see... okay, fine. You’re good. Lucky...” She snatched back the top from him. “But just so you know, I’m keeping my eyes peeled. Later, dorks.”

She stalked and passed them without sparing a glance.

“Wait!” Wilbur called out to Luna, turning. She didn’t bother looking and she kept walking. “What did you do to my brother? Technoblade?”

Technoblade?

Wha... why was Wilbur asking that? Did something happen to Technoblade?

She halted, and finally looked at him over her shoulder, unamused. “That pig up in the mountains?”

Rest assured, he ain't dead. But that doesn't mean we left him untouched. You should expect that much from us after what he did." Her gaze shifted to Fundy, staring at him for a few seconds.

"Cookies and burning firewood... huh?" Her eyes softened as she chuckled at him. "You must be a very lonely guy, always craving warmth and kindness from someone, aren't ya?"

...

What?

Even Wilbur looked at her, baffled.

"Pitiful..." She huffed.

And walked away from them.

—a little later, Community house, no one's perspective—

Eve was with the girls group, chatting and laughing away on the sofa. Antfrost served the tea and snacks while Bad and Skeppy stood nearby, waiting to get anything or prepare something if Eve needed anything.

As the women distracted her, far around the corner of the community, most of the men were in a complete state of panic.

"Have they responded yet?" Tubbo demanded, whispering to Punz harshly. The minor did not want to think that Fundy and his older brother were dead. No. He refused to believe that.

"Nada." Punz hissed back, staring hard at his communicator, "Absolute nada. Neither Wilbur nor Fundy are responding to my messages."

"Shit, I guess she must have found out about Fundy and Dream," Eret shook his head.

"Jack more or less agreed he'd stay at home in his basement," Punz went on, "but Quackity hasn't replied yet. Do you think he'd confront his sisters this time?"

"I have an inkling that he's at his home..." Sam said, "his country. I doubt he'd come out right now considering yesterday's event here."

"True..., Eret agreed. "so, should we start digging for Fundy's and Wilbur's graves?"

Purple frowned. "Wait, I got Fundy, but why would Wilbur be dead?"

"Remember the pizza date Dream went out with Wilbur?" Sapnap said, his thumb pointed at George, who refused to stay in Kinoko Kingdom for his safety, "it was so sudden that George here was green in envy."

"No-no I wasn't !" George protested, his cheeks turning pink.

"Uh, yeah you were," Sapnap elbowed his chest. "You even stalked them during their date."

Sam raised his brows from surprise.

"You did what?" Tubbo made a face at the Brit, not expecting his brother to be stalked.

"I-I was just looking out for Dream," he said defensively, "back then, our relationship with Wilbur wasn't pretty because of L'Manburg. We needed to be cautious."

Sapnap raised a brow. "Dude, you took my binoculars and butcher knife."

"It... was precaution. Speaking about that day," he turned to the ravenette. "You, too, were following them. Why?"

All eyes shifted to Sapnap.

He cleared his throat. "I followed them so that Dream's date would go perfectly fine, albeit making sure they were not disrupted by a certain guy carrying my binoculars and butcher knife due to 'precaution'." Sapnap made bunny ears with his fingers when he said 'precaution'.

They laughed quietly, watching George's face grow redder.

"Okay, I'm here!" A woman's voice cut their laughter short.

Luna let herself in, glaring at the group of males all gathered at the corner.

"Sister Luna," Dream chirped, letting go of Eve's waist. He quickly got up to go to the hybrid's side and hugged her.

She smiled, her eyes half closed as she ruffled his hair. "Hey, Kitten."

"Luna," Eve approached her with her usual calm demeanor. "How was the result?"

"Tch, that fox, surprisingly clean." Luna said with disappointment, like that fact ruined her fun. "Guess our only worry is that pig."

"Well, we already got that handled."

The two sisters were casually having this conversation in front of all of them, whose faces were completely pale. They were talking about Technoblade, weren't they?

Eret nodded his head, thinking maybe he should soon prepare another grave.

Luna hugged Dream tight. "I swear, this server has too many males for my liking. I bet one of them is a pick-up artist." She growled at the thought, and looked at Eve. "Can't we just take Emerald back?"

"You know we can't," Eve replied calmly.

Meanwhile, the others listening to the conversation, the males in particular, felt a bit offended being called a pick-up artist, while Dream rolled his eyes. Overprotective sisters...

Seriously.

"Sister, you didn't...skin a fox, did you?" Dream said, pulling back. Dream recalled greeting a fox-hybrid once when he first arrived here, but he hadn't seen that fox in a while after that.

"Of course not...that motherf**ker got lucky," Luna said, the last line more quietly as she looked away. Dream raised his brows at her suspiciously. "Oh, here's your shirt back." She handed him an orange top, his nightwear. Why did she have this with her? "Though, Emmy, you should probably burn that."

He looked at her incredulously. “Why? Sister Yuki gave this as a gift to me.”

“You probably should,” Luna insisted, without giving him a proper reason.

Phill cleared his throat when he spotted the two girls in the community house as he came in. Everyone looked at the avian-hybrid. “Hey, so you two must be Ray’s daughters I’ve heard so much about. Ray highly praised you both.”

Luna huffed, crossing her arms. “I can tell that’s a filthy lie, there’s no way our mother would praise us like lovely flowers.”

Everyone cringed from that statement, Phill included.

“Sister!” Dream cried, holding her arm. He quickly glanced at the older man, “I’m so sorry about her.”

“Luna, that wasn’t very nice,” Eve warned. “At least start off with a greeting. This isn’t our home, after all.”

“F—ine,” she stretched the first letter of the word, clearly annoyed. “Sup, Mr. Pancake.”

Eve smiled warmly at the avian hybrid. “Hello, Mr. Pancake.”

...

...

There were several who had to muffle their laughs.

...

Phill forced a smile...

Then he shouted.

“RAY!!!!”

--

— way later, during the tour, Sam’s perspective—

Sam really went from a good warden, to a lovestruck rule bending warden, to a crappy tour guide.

Unlike Dream, his sisters (Luna in particular) did not want a tour guide. They wanted to do their own exploring. Sam had a difficult time trying to have them follow him around the SMP as they got distracted by most of the fancy and colorful buildings, though they both showed disapproval by that sign that was written P***s.

“The kids would grow up unhealthy if they are always exposed to inappropriate things like that,” Eve pointed at the obscene sign. Sam couldn’t have agreed more. Thank god the actual obscene monument Skeppy built to troll Badboyhalo was taken down, that would have made matters worse.

He was sweating from his worries and anxiety, hoping that they wouldn’t suddenly run from him and find the prison. God, why haven’t they gotten rid of the other half of the building that

remained?

After hours of walking around, avoiding the direction of the prison, and having lunch at McPuffy's, the tour was finally coming to an end.

"And this is the end of the tour, I hope you enjoyed it!" Sam said, forcing a pleasant tone as he escorted them out of the territory of Church Prime.

He wanted to go home, feed Fran, then sleep... but before that, he needed to work on Dream's exlir. He was close. He needed a couple of more ingredients, and then he could cure Dream. Thanks to Puffy's and Fundy's help, he had progressed much faster than he did alone.

"Wait, where are you going?" Sam questioned when Luna started to go to another direction.

The wolf-hybrid didn't reply to him as she sniffed the air.

Then she ran.

Shit...

Sam chased after her, Eve followed soon after.

Please don't run to the prison, not the Prison, he prayed silently.

However, when she stopped running, Sam realised that they were at the lake. The same lake that was near the borders of the holy land, the same place Dream kept looking at yesterday, with his face filled with wonder and longing...

If his sister stopped by here, does that mean this place was special and connected to Dream in some way?

"I can sense magic down there, " Eve murmured, eyeing the waters. "It's... a lot..."

Luna sniffed the air. "I can get Emmy's scent here, too. It's pretty old, though. He probably left his mark somewhere..." She turned to a nearby bush, and spread them apart with her hands. Sam could see a stone button on the ground.

The hell.

Luna pushed the button.

Nothing at first.

Then the ground shook.

The sound of gears turning was muffled, as though the sound of a machine was at work under the ground as a stone door suddenly appeared from the water. Though the door appeared, it was connected to a stone tunnel, heading down the water. A secret passageway, a base underwater.

Sam couldn't help but think that no one but Dream would come up with something creative like this.

A hidden base underwater, now one would have known, especially not in a place near church prime.

Luna opened the stone door, and started to climb down the long stairwell. Sam followed, but was

stopped by Eve, raising a hand in front of him.

“I’m sorry, but you’ll stay here.”

A moment of silence.

“What?”

“It’s clear from your expression that you had no idea about this only after we showed you. If Emmy didn’t tell you, then he definitely doesn’t want someone trespassing.”

“Aren’t you going into his base without his permission?” He argued back, looking past her shoulders. Luna was far down to be seen anymore.

Apart from the secret journal Dream kept hidden, Sam wondered what more he would learn about Dream. God, he wanted to know more about him.

She shook her head. “I’m sorry, but please wait out here. We won’t take long.”

Eve disappeared down the stairs.

He glared at her until he couldn’t see her figure anymore.

Damn it... so apart from Drista, he’d also have to get those sisters approval to be with Dream. Why did this become so complicated?

He sighed heavily. He took out his communicator and typed a message.

{Awesamdude} so it seems like Dream wasn’t homeless after all

—way later, Puffy’s house, no one’s perspective —

“What?”

Dream stared at his sister with shock, so did Foolish and Puffy.

“I know it’s sudden, but you’re going to have to sleep at your own home. Starting tomorrow.” Eve said to him.

“So... “ he raised his hands in question, “I wasn’t homeless?”

“Emmy,” Luna said, but she said another when Dream understood what she was going to say.

“It’s just for your safety, Emmy,” Eve explained. “We inspected the base, and it looks like there are enchanted barriers further down to keep out intruders. The magic is pretty strong, so I’m guessing only you can undo it, or let anyone you want in.”

“Oh... I see,” Dream said, smiling weakly. “So this is my last night here at sister Puffy’s place.”

Although Dream was tempted to go to his underwater base and discover what secrets lay hiding down there, he didn't want to leave Puffy's place. He was starting to get used to this place, and having Puffy and Foolish greet him every morning and having breakfast with them didn't make him feel lonely. It was nice, even though he didn't remember them.

It was like he deeply missed them...

But if his sisters thought it was best for him to move out for his safety, he would listen to them. After all, sisters know best. They've been looking out for him since he was 7, they taught him how to read and write, they even made him realize that affection and real love from people was something he craved for so long after his mother abandoned him.

"Well," Luna said, yawning, "I'm gonna head back."

His eyes widened. "You're leaving already?"

The wolf-hybrid chuckled as she ruffled his hair. "You'll see me soon again once you return back home." Puffy and Foolish stiffened from her statement. "Till then, we'll wait for you to come back."

"I'll take my leave tomorrow," Eve said to Puffy and Foolish, she hugged Dream from behind. "So please take good care of our puppy."

"Of course," Puffy agreed as she smiled. Foolish nodded his head.

"Good." Eve said, pleased. "Now let's go to bed, it's getting late."

Dream tugged at her sleeves. "Um, sister, you can go ahead, I want to talk to Sister Puffy for a bit."

Luna and Eve shared a look, but nodded wordlessly.

With that, Luna left the house and Eve headed upstairs to the room she was going to share with Dream.

"What did you want to talk about, Dream?" Puffy said as she pulled a chair, twirling her curly white hair nervously.

"Well.. about our conversation this morning," he bit his lip, "I just wanted to clear out the misunderstanding."

"Oh..." she shared a confused look with Foolish before looking back at him. What else did Dream want to tell her? She already understood that it was a miscommunication and their false assumption.

"I truly do believe that attachments are unneeded for me," Dream said softly as he clasped his hands together, "Because—"

"Because they're weaknesses?" Foolish interrupted, startling them both. He had a nervousness written all over his face.

"...No," Dream looked away as his face grimmed. "It's... it's because I don't think I have the capability to protect them."

...

What? Both Foolish and Puffy's eyes widened.

The blonde explained, “To have so many important things... When I imagine losing even one of those connections... I get scared. The bond or connections with those things that are dear to me are always so small and fragile. If I lose them, or if they break, I would either blame myself for not being careful. Or regret having that special connection in the first place, as the blame would still lie in me, regardless.”

He looked up to the ceiling, blinking his eyes quickly, trying to stop any tears from falling.

“I’ve been lucky so far. The people that are dear to me are my family, and they are strong enough both mentally and physically to protect themselves. They would do anything to protect me, and provide for me. And if I were to give up, they would bring me back to my senses. I guess you can say that I’m really attached to them...” His eyes softened. “But sometimes I feel like I depend on them too much... I don’t want that. I don’t want to involve them with my own personal issues, I just can’t because I need to fix them on my own. I have to. I’m not saying this just because I’m a slave who needs to know my place. I’m afraid that if something were to happen to them and if I was pathetic and helpless during that time... I probably won’t have the will to live on without them because of my guilt and regret. It happened once... when I failed to save my mother.”

“Your mother?” Puffy questioned. “Wait do mean? Isn’t—wasn’t she the one who—“

“I meant my biological mother,” Dream smiled sadly, “she... gave up on me before Miss Raven took me in...”

Puffy looked at him speechless. Foolish stood very still as he listened quietly.

Dream smiled at her warmly. “I loved my real mother with everything I had, and I still do, even if she's gone. Sometimes I blame myself for not being supportive enough, or obedient enough for her so she wouldn't leave me. Sometimes I thought I was useless, or too clingy to her that she got tired of me... but I know now, thanks to Miss Raven, that it was not the case. It was an inevitable situation. If I hadn’t been so close to her so desperately... if I had just let go of her sooner and not held so tight... I wouldn’t have been so badly hurt, and felt so empty.”

Dream closed his eyes for a moment. An image of his mother appeared, smiling.

Shall we go to the market today, my sweet?

... ah, it still hurts. She used to say things like that, and the memory of how her voice sounded often made him smile and cry at the same time.

But Puffy was here, so he can’t cry in front of her and cause an issue.

Dream still smiled at her.

Why?

Why was he still smiling like that? Why did his lips curl and spread warmth, while there were tears threatening to fall down her eyes?

“Attachments...” Dream said softly, “to something or someone... I thought they were unnecessary

for me because if I kept them close, I would get too attached, too close, just like how I was with my real mother... and eventually, lose them to the void... I don't want that. I don't want to hurt anyone, as much as I don't want to go through that lonely feeling and pain again. So I have to keep my distance. If no one gets hurt, no one would feel burdened, right?"

...

...

...Puffy was blind... so ridiculously blind.

"Duckling, I'm sorry!!!" Puffy leaped from her chair and hugged him, surprising Dream. She held him tight as she sobbed. "I'm sorry I wasn't there for you when you needed me! I'm sorry I didn't notice what you were going through. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

The younger flinched, he froze in her arms. "Duck...ling?" He whispered. For some reason, he felt his chest feel really heavy, and a whole wave of his emotions flood through him. Making his lips wobble and throat more dry.

15 year old Dream, or not, the blonde carried all the burden by himself. The truth about Nightmare, the duty as slave, his guilt and sadness...

The certain sentences and words Dream used in his journal flashed into Puffy's mind, mainly the ones that showed his self-sacrifice and extreme actions from either his guilt, or precaution.

He kept his distance from them not just because of the possibility of Nightmare attacking them, but because this was his way of protecting himself.

Now it made sense.

Her Duckling, oh her Duckling... just how much had he suffered while doing everything alone.

"Foo...lish?" Dream said, when the hybrid went to them and wrapped his arms around them. Dream didn't see him crying, but he did notice that his body trembled. He pulled back a little, and kissed Dream's forehead.

"I promise... we won't leave you ever again. I don't care what Quackity or Jack says anymore, we won't ever let you go and be alone again... you have us now..."

"...ah..." Dream noticed that tears streamed down his eyes, tears he didn't understand why they were falling in the first place. He knew they would pity him, but he didn't pity himself. I didn't quite like himself to begin with... so why was he feeling like a chunk of burden was taken off his chest just from hearing them say that to him?

"Thank you..." Dream said, hesitant hands slowly wrapping around them to return the embrace.

...this felt nice... he hadn't felt this good in a long while despite putting up that happy/ cherry charade in front of everyone.

—in the middle of the night, near church prime, around Dream's home, Jack's perspective—

Quackity was right. Dream was definitely up to something.

According to the messages he'd been reading on his communicator, Sam told everyone that Dream had a secret base near the outside borders of Church Prime.

Of course, why didn't anyone think of it before?

Dream used to be the Pope of church prime, so it was a brilliant idea to build a secret base near a land that prohibits violence. A perfect place to store his nefarious plans and have a chest full of gears and weapons. If Jack found any evidence to show Dream wasn't innocent, to show all of them that Dream wasn't possessed by some Dreamon and had all the supplies and resources that could instigate a war, then Dream would go back to the place where he belonged. Jail.

After drinking a water breathing potion, Jack dove into the cold depths of the lake. He swam deeper, looking for anything that resembled some sort of door, or button to press and open an entrance somewhere.

After 10 minutes of swimming and scanning around, he drank his second potion.

God damnit, where was that entrance?

"At this rate, it's gonna turn to dawn." he groaned, thinking about what a pain that was. "Forget it, I'll try to fix things the way they were if I can't find anything." He pulled out his pickaxe from his inventory. Right when he was about to mine, a voice stopped him..

"What do you think you're doing?"

Jack froze, holding his breath ... he slowly turned.

Eve...

Dream's sister, whom they all assumed looked the least harmless and unthreatening compared to Lily and Luna, glared down at him with her glowing deep sea eyes. Her long violet hair flowed, dancing elegantly in the waters as she crossed her arms.

Jack gulped as his eyes widened. "Uhh... hey,"

Shit.

Her eyes narrowed, still looking at him disapprovingly. Okay, he might have been caught, but maybe he could talk his way out of this. Eve totally looked like the chick who would understand and listen to words and not be so aggressive, unlike Luna.

"This looks bad, I know. But-but I swear it's not what it looks..." he trailed off when he noticed something about her appearance.

Her ears now took a long upward shape, as though they were both butterfly wings with sharp ends, the colour was the same as her hair. There were small but noticeable fish scale-like patterns underneath her eyes.

Eve still wore her shorts and white sleeveless blouse—showing that she was unarmed and likely had no armour on her. However, taking a close look at her forearms and ankles, he noticed something embedded on the skin. Something long and delicate and flowy looking, like the ends of a silk dress...

Jack saw fins...

Fish fins.

He choked as he gasped. "You're a mermaid?!"

She laughed softly. "I'm often mistaken for one when people see me in this form, but no. Mermaid's are beings with a tail and no legs. I would say that I'm an unique aquatic hybrid." She tilted her head to the side, glaring at him. "But putting that aside, what are you doing here? I fail to recall seeing your face amongst the group from earlier. Though you do look vaguely familiar"

"Uh... I...I " Jack hesitated. Excuses, excuses, he had to come up with a convincing excuse. However, his mind got distracted as a couple of small shadows moved from the corner of his eyes.

It was only then he realized that they weren't alone.

Fishes...

Piranhas specifically, were swimming towards them, surrounding them in great numbers.

"wha -- ?" Jack looked around, panic slowly rising his chest. Did this lake ever have piranhas lurking around here before? What the hell was going on?

" Oh, now I remember," Eve raised her hands, there was now a dark gleam in her eyes. "You were one of the unmannered men that attacked Emmy back at the club! I guess sedating you wasn't enough of a message."

Jack laughed nervously seeing all the predatory fishes. That and the effect of the water breathing potion was going to wear out soon . "Look, I'm not—I wasn't gonna hurt him. I was just... looking around the... um.."

...

He was screwed, wasn't he?

Eve rolled her eyes. "Let me hazard a guess and say... you believe Emmy is going to cause harm to you guys sooner or later, and because majority of the people on this server are on his side, he outnumbers you. You can't have people switch sides with you so quickly unless you have proof, so you're sneaking around his secret base, hoping you can find that 'proof' to show everyone he's up to no good. Let it be a whole chest full of armory and weapons, a crate full of TNTs, or a whole stack of potions... just enough to show that Emmy could instigate a war."

Jack was left speechless. It was like she read his mind.

God, maybe he didn't think this through enough as he completely forgot about Dream's sisters.

"But even if you find the entrance, you can't get in thanks to all the barriers. And if Emmy never revealed this location to anyone before, he definitely didn't want anyone snooping around his privacy."

Jack was slowly swimming backwards as he faced. "Let—lets not jump into conclusions so quickly —"

"When I say don't get in Emmy's way, I meant it. This is my last warning to you... stay away from him." she beckoned her head to him. "Get him." She ordered.

The last thing Jack saw before he was eaten alive was a swarm of piranhas launching themselves at him with their sharp razor teeth beared wide open.

JackManifoldTV was killed by Piranhas

—Meanwhile, Las Nevadas, restaurant, Quackity's perspective—

The ravenette smoked his cigarette, one after the other, as though he was trying to forget about his sorrows. Well, technically he was. He couldn't sleep at all.

He didn't want to admit at first that his relationship with his fiancés were estranged, but after his sudden emotional outburst at the community house...

It's safe to assume that they were having a break, or maybe he was. He didn't know for sure. All he knew was that he didn't want to see anyone right now. So he'd stayed here since that day, only having Charlie for company.

Dream...

Just the thought of him made Quackity grit his teeth and pour another drink for himself. But another shot of whiskey hadn't helped him subside his anger.

His plans began to fall apart one by one all because of that motherf**ker.

Having Sam as his business partner was now out of question. He missed his chances to talk to Fundy now that the furry was madly in love with Dream again. Foolish was starting to get friendly and brother-like with Dream. Purpled was still in question since he hadn't had any long friendly interaction with the minor. But he definitely can't blow up his silly spaceship house, at least now.

He took a deep breath, pressing his temples after tossing another cigarette

The sound of footsteps behind had him sit upright and turn. Who the hell would come here? It wasn't Charlie, was it? He already told Charlie to not disturb him.

“Now is this really how you like to spend your days, Quackity?”

He froze completely when an awfully familiar figure approached him.

“Whiskey? Misery? Parties and plays?” A harsh chaotic laugh followed soon after.

“Dream!” Quackity snarled as he shot up and summoned his netherite axe, the one he was planning to torture Dream with. “I knew it, you motherf**ker! You haven't changed a damn bit! I'm gonna kill you right now—“

“Now, now, settle down. There is no need for that.” Dream said... wait, did he get taller? And when did he get a tan? ***“I apologize for not knocking, the door was left open.”***

“The hell you want!?”

“Well... I suppose you could say I desire a truce between us...” Dream raised his hand to him,

asking for a handshake.

“I have a proposition for you, you see. And I am far certain you will be interested in my deal.”

Chapter End Notes

Sooo, I was like, how do I write "you are being pathetic" in a nicer way when Nightmare says this line? I looked my AO3 account name, and then voice of Hugh Jackman singing that song hit me.

The other side! the song not my accooount name!

Have to edit tomorrow, need to sleep now

ART!!!! Finally, i got time to post this

Finally figured out how to post.

Here is the cover image for my story, art belongs to me.

But just so you know, i had to use a base for this as I suck at drawing digital. Also, I could not draw Dream's freckles because when I tried, it did not look so good. I don't usually colour, but this is the book cover art so... ehh..



My
beautiful
caged
songbird

Day 3 on the SMP: Reunion

Chapter Notes

I can finally add art now! Yay! Just to remind you guys that I cannot draw a good base on digital with my fingers or pen, so I had to use a base i looked for on google.

If you guys watched Wilbur's recent stream, do you remember when he mentioned how weird Ranboo is, and is like some kid who's have something going on in his basement!? As soon as he said that, I thought about my fic, in this story, Ranboo (possessed by Nightmare) did have something creepy drawn in his basement :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

—Quackity's perspective—

Nightmare explained everything to Quackity.

He wasn't too sure whether it was the entire truth, but it did seem convincing.

"So... Dream really was possessed?" He whispered, eyes wide. "And everything was your fault?"

"Yes, and no," the Dreamon said. "Dream still believes that attachments are unneeded, he dethroned George— We had a partnership... until he was thrown in prison. After that, Dream stopped being cooperative. Until after I got a physical body, I could do nothing about him. I could not even stop him from seducing the warden."

Quackity gaped at him. "Okay, now you're spilling bullshit."

"It is not a lie!" Nightmare cried. "No one has told you this, but Dream had a luxurious stay in prison. My little bird played with Sam well enough to get some things he needed. Dream was treated like a noble, not a prisoner. Sam provided enough comfort and love for Dream that he stopped playing the role of the Warden. Why do you think he refused to let you in the prison?"

Quackity said nothing. He simply just couldn't believe that Sam would turn and become someone like that.

"Anyway, putting that aside... Dream truly has lost his memories. However, this was a tactical plan of his."

"Plan?" Quackity questioned.

"Yes." Nightmare explained. "You see, Dream has planted those 'evidence' in the prison to make it seem like he is innocent. After the prison break, he used magic to wipe off his memories and teleported himself to his home server. He knew eventually that the server would slowly die, and you SMP citizens would look for a way to save it. Eventually finding him. You cannot question him or be too hard on him as he has forgotten everything, and the 'evidences' he planted back at the prison would make you feel all guilty enough for you to forgive him. Thus, he has everyone

at the palm of his hand again. A brilliant plan, I must say.”

...

He knew it. Even if Dream's memories were actually gone, he still orchestrated all of this to make himself seem innocent. And his sister was part of it!

He f**king knew it!

“And this is where my preposition comes in,” The Dreamon said. The raven-haired looked back at him with interest.

“You do not desire for Dream to stay here and wish for him to stay locked up. I disagree, however, I do wish to take my little bird back... to sum up, we desire for Dream to disappear from this server. If we cooperate with each other for a little while, we can make Dream willingly leave the server as naturally as possible. We can pull the strings in the dark without you or me being openly involved. I get my pet back, you get your fiancé and friends back, as well as continue to grow your power. Then we shall part ways.”

The ravenette contemplated.

It didn't sound that bad of a deal. If Sam truly was infatuated with Dream, he'd give up on that bitch if he willingly leaves the server, then Quackity would get his business partner. The same could be said with Fundy. And his fiancés, yes, he wanted them back and make them pay more attention to him once Dream leaves.

Then Las Nevadas will finally be properly established.

“So, do we have a deal?”

Nightmare stretched his hand to him, Quackity stared at the hand hard.

He gave a wicked grin.

“Deal.”

He shook the Dreamon hand.

Little Quackity know that the Dreamon had his other hand hiding his back crossed.

—Sam's perspective... —

Sam found himself back at the prison, lying on the bed of his old Warden's room. He frowned, confused, as he sat up. Didn't he sleep back at home? What was he doing back here again?

“Sammy~” the familiar voice purred, and he whipped his head in the direction of the door.

Dream poked his head out of the corner of the door, giggling at the sight of him.

“Dream?” His eyes widened. What was he doing here? Before a bubble of panic rose, the younger's giggling interrupted his thoughts.

“Who else would I be, silly?” the blonde laughed softly. His beautiful emerald eyes gleamed with mischief and excitement.

Then it clicked.

...Ah, this was happening in his sleep. He was dreaming again. It's been a while since he had a lucid dream.

Sam stared at the blonde, drinking the sight of his pretty face, before he chuckled. The hybrid reached his arms out for him. "C'mere."

His grin widened. Sam didn't have time to react when Dream quickly entered and threw himself at Sam, pinning him down.

Their lips pressed together.

The older male quickly wrapped an arm around Dream's waist while the other held the back of the head firmly, fingers entangled in the long dirty blonde locks. Dream gasped softly, fingers tugging the front of his shirt before another kiss was planted on his lips.

It was always like this for Sam. Back when the blonde was still in prison, whenever Sam had the urge or desire to be more intimate with Dream, he often kissed and made out with the Dream created from his fantasies in order to stop himself from actually doing it to the real one. It was always in his sleep that he found peace as his desires didn't have to be at bay, and his dreams were often comforting.

After what felt like an eternity, they pulled away to breathe, their faces still inches apart. A sly smile curled on the blonde's face as he purred from the pets Sam gave. Sam adored that look, especially how good he appeared wearing his small golden crown atop his head.

"What do you have in mind, Princess?" he said, brushing a few strands of hair away from the blond's light freckled face.

Dream blushed, resting his forehead on Sam's chest. "Just wondering... What's your next move?"

He stilled. "...Next move?"

Dream rolled his eyes, sitting up on top of him as his hands gripped his shoulders firmly. "Come on, Sammy. Do you honestly want to still keep this up? I'm back on the server. Confess to me, take me!"

His eyes widened from surprise. Were his desires for the blonde that strong that this fictional Dream said that to him right now?

"I can't do that." He said gently, "You don't remember me. I don't want to pressure you and scare you away."

Dream pouted at him, and dammit, he looked cute.

It always seemed like whatever expressions the younger did made him look so endearing.

"And how long are you not going to act?" Dream shook his head sadly. "Isn't that why your relationship with Ponk didn't last long? Because you often hesitated? You tend to overthink things?"

...

Right... Ponk. Although their breakup didn't end in a screaming match and they stayed as friends,

sometimes Sam swore he saw a hint of disappointment in his eyes.

He felt small circles being drawn on his chest with a thumb, soon those touches trailed upwards to his neck. “We could have been something, ya know? You had me all to yourself for 8 months, and I could have become your dirty little secret.” His slender fingers caressed Sam’s face. “If you acted sooner, you would have had me.”

Sam said nothing as he averted his gaze away from Dream.

He didn’t want to have this serious conversation with this fictional version of Dream.

The younger’s eyes softened. “I’m not gonna hate you if you told me you love me... you know I’m incapable of that.”

He still said nothing, sitting up quickly to steal another kiss from Dream. The blonde didn’t resist, nor complain as he melted into the kiss, his arms were wrapped around his neck. Sam held him tight, his hands moving and roving around Dream as the blonde clenched onto his shirt, toes curling.

He didn’t want to talk... not like this.

Sam didn’t want to think about that... At least not now, he first needed to finish that Elixir before Drista came back, then he’d... at least try to make advances to Dream.

“You’ll regret it.” Dream murmured to his mouth. “I’ll be gone, or taken from you if you keep me waiting.”

Sam sighed loudly, a little frustrated with himself. Dream leaned close so their heads touched, faces inches apart. His hand was now behind his head, fingers now tangled in his short thick green locks.

“Are you that scared to say, “I love you?””

Sam gaped at the naïve blonde with disbelief. “You told me straight to my face what a wonderful **brother** I am to you. How am I supposed to come back from that?”

“Ah...” he didn’t respond to that. He giggled softly. “But there is another way.” He said in a low soft tone.

He raised his brows, curious.

“If the direct approach isn’t gonna cut it, then try playing a little game with me.” He grinned like a fiend, sending small chills to Sam’s spine. “A game... with teasing and flirting here and there. Maybe you can have me do something for you in exchange.”

The hybrid looked at him with disbelief. Was Dream seducing him right now?

“Well, it’s obvious how much my fascination with hybrids was shown, especially with you.” Dream cupped his cheeks, leaning closer to his ear as he whispered hotly, “Why not take advantage of that~?”

Sam woke up.

...

Shit...

—Next day, Sam's house—

He'd worked all morning making the elixir, trying to distract himself and forget the image of Dream seducing him out of his head. Dream was not like that, he probably didn't even know how to seduce a guy to begin with. Sam honestly felt like he sinned for having that dream.

If the direct approach isn't gonna cut it, then try playing a little game with me...

The hybrid slammed his head on the table when that fictional Dream's sultry voice whispered to his head.

Dream was not like that! God, what was wrong with him?

Sam threw 10 bear claws into the cauldron before a purple-blue smoke erupted in the air.

Okay. He was almost done.

Sam needed 3 more ingredients and Dream's cure would be completed.

However... the problem with those ingredients was where and how would he get them?

Tears from a Dolphin.

7 pumpkin hats from snow golems.

10 scales from an Ender dragon

...what the hell?

The ingredients were starting to get more ridiculous over time that Sam often wondered whether he was making a cure, or brewing some abomination.

well, anyways, he'd have to look for those.

As Sam picked a book up from the table to make space, something fell from it and dropped to the floor. An old picture.

He picked it up, and a small smile tugged at the corner of his lips. He'd completely forgotten he still had this.

Sam looked at the picture that he snagged of Dream and him together, Dream being naive while Sam kissed his hand. The only photo of Dream he had in the house

It happened during the night of the Red banquet.

He had to attend that party, but he was reluctant as that meant leaving Dream alone for a couple hours with no one guarding the Prison. And since Dream had gotten sick that week, he more than reluctant to leave him alone.

Dream, however, forced Sam to go and have fun with his friends. He supposed that Dream didn't

want to be the reason to hold Sam back from leaving as he told him he was getting better anyway. So after much arguing, Sam temporarily left Dream back at his cell with Fran for company, promising he'll be back as soon as he could once the party was over.

However, how that banquet turned out... was a disaster as it was a trap. The entire blame was the Egg for controlling Bad, Punz, Hannah, and Ant. If Quackity, Purpled and Technoblade hadn't showed up, Sam probably wouldn't have made it out alive. Sadly, Foolish did lose his cannon life.

But that didn't matter now as the Egg became weaker than before, and the people who were corrupted had broken out of the Egg's influence.

After he hurried back to the prison, he found Dream waiting for him, looking more gorgeous than ever. With a dark grey tank top underneath, Dream wore his oversized black t-shirt that hung loosely from one side of his shoulder as the shirt was long enough that the hem reached down to his mid thighs (he wore high waisted shorts, but that got covered and just revealed slender ~~sexy~~ bare legs). He tied half his hair in an elegant way while the long loose side strands of his front hair rested on his shoulders.

Seeing him lightened his mood, and Sam swore he might have been falling harder than before.

Dream said something about trying a new hairstyle, but Sam didn't pay much attention to his words as eyes stayed fixed on Dream. He removed his small crown and placed it on Dream's head and—shit, that completed the look, and Dream looked so perfect. The hair did make him look elegant, and the crown went well along with it.

After that day, Sam occasionally called Dream 'Princess', and became all stupid around him. And the way the blonde's face turned red and protested to not call him that made him look more cute.

While Sam stared at the picture, he hadn't realized he was not alone.

"What's that? YOINK!" The picture was snatched from his hand.

"Hey!"

Only the kids would do something like that. It better not be Tommy, or Tubbo, or Purpled. They had no right to—

As he turned, he froze when he saw Drista in front of him, staring at the photo.

Drista looked up to him, her smiley white porcelain mask turned to an annoyed face: ჯ♯д♯

"You are far bolder than I anticipated." Drista growled, ***"You didn't take his virginity while back in prison, did you?"***

... Shit.



(Again, reminding y'all that I used a base for all of the art posted here!)

—Deep inside the forest, Tommy's perspective —

Tommy could not sleep the whole night, mainly because his nightmares wouldn't let him. He had traumatic flashes of the times when L'Manburg was blown up by ~~Dream~~-Nightmare, the horrible time he went through when ~~Dream~~ Nightmare had him exiled, when Tubbo was almost killed by ~~Dream~~ Nightmare during the disc confrontation.

His last encounter with Nightmare shook him to the core, and made him paranoid with the thought that Dream was a monster in disguise. Sam informed everyone that Dream actually had a base, so he wasn't homeless this whole time .

Nightmare was telling the truth.

And the very fact of it made a shiver crawl down spine.

A morning stroll to clear his head was a bad idea, especially when the person he didn't want to see right now stood in front of him.

“Tommy?”

“Dream?” He took a step back, he was starting to sweat. Why was he here? ”I thought you were at home? You know... at your secret base?”

“Oh, well, I’m going there tonight. Right now, Sam called me to come to his place, so I’m to his place after my morning walk.” The blonde replied as he smiled at him. His mask was lifted a little, revealing his lips... that were painted light pink?

“Did you put makeup on?” He blurted, but immediately clapped his mouth shut thinking it was rude.

Dream, to his surprise, laughed. “My sister wanted to do some ‘final touches’ before she left this morning.”

Dream wore his usual signature clothes (minus the collar) but his hair was curled and tied to a high ponytail, the left side of his face had a loose long strand of hair curled, reaching below his shoulder, but the right side wasn’t the same. Other than the pink shiny lip cosmetic, his pale face was powdered, hiding his freckles(he heard from Foolish that he had freckles).

Tommy chuckled.

Yeah, maybe he was overthinking this. Maybe he was being paranoid, and Nightmare was likely trying to manipulate him again.

Although the idea about attachments bothered him... Dream needed a home to stay, so the older probably didn’t tell anyone about it as he didn’t want people invading his privacy, especially since there were a lot of wars back then. So he likely made people think he was homeless or something.

Yeah. Dream and Nightmare were nothing alike—

“ What are you doing here?”

Tommy blinked, confused. He looked at Dream again, finding his back turned to Tommy as he crouched down to ... something. He saw a black and white tail flickering. When Dream turned around to him, there was something on his shoulder...or someone?

The blood drained from Tommy face.

No. It can’t be. This can’t be happening.

This wasn’t real.

“Dream... his voice faltered. “ what... what is that?”

Dream smiled to him innocently. “This is Patches! He’s usually shy when I’m with others, so he doesn’t come out very often. I’m surprised he followed me all the way here.” He touched the cat’s nose with a finger. “ Do you want to pet him, Tommy?”

The cat looked at him, staring deep into his soul with it’s dark piercing purple eyes. The crown on the cat’s head glinted from the sunlight. The cat stared for sometime... then he smiled.

“Hello Tommy”

... Run.

One word flashed his mind.

And he did just that.



—meanwhile, Techno’s cabin, Technoblade’s perspective—

If the training he was going through wasn’t hell, then this was probably worse than hell.

The moment Ruby stepped into his cabin, his training from hell began.

The first lesson was to battle his inner demons, and his inner demons were the voices in his head. Ruby made the blood god try to convince chat that Dream wasn’t his mate, or say nothing to him at all. They argued and bickered, fought tooth and nail in his mind. If this was an actual fight, he was sure he’d probably lose due to the overwhelming numbers of voices. Chat was determined and sturdy. Oh, and an annoying, pissing, sons of—

After that, the hybrid and Ruby had dinner and went to bed. Of course, Techno reluctantly (a feeling not from his will) gave Ruby the guest room and returned the pillows that still had traces of

Dream's scent.

He couldn't sleep at all that night. Not with his instincts and voices screaming at him to get back what was his.

The next day it got worse. Ruby didn't allow him to hunt, or let him out outside at all.

And that was also hell because it felt like he was under house arrest.

He couldn't go hunting for food, which wasn't fun as that sometimes had his adrenaline pumping, he couldn't farm potatoes (his favorite hobby gone), he had to feed his outside dogs and bears through the window and... let's say it got really messy that he had to take a bath..

His normal routine was disrupted by this woman, and he was boring himself to tears by doing almost nothing the whole day.

Ruby explained that although she knew that outdoor activities were mostly his normal schedule, the *urge* to go hunting while feeling restless and wild was not a good sign for him.

"This is what usual mated animals or mated hybrid's do," she explained to him while relaxing on his couch, "when the dominant males or females go hunting with their instincts in control, the amount of prey they kill is excessive. Sometimes they hunt predators if they believe they could harm their loved ones."

Oh... well that explained the number of animals he killed. His kills did seem more than usual.

Ruby side eyed him lazily while he made potato stew for them, "But in your case, Emmy is not, and will never be your mate, so put your hunting phase at ease."

He growled (unintentionally) at her when Dream was mentioned. He cleared his throat. "So, why did I go hunting and bring back so many dead animals? Pretty sure I can't eat them all." Even with a human appearance, he was still half-Piglin, not a Hoglin.

He didn't like the mischievous smile she gave. "Food is not entirely for you, honey. It's a feast for you, your mate, and~ your little litter of piglets."

He froze, dropping the spoon...

He turned off the stove, then slowly turned to her.

...

"Was I gonna—?"

"Nope," she said quickly, shaking her head. "You didn't bite Emmy, so you're not at that stage yet. Besides, even if you lose control and your animalistic side takes over, that doesn't mean you become stupid to believe Emmy can bear and have kids with you. If I were to guess the possibility of children... you'd go to the nether, kidnap 4 or 5 baby piglets from their parents, and bring them here and have Emmy nurse them."

He stared.

"Basically, you wanna be a big daddy raising stolen traumatised children with Emmy."

...

He didn't talk to Ruby the whole day after that, feeling nauseous with the idea she planted in his head.

The third day... At this point he didn't want to describe it...

This was his fourth day, now what horror or dreaded activity did she plan for him, he wondered?

"Good news," Ruby climbed into his bedroom window casually as she waved a paper in front of him.

"Is my training from hell over?" He groaned as he sat up from the bed. "And use the goddamn door, showoff!"

"Oi!" She smacked his arm. "News isn't good for you, it's your nephew."

"Nephew?" He frowned as he contemplated. "You mean Fundy?"

It was odd hearing someone call Fundy his nephew, mainly because he never saw Wilbur's son that way, partially due to furry's involvement with the butcher army fiasco.

While technically it's true they were family, almost everyone forgets that Techno and Fundy were related.

Ruby nodded. "According to my younger sisters, the furry didn't show any signs of strong instincts displayed, nor smelled the same scent you did when you thought Emmy was your mate."

He frowned. "You let Fundy smell Dream?"

"Of course not! We were are very cautious, we made him smell one of Emmy's shirts."

He stared.

She rolled her eyes. "Anyway, lucky for him, he doesn't need to go through the training you're going through right now."

"... You still haven't told me why Dream's scent affects hybrid's like you and me." She gave him a look. "Oh, come on, if I'm going through this hell, at least tell me that much."

She contemplated, tapping her finger on her cheek. "Very well," she said, sighing. "As I told you before, Emmy stopped being... normal after the variety of tests his mother experimented on him to change his eye colour."

Techno growled lowly again, this time he wasn't sure whether it was really him or his animal side.

"So in one of those tests... something changed his body. I'm not too sure what she did, but there's a likely possibility she mixed the wrong herbs with the wrong potions that made him... emit pheromones... a pleasant smell that only animals and hybrids can detect. "

"Pheromones?!" He shot up. "Is that even possible!? He's human, not an animal!"

It was researched and discovered that humans cannot emit pheromones like how animals and hybrids can. One crucial fact is that humans don't have a certain organ that could emit pheromones, unlike hybrids and animals. The same can be said for demons, mobs and mob/demon hybrids, as they are not classified as animals but rather supernatural beings.

Unlike Sam, Foolish , Badboyhalo, Ranboo and Skeppy, Technoblade could emit pheromones, and

so could Puffy, Fundy and Antfrost. However, the difference between Techno and the others was that he was more instinctive and wild, he liked his animalistic side. He was more territorial and possessive of his things, sometimes he used his pheromones to control his dogs to listen to him if the whistling and talking didn't work.

Fundy, Antfrost, and Puffy, however, were more like humans and didn't react instinctively, likely because they grew up in an Environment that was softer. They probably didn't know how to become feral when it wasn't natural to them, so they wouldn't be able to control their pheromones, or use it to make threats.

But for Dream to produce pheromones...

Ruby didn't bother looking at him. "Like I said, we don't know what that bitch did to him exactly. But the potions did do a number on his body."

She looked at him with a pained expression. "He looks human but... he's not entirely human... we don't know what he became, really. He unknowingly emits pheromones when he can't smell it himself, and the scent he emits differs from different people so that his scent could be more to their liking. Why do you think your pets love him more than their own master?"

So that's why his dogs and foxes, hell even Steve, were more affectionate towards Dream since he was here? Because of the pleasant scent, Dream really became some sort of Disney princess!?

Ruby went on. "His endurance to pain is really high. If you take a closer look in his mouth you'll see small fangs, and... he purrs and hisses, like a cat... You know that porcelain mask Emmy wears?"

"The smiley?"

"Yes, that. Turns out, that's not any ordinary mask. It's enchanted. The mask kept Emmy's scent hidden."

Hidden?

Then realization hit him. That explained why Dream never had any scent lingering on his skin before. Even if his clothes had some scent, there wasn't any trace of that sweet smell that attracted him as a mate. And when Dream came by a few days ago, he was maskless...

Wait, did Dream know about this?

"Does he know?"

"No... if he knew, Emmy would think he became more of a burden. Now, I don't know who gave that mask to Emmy, but I do know it kept him safe for a while from hybrids like you." He couldn't help but feel offended hearing that. "But I swear, if that bitch hadn't been so obsessed with her experiments, Emmy wouldn't have to face this problem." She hissed the last part with much hatred. "If only I could kill her."

"Then kill her," Techno simply said. Ruby glared at him. "What's holding you back? The fact that woman is Dream's 'mother'?"

She growled. "If I wanted to get something done, I would have done it... but there's no use killing a person who's already in hell."

"Oh?" The voices in his head seem pleased to hear that the bitch is dead. "Did the number of

bottles finally give her a heart attack?”

“No, better,” she smiled. “Miss Raven assassinated her.”

The smile melted right from his face.

...

Dream’s... foster mother killed his real mother?

Something Dream said echoed in his mind.

I can’t remember what shade it originally was since it was a long time ago... but when my mother succeeded, I remember her being so happy about it, she cuddled me for the first time, and I didn't need to sleep on the couch in the attic since then.

...Dream... when he described the kind of neglect and abuse his mother gave him, he said it while smiling. He said it happily, emphasising the part where his mother was happy with her results, so he was happy...

Despite everything, Dream still loved his real mother as much as he loves his new family... but did he know that his foster mother spilled the blood of his own mother?

The thought only sent a tremble through Techno.

Ruby probably noticed his long silence and pale face as she changed the subject. “Anyway, putting the gloomy history aside, let’s see how much of my training manned you up,” she pulled out a fluffy blue towel from inventory and waved it in front of him. “Lookie here, pig, it’s a bath towel Emmy used to wipe every inch of his body with, and his scent is all over it~”

Before his mind could actually register what she said, one faint whiff from the towel sent him leaping from the bed, like a panther, to get the towel.

“MINE!” He roared, flying in her direction. Ruby rolled her eyes and dodged.

“WRONG ANSWER!” She bonked his head with her fist.

Yep. Training from hell.

—In a cave somewhere—

Tommy ran.

He ran like his life depended on it.

That was Ranboo! That had to be Ranboo! Tommy had never once come across a cat with that kind of fur pattern, and wearing the same crown Ranboo always wears.

Dream had Ranboo with him this whole time. This whole f**king time!!!

Why the f**k was he a cat? And why were his eyes purple?

why the hell did Dream call Ranboo Patches? Did Dream make Ranboo into a sick pet!?

Part of his mind was screaming at him to stop and talk to Dream properly. This might have been

some kind of misunderstanding. However, the other part of him was too afraid to talk. Mainly because he thought he would get manipulated again by words.

The fact that Nightmare was telling the truth about Dream made him feel like he was standing on thin ice. Dream truly thought attachments were unneeded, Dream did have a secret base—what else did Dream and Nightmare have in common? Manipulation? Burning down forests and people homes? Taking his discs?

He was hyperventilating at this point as he ran deeper in the cave .

He was scared... he was too scared to know the truth. He wanted to run from it. He didn't want to face it. He didn't want to be hurt again. People lied to him before, ~~mainly Dream~~, people have betrayed him before, ~~mainly Dream~~.

-Who can he trust now? F**k. F**k. F**K. F**k!

Before he could stop, the ground shook violently with the sound of TNTs exploding nearby. His eyes widened.

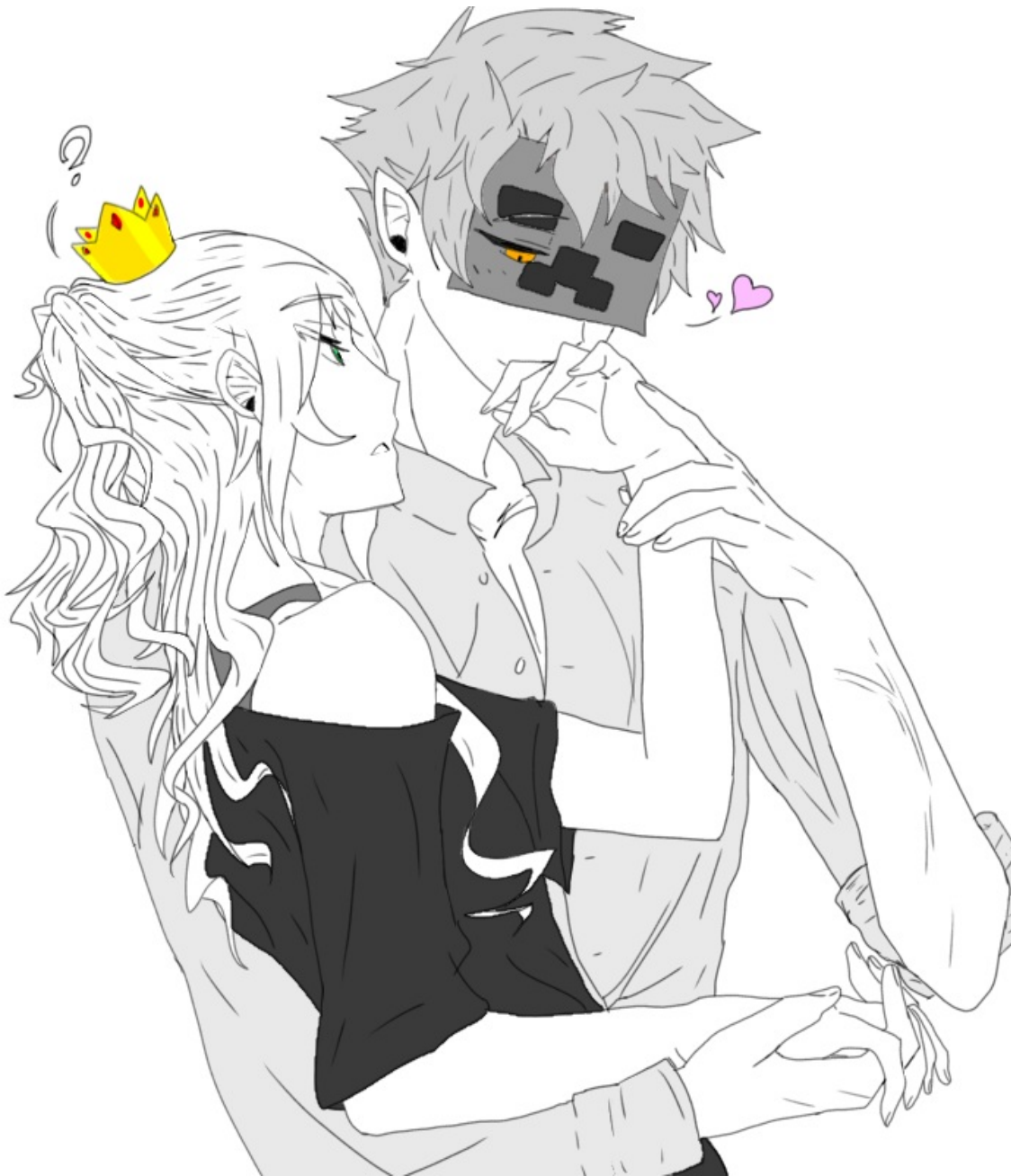
TNTs? Didn't Dream or Nightmare use TNTs to blow up L'Manburg... was that something they had in common, too?

Tommy stumbled and fell hard on the ground, but was too shaken to pull himself up.

He noticed stones and small chunks of dirt fall from the ceiling.

“Tommy!”

That was the last thing he heard before he felt something wrap around his head, a sharp pain on his temple before passing out...



"Life is

too short to be following the rules" --Anonymous

Chapter End Notes

Sam's hairstyle was... you could say that I got a bit of influence from Jagaimo (check out their youtube Dream Smp animatic guys, it's awesome!

<https://youtu.be/uU5EgTkopG8>) As I had to go and google search.

Dream's hairstyle was very difficult to make. I looked for a tied up elegant bun hairstyle and found a decent one... but it was SO HARD TO DRAW!. Dream's hair that took me about 2 hours!

Anyway, hope you guys liked the chapter!

:)

Hiatus for now, sorry (>~<) + art!

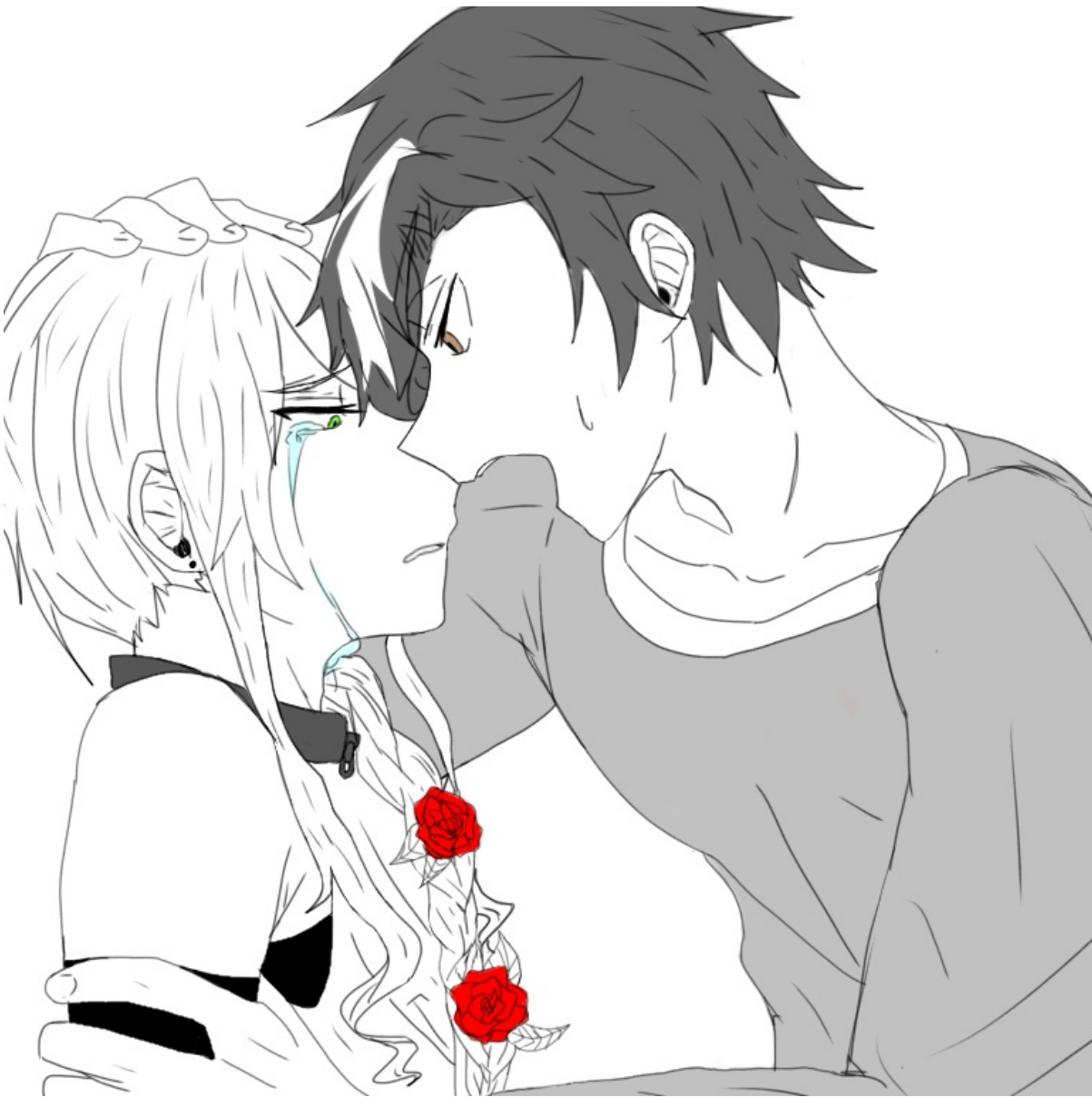
I know I'm late, but first— (BELATED) HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DREAM! :)

I'm so sorry, you guys! I know you all are waiting for the next update, but I'm afraid I will be taking a small break from this fic as I need to start studying. For a while I had a bit of writer's block, but then suddenly I was told i have exam and some shit. So need to focus.

Thank you for all the comments and support, really appreciated. Hopefully I'll be back in another month or so. I already planned the next 4 chaps, but typing would take a while. And given that I have work, need to put that on hold.

But I shall give you guys a sneak peak since I kept you waiting.

In those next upcoming chapters... this happens (reminding you guys I used a base) :



(Warning:Next one shows blood)



I posted two because one is for shippers who would want to see it clean, while the second one is the actual scene of what's gonna happen. I'm not too sure how to paint... blood, but uh... eh. I feel like the tears look weird. The braid took quite a while to draw. I cannot draw Dream's freckles... bruh,

I made this art before Wilbur's cannon revival, so it was last week I think that I added his white streaks.

ANOTHER SPOILER FOR MY STORY IN THE UPCOMING CHAPTERS (DON'T READ IF YA DON'T WANNA SEE):..... On the SMP, officially George kisses Dream during the Fundy and Dream wedding, then Punz got kissed in order to get saved... then from there... Punz will be kissed again before Wilby gets his turn.

I found this short animatic recently where Wilbur is insane and Dream is encouraging him to blow shit up, it was totally POG. Check it out and support the artist guys—> >
https://youtu.be/0AX33Hi_xTk

Random thought: I listened to this song called the Bro Duet on Spotify, and I found it wholesome and hilarious. For some reason, I'm getting the image of Dream and Sapnap singing it.
What do you think?
:)

Anyway, thanks for reading this notice if you reached down here. Please wait, i will definitely return as soon as I can.

:)

TECHNO SUPPORT! (Also new story) :)

Hello, my beloved readers!

This is not a chapter update, I know, but given the current circumstances considering Techno's health... I may not write until I know that he's actually fully recovered. Although the next four chapters I planned to type does not involve Techno at all, I—honestly I don't feel like it would be good if I update this story anyway because of the tags that involve Techno, especially the relationship ones.

The moment I heard that he had cancer, I was deep in shock. Luckily, he has high chances of recovering from that and has the best doctors treating him. It was reassuring to know that he was gonna be fine given the way he was so optimistic and so positive, even including his merch sales in the video.

So, yeah. I'm not gonna drop the story, but even if I may have chapters ready I would not be able to post it unless I know everything is fine. Thank you guys so much for the support you've given me for this story, the suggestions you've given me are wonderful fillers and builds up the story quite nicely.

...

Meanwhile, though, you guys can read this new story I came up with. (IT's also a multi shipper fic that centers Dream again, heehee). It's called:

“The Villain's second chance to repent”

The difference between this new fic and my first one is that Dream had done terrible stuff and was not possessed at all, and he feels bad about it.... oh, and he does get tortured by Quackity in this. It does get angsty at first, but I promise to make it as hilarious as my first fic. Corpse and Sapnap are added to the relationship with Dream this time, but sadly I had to exclude Fundy given the setting of how the story would begin. I may (or may not) add the Technoblade/Dream tag, but that would only be for later once my chapters get there, and once I know Techno is well again, of course.

It won't be too long, though. Maybe about 15-20. That's it.

Well, anyway!

Let's all hope and pray that our favorite monotone Blood god Technoblade gets a speedy recovery, and support the #Techno support! So proud of Dream for what he's done when he won the MCC :)

Thanks for reading this notice, bye! :)

Author's note

Chapter Summary

Technoblade never dies

It has been 3 or 4 days since we all heard the news, and I'm finally dropping an author's note.

First of all, sorry for the long wait.

When I first heard the news, my mind had a difficult time trying to process it and accept the fact. I was still in shock, I guess. I can still hear Techno's voice when he first confessed to his viewers that he got cancer, but he assured us that "It's fine, I have the best doctors treating me." And now, he's gone....

His voice of confidence and assurance and the recent news kept contradicting in my head for a few days. I felt so hollow, I felt something from the outside of my soul get cracked, and now there's a hole. A couple of tears and small sobbings came from me, but that was it. I wanted to cry more, but I couldn't for some reason. I can only blame the shock, as my emotions just froze for a long while.

Unfortunately, I did not have the time to breathe.

For the past 5 days I was busy with preparing documents, packing, and then traveling on a few planes (which took so long to land each time). I couldn't sleep too well until last night, I have to travel again next week to my Uni (another tiresome flight), but I'm better and relaxed now.

Don't worry, I have been eating and now sleeping well, and I think my mind and emotions are stable enough to write another author note.

I won't post anything on AO3 for a while. I'm a little sensitive to see or read anything Techno related, and since the next chapter of 'The villain's second chance to Repent' main focus is on Techno and Dream.... I can't, I just can't. I want to wait before posting anything. Writing and drawing is also a coping mechanism for me as at times get some comfort.

To those who were waiting for the next chapter of this fic... I'm sorry, I still am a little invested in 'the villain's second chance to repent,' more than I thought. I think once I'm near the end or finished with that book, I'll come back to this.

I will continue both my fics... It feels wrong to suddenly drop the fics I've written with much interest and time. I don't want to bury the memories related to Techno and leave the DSMP suddenly as I know those memories will haunt me later if I try to ignore everything and move on so quickly. I already experienced that.

You guys are free to stop reading my fics and unsubscribe from them if it makes you uncomfortable.

Technoblade and the character he created in Minecraft are both very unique, but I have never once seen the character and the person as the same people, you know what I mean? So even if Techno is gone to heaven, we keep his memories and character personality alive.

This would be my way of honoring him, and not forgetting him as I forget things a lot, sometimes the memories suddenly hit me again in a haunting way, if they are sad or bad memories.

Rest In Peace Technoblade. Your positive personality was one of a kind, and I will miss hearing your jokes and humour and the monotone voice that I found funny and comforting to hear.

Blood for the Blood God. Technoblade never dies.

Works inspired by this ~~one~~ [one, Who?](#) by [Lucid \(K_rbTrash\)](#), [a suture in a wound](#) by [soraetswaifus](#)

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